

GENERAL FUNSTON'S STORY

# Everybody's Magazine

10 Cents  
a Copy.

1.00 a  
Year.

September

*How we Captured  
Aguinaldo.  
by General Funston*

John Wanamaker Publisher

Original from

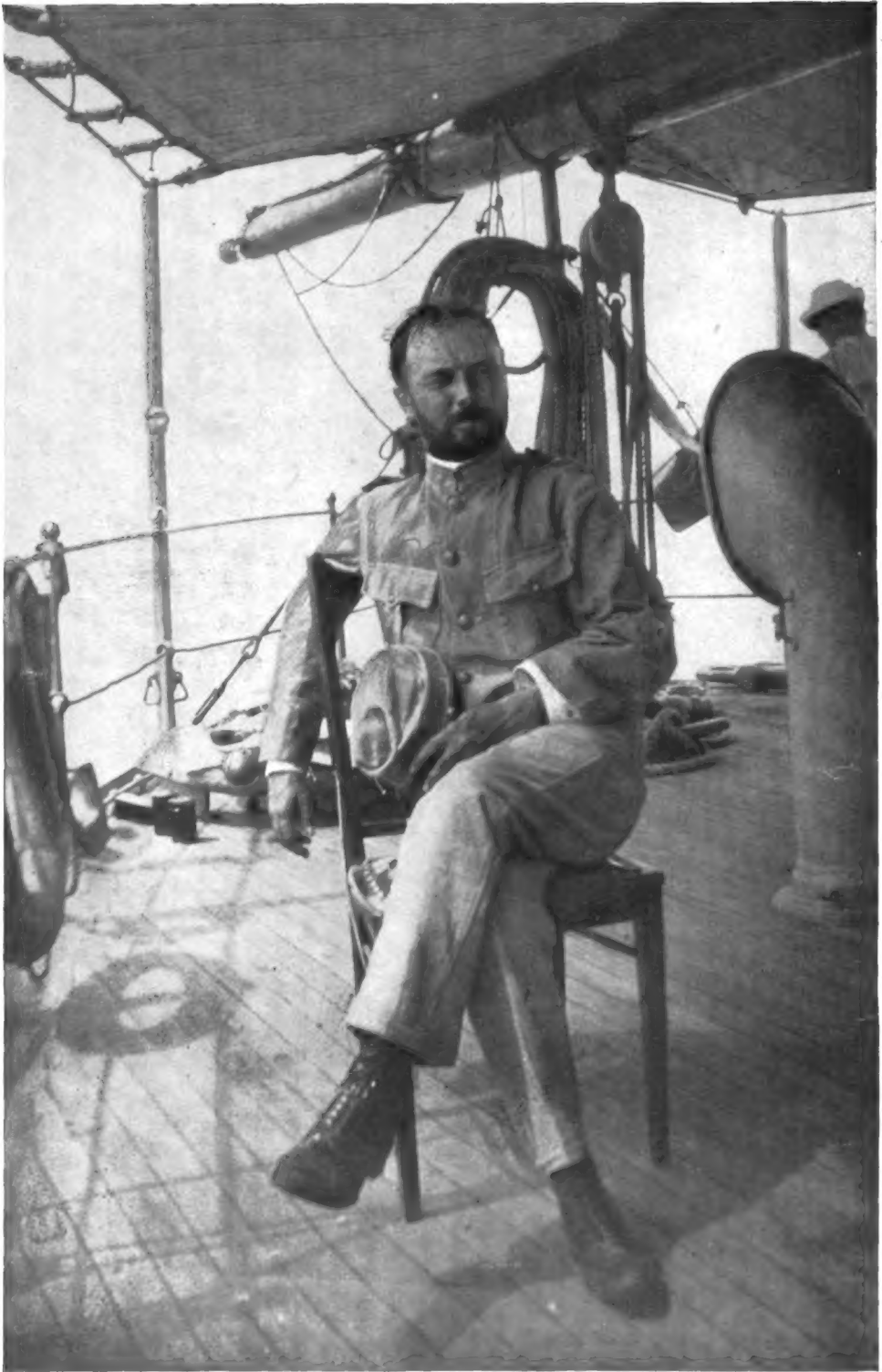
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Sun  
Draws up daily,  
Great pails full of dew,  
To wash  
Heaven's windows  
And let the light through:  
The work  
Is soon finished,  
He then laughs, Ho! Ho!  
Good work  
Is done quickly,  
With  
**SAPOLIO.**







Copyright.

ON BOARD THE VICKSBURG. GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON RETURNING FROM THE EXPEDITION.

From a photograph taken by Lieutenant Barton J. Mitchell, soon after the capture of Aguinaldo.

# EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 25.

THE VICKSBURG IN MANILA BAY.

Copyright.



## THE CAPTURE OF EMILIO AGUINALDO.\*

A PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE EXPLOIT WHICH ENDED THE WAR  
IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON.

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE," AND ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN, WITH  
THE EXCEPTION OF THOSE ON PAGES 267, 270, AND 271, BY LIEUTENANT BURTON J. MITCHELL, A  
MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE small town of Pantabangan, in the northeastern corner of the province of Nueva Ecija, Luzon, is garrisoned by Company C of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, under command of Lieutenant James D. Taylor. The alcalde, or mayor, of the town is Francisco Villajuan, a full-blooded Tagalo. One evening early in February this man came to Lieutenant Taylor with a statement that he had learned that there was in the vicinity a small band of insurgent soldiers who had just come down from the northern part of the island, and that he believed he could induce them to come in and surrender. Accordingly, with the permission of the commanding officer, the alcalde got into communication with these men and induced several of them to come in. They stated that there were several more, including the

leader of the party, still out in the woods near the town. By the exercise of much diplomacy and good judgment Lieutenant Taylor, through the alcalde, induced the remainder of the band to give themselves up, promising them immunity. At first the men were not inclined to tell much, but adroit questioning and good treatment finally brought out the truth. The leader of the party, Cecilio Segismundo, a confidential agent of Emilio Aguinaldo, was the bearer of important dispatches to the insurgent generals in southern and central Luzon. The others were merely insurgent soldiers who acted as an escort for the messenger. The little band, foot-sore, hungry, and weary, were induced to tell the whole story. Twenty-six days before they had left Aguinaldo at the small town of Palanan, near the east coast of the

\* Copyright, 1901, by JOHN WANAMAKER, in the United States and Great Britain.

province of Isabela, and had marched via Casiguran and Baler, province of Principe. A hasty glance over the surrendered correspondence revealed to Lieutenant Taylor its great importance, and he at once telegraphed for instructions to district headquarters at San Isidro. He was at once directed to hurry Segismundo through to San Isidro with all possible haste and send the correspondence with him. The man arrived two days later, and was found to be a full-blooded native of more than ordinary intelligence and of soldierly bearing. He spoke Spanish with some difficulty.

The correspondence consisted of letters from Aguinaldo to his cousin, Baldomero Aguinaldo, in Cavite province; to Lacuna, Sandico, Pablo, and Simon Tecson, and to several subordinate chiefs. There were also letters from the officers with Aguinaldo to their friends, as well as a number from the soldiers of his escort. The most important letter, the one to Baldomero Aguinaldo, was in a difficult cipher, and as we had not the key it was the job of half a night to work it out. This was done by Lazaro Segovia, a quick-witted Spaniard, who had been with me a year in a secret-service capacity. This letter ordered Baldomero Aguinaldo to supplant José Alejandrino as chief of the guerrilla bands operating throughout the provinces of central Luzon, and to send to him (Emilio Aguinaldo) about four hundred soldiers selected from the commands of his various subordinates. This order would have had the effect of putting Baldomero in command over Mascardo, Lacuna, Torres, Morales, Sandico, and the two Tecsons.

Several of Aguinaldo's letters were signed by his full name, others by the *nom de plume* "Colon Magdalo," and several by "Pastor." All were in his own unmistakable handwriting.

We kept Cecilio Segismundo at the headquarters, and I had several long talks with him, in which I finally got all the necessary information regarding the town of Palanan and the number of people with Aguinaldo. After much persuasion he agreed to assist in the capture of his former chief.

#### THE DISCUSSION OF VARIOUS PLANS.

The plan which I first suggested was a secret landing from a ship at night in the vicinity of the town and a quick march to

effect a surprise. This he said was impossible, as the savage Balugas, who are very numerous throughout that region, would without doubt discover the landing and give the alarm, as they were well disposed toward the insurgents, who had poisoned their minds against the Americans by all sorts of ridiculous stories. A march from the valley of the Cagayan to the westward of Palanan would be wasted effort, as there was but one trail over the mountains, a distance of fifty miles, and that was very carefully guarded by outposts. Aguinaldo would receive ample warning of any expedition from that direction to enable him to get out of the way. When I proposed the plan that finally succeeded, the man clapped his hands together, jumped from his chair in great glee, and said it would probably succeed. The plan was to disguise a body of native troops in our service as insurgent soldiers representing the reinforcements asked for by Aguinaldo, and thus gain access to his presence. The necessary American officers were to be carried along as supposed prisoners who had been captured *en route*. Any suspicions Aguinaldo might have were to be lulled by decoy letters over the forged signature of some insurgent chief. The whole plan will be best understood by a perusal of the following letter to my immediate superior, General Wheaton:

SAN ISIDRO, PROVINCE OF NUEVA ECIJA,  
February 12, 1901.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL,  
DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN LUZON,  
MANILA, P. I.

Sir: I have the honor to suggest the following plan for the capture of Aguinaldo, who from recent developments is known to certainly be at Palanan, Province of Isabela.

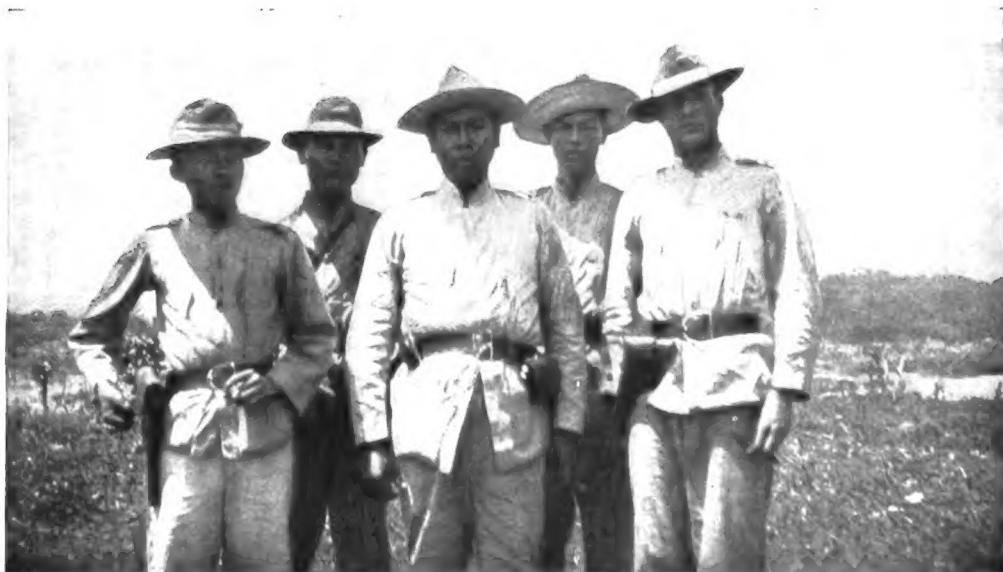
Before stating the plan I wish to call attention to the following facts, gleaned partly from the captured letters, and partly from the native Cecilio Segismundo, who brought through the correspondence. Aguinaldo has in these letters ordered Simon Tecson, Sandico, and Baldomero Aguinaldo to send him troops as soon as possible, this man to act as guide for one of the detachments. The man himself corroborates this by stating that Aguinaldo gave him verbal instructions to guide back to Palanan the first one of the columns to come through. Aguinaldo will consequently be expecting the column guided by this man.

My plan is to take a company of Macabebes to Manila, arm them with Mausers and Remingtons, dress them partly in insurgent uniforms, and partly in the clothing of the country, take one of the Navy light-draught gunboats, and be landed at night on the east coast of Luzon, south of Casiguran. Four or five officers would be with them, carried along as supposed prisoners, until the time came for action. I



*Copyright.*

AGUINALDO ON THE *VICKSBURG*, ON THE WAY TO MANILA, AFTER HIS CAPTURE.



Copyright.

THE EX-INSURGENT OFFICERS WHO, AFTER THEIR SURRENDER, ACTED AS GUIDES TO THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

From right to left: Lazaro Segovia, assumed captain of the expedition; Dionisio Bato, lieutenant; Hilario Placido, chief; Cecilio Segismundo, who assisted in the capture of his former chief; and Gregorio Cadhit, lieutenant. From a photograph taken at Palanan, March 24, 1901.

would take Natividad and several other ex-insurgent officers, who would act as officers of the column until the time came to throw off the disguise. Upon arrival at Casiguran, which we would do by marching along the beach, we would call on the Presidente, an insurgent, to supply us with necessaries (this man facilitated Segismundo), and would send forward a letter signed by Natividad that we were reinforcements from Nueva Ecija, coming in obedience to his orders.

I believe that we could deceive him until we were in his presence, and the rest would be easy. Up to this time the American officers would be prisoners, nominally. It is not likely that Aguinaldo knows that Natividad has presented himself, but still considers him in his service.

The native Segismundo is more than willing to play his part. All details can be worked out satisfactorily, and the plan ought to succeed, though there is no doubt great hardships will be endured. It should be done before Aguinaldo learns that his courier has presented himself and given up the letters. It would be necessary to pay the Tagalos who go as supposed officers pretty liberally, of course contingent on success. If the plan is approved may I be notified by wire, in order to make preparations?

Respectfully,

FREDERICK FUNSTON,  
*Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.*

The reply to the above communication was a telegram instructing me to come to Manila at once for consultation with the Department Commander, General Wheaton. The latter approved the plan without hesitation, and directed me to report to the Division Commander, General MacArthur,

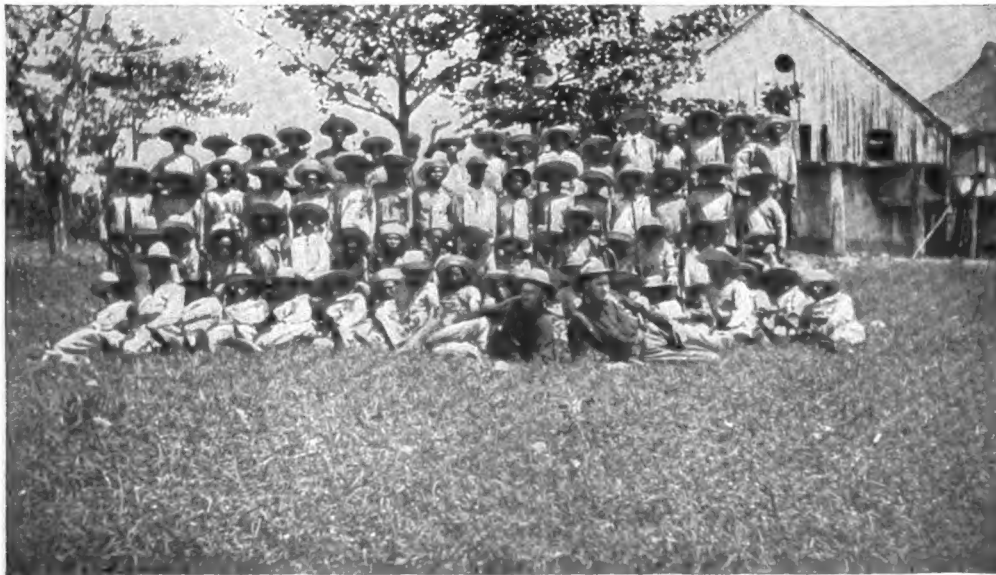
with whom I went over the project in detail. General MacArthur was easily convinced, and told me to go ahead and make all necessary arrangements, and said I could have anything necessary to make the project a success. The general himself arranged with Admiral Remy for the use of a gun-boat.

#### CHOOSING THE NATIVES WHO WERE TO ACCOMPANY THE EXPEDITION.

The selection of the personnel of the expedition was a matter of no small difficulty. There was no lack of young officers, both regular and volunteer, who would have been glad to go, and who would have done their duty to the fullest extent, but the difficulty lay in the selection of the natives. There were in the province of Nueva Ecija a number of ex-insurgents who, since their surrender or capture, had done yeoman service for the Americans as scouts and guides, and it was determined to make use of some of these. As stated in the written plan, it had been my original intention to use Joaquin Natividad, a bright young insurgent officer, well known to Aguinaldo, who had presented himself a short time before, but this had to be abandoned on account of the state of his health which made it quite unlikely that he would be able to

endure the hardships of the long and trying march before us. In his place was selected Hilario Placido, a Tagalo, resident of Jaen, Nueva Ecija. Placido was known to Aguinaldo personally. He had been a major in the insurgent army at the outbreak of hostilities with the Americans, and had been shot through the lungs at the battle of Caloocan, February 10, 1899. After his recovery he had acted as aide for General Panteleon Garcia, and had been captured with that officer by Captain E. V. Smith of the Fourth Infantry, in May, 1900. After a short confinement he had taken the oath of allegiance and been released. He was a corpulent man, whose marching qualities, as we learned to our sorrow, were decidedly below par. This man was to be palmed off on Aguinaldo as chief of the expedition, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The man who was to act as captain of the company was Lazaro Segovia, a Spaniard with a history. He was a man far above the average Spanish soldier in intelligence. He had to come to the Islands ten years before as an enlisted man in the Spanish army and served for some years as first sergeant of his company. He was allowed to take a competitive examination for a commission, and passed successfully; but the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, with the attendant confusion, pre-

vented his ever being commissioned. He had had the questionable taste to marry a native woman, and when he, with other prisoners in the hands of the Americans in Manila, was ordered returned to Spain, he was not able to obtain permission for his wife to accompany him. Accordingly he took French leave of the Spanish service, and went to Malolos, where Aguinaldo was making an attempt to run his alleged republic. Segovia presented himself to the insurgent leader and was made a lieutenant. Later came the outbreak, and though he had no heart in the business, there was no alternative but to fight against the Americans. After more than a year of this business he determined to quit, and one day in May, 1900, walked into my headquarters at San Isidro and took the oath. He had since that time done excellent service for us against his old comrades. Dionisio Bato and Gregorio Cadhit were young Tagalos, ex-insurgent officers whom we took along to play the part of lieutenants in Segovia's company. The former had been captured three months before, while the latter had presented himself with Joaquin Natividad. Cecilio Segismundo was of course taken with us. Of the above persons, not one except Segovia and Cecilio knew the object of the expedition until after we had sailed from Manila.



Copyright.

THE MACABEBE COMPANY OF NATIVE TROOPS IN UNITED STATES SERVICE DISGUISED AS INSURGENTS.

Taken at Palanan after the capture. The two Americans are Captain and Lieutenant Hazzard.

The natives who were to constitute the supposed insurgent company were eighty-one men selected from Company D, First Battalion, Macabebe Scouts. These men were chosen among the whole company because of their knowledge of the Tagalo dialect, their amenity to discipline, and their marching qualities. The selections were made by the company commander, Captain R. T. Hazzard, Eleventh Volunteer Cavalry.

#### THE AMERICAN OFFICERS.

Captain Hazzard was one of the officers to go with the expedition, as was also his brother, Lieutenant O. P. M. Hazzard, also of the Eleventh Cavalry. Both of these officers had for some months been on duty with this company of scouts. They had come to the Philippines with the First Washington Volunteers, and on the return of that regiment to the United States had received commissions in the Eleventh Volunteer Cavalry, and had served most creditably in the campaign in Southern Luzon. Captain Harry W. Newton of the Thirty-fourth Infantry, and First Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell of the Fortieth Infantry, were also selected by me to go on the expedition. Captain Newton had been stationed for nearly a year at the town of Baler, Principe, on the east coast of Luzon, near which we expected to disembark. His service in that region had made him familiar with the vicinity of Casiguran, a town we would necessarily visit. Lieutenant Mitchell was one of my personal aides. He had served

in my old regiment as enlisted man and officer, and on the muster out of that organization had been re-commissioned in the Fortieth Volunteers. At my request he had been assigned as my aide on my return to the Islands, and had been with me since that time.

#### PRELIMINARIES ARRANGED IN SECRET.



Copyright.  
COMMANDER E. B. BARRY OF THE VICKSBURG.

Once in Manila, I was kept busy making the preliminary arrangements for the expedition. I was given practically *carte blanche* by my superiors, and assisted in every manner possible. The company of Macabebes was immediately brought from its station at Pulián, Bulacán, to Caloocan, a suburb of Manila. The first task was to make these men look as much as possible like a band of insurgent soldiers. It would have been very unwise to put them all in insurgent uniforms, for since the insurrection had degenerated into guerrilla warfare the great majority of the enemy's soldiers have been dressed in the clothing of the country, so that they could be com-

batants or non-combatants without the necessity of undergoing any more transformation than concealing their rifles in a clump of bamboo. To have equipped our men throughout with uniforms would have aroused suspicion because of their neatness and uniformity. Accordingly we procured only twenty uniforms of the blue and white striped cotton cloth with which the insurgents were formerly clothed, the remainder being outfitted as Filipino

*paisanos* or peasants. Fifty Mauser and eighteen Remington rifles were obtained from the stock of captured arms in the Manila arsenal. There were one hundred cartridges for each Mauser, and sixty for each Remington. The balance of the rifles needed to arm the detachment were to be Krag-Jorgensens, presumably captured from a party of Americans encountered on the trail, as will be seen later.

At the request of General MacArthur for a vessel to convey the expedition, Admiral Remy, commanding the squadron at Cavite, had designated the *Vicksburg*, a comparatively new steel gunboat of 1,000 tons, commanded by Commander E. B. Barry, U. S. N. It was most fortunate for the success of the enterprise that this vessel was assigned for the work, not only because of the peculiar fitness of the *Vicksburg* for the task in hand, but because of the splendid support given us by every officer on board, from Commander Barry down.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the news of the proposed expedition being generally known in Manila. But some one who knew "leaked," and a week before our return its main features had been cabled to the United States, an unfortunate result of the complete removal of the censorship. Luckily no harm came from this, as those persons in Manila and Boston who would no

doubt have taken keen delight in sacrificing us had no means of communicating quickly with Aguinaldo.

The Macabebes went on board wearing their uniforms as American soldiers, and did not receive their insurgent equipment until after the vessel had sailed. On March 6th we embarked, and after dark the same day the little white gunboat slipped out of Manila Bay to the southward, *en route* to the east coast via the Straits of San Bernardino.

THE START ON THE *VICKSBURG*.—MISGIVINGS.—PEDRO BUSTOS, THE LION-HEART.

Once clear of land all secrecy was dropped. Placido, Cadhit, Bato, and the Macabebes were told of the object of the expedition and of the various parts they had to play. There was visible among them a very decided uneasiness as to the result of the undertaking, and some of them did not hesitate to express the belief that we would never return. The necessity of instructing the men in their peculiar duties made it incumbent on us to take them into our confidence and to discuss the plan more fully than would have been done otherwise. This uneasiness was in a measure allayed by pointing out to them that we would easily rout even a greatly superior force by the



THE FIVE AMERICANS WHO LED THE EXPEDITION.

Copyright.

From right to left : Captain Hazzard, General Funston, Lieutenant Hazzard, Lieutenant Mitchell, and Captain Newton. From a photograph taken at Palanan, March 24, 1901.



AT POLILLO ISLAND. THE THREE BANCAS THAT WERE LOST AT SEA.

Copyright.

suddenness of our attack. The Macabebes had little confidence in the Tagalos, and freely predicted that they would sacrifice us to gain the good will of Aguinaldo. The absolute confidence of the little brown fellows in the judgment of the American officers also had much weight in instilling into them the proper spirit. The first sergeant of the company was Pedro Bustos, a man who had served twenty years as soldier and officer in a native regiment in the Spanish army, and had been twice decorated for bravery in fighting the Moros of Mindanao. He was a frail little man with the heart of a lion, and sniffed contemptuously at the misgivings of the other men. When asked for his views, he slapped himself on the chest and said, "My General, I cannot speak for the others; but for myself, I am a soldier of the United States." This was not bravado, merely earnestness. The men discarded their American uniforms and donned the nondescript lot of clothing and straw hats that had been obtained for them. Day after day they were instructed in the stories they were to tell. They took great interest in this feature and saw the possible humor of the situation. According to the account they were to tell the unsuspecting people of Casiguran and Palanan, they were a part of Lacuna's command, and had left the latter's camp at Monte Bulac, east of Penaranda, Nueva Ecija, and had marched to the sea at

Irirulong, falling in *en route* with a detachment of American soldiers, whom they had surprised, capturing five.

#### CHANGE OF PLANS.—A NARROW ESCAPE.

At Irirulong they had embarked in *bancas*, small sail-boats, for Casiguran Bay. Subsequent happenings made it necessary to alter this story somewhat. It was considered of vital importance that the vessel should not be seen near the shore at the point where the expedition was to begin its march, and it was determined after much discussion among the officers to obtain three large sailing *bancas* at some port on the east coast, tow them to some point near the entrance of Casiguran Bay in the night, and get in them, the *Vicksburg* putting out to sea at once and being out of sight of land when morning came. With daylight we would boldly run up into the bay with the plausible tale that we had come up the coast from Irirulong. Accordingly we visited the port of Antimonan, but no boats were to be had. Our next attempt was Polillo Island, where, after some difficulty, we found and purchased three two-masted *bancas*, large enough to accommodate our entire force, and towing them astern sailed for the mainland. Two Macabebe soldiers were placed in each one to bail out, steer, and keep the lines clear. For two or three hours all went well; but a

high wind arose, and with it a turbulent sea. One of the boats was swamped, and the two men on board compelled to get into one of the others. Later these two also went down, the poor half-drowned fellows on board being taken off with the greatest difficulty. A tragedy was narrowly averted. So we had to change our plan, and be landed by the ship's boats, as well as rearrange the fable which we had been drilling into the Macabebes. Under the new version they had marched via Pantabangan, and had captured the Americans shortly after leaving that place. As the mountain region between Pantabangan and Baler is uninhabited except by a few savages, there was no means of disproving this story.

#### HOW DECOY LETTERS WERE PREPARED.

During the six-days' voyage from Manila the decoy letters which were to play so prominent a part were prepared. On the 24th day of October, 1900, while scouting with a small detachment of cavalry in the southern part of Nueva Ecija, I had surprised and nearly captured the insurgent general, Lacuna, obtaining, however, his personal effects, stationery, correspondence, etc. Among this material were several sheets of writing paper, the top of each

one being already stamped with his official seal. From captured correspondence we were perfectly familiar with Lacuna's signature, and before leaving San Isidro I had had a Filipino, very expert with the pen, imitate Lacuna's autograph at the foot of two of these sheets of paper. Afterward at sea, when we had more leisure, the letters were constructed over the bogus signature. One of the letters from Aguinaldo to Lacuna, that had fallen into our hands, had given us the information that the appointment of Lacuna to the rank of brigadier-general, made some time previously by Alejandrino, had been confirmed by the writer, Aguinaldo. Another letter, to Baldomero Aguinaldo, had instructed that individual to take command of the provinces of central Luzon and send to Aguinaldo a company from each one of his subordinate commanders. This would refer to Lacuna among others, and these facts suggested the wording of the two letters. The following are translations from the Spanish of the originals of the two letters that were the undoing of the slippery guerrilla chief:

*To the Honorable President of the Philippine Republic.*

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed communication of January 14th, and thank you most sincerely for the great honor conferred upon



Copyright

ROAD IN PROVINCE OF PAMPANGA WHERE GENERAL FUNSTON AT ONE TIME HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS.



Copyright.

## A DECORATION FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF THE DICTATOR.

me in my promotion to the rank of brigadier-general in the Army of Liberation. Although I consider myself unworthy of the high honor, I accept for the good of our common country, and because it is my duty. Here in Nueva Ecija we continue without cessation the war against the hated invader. Ambushes and surprises, as well as attacks on the occupied towns, are frequent, nearly always with success to our arms. My officers and soldiers enter into the war and face its hardships with courage, and will continue to battle for their sacred rights.

I regret to have to report the desertion to the enemy of the traitor, Joaquin Natividad, with the men and arms of his command. I lay this to the evil counsel of a lot of cowardly scoundrels in San Isidro.

I am, as ever, your loyal subordinate,

LACUNA.

BULAC, MOUNTAINS OF PENARANDA,  
February 24, 1901.

*The Honorable President of the Philippine Republic.*

I have the honor to state that I have just received a communication from the Commanding General of the Center of Luzon instructing me to send you one of my best companies. This I am doing without delay. Your commissioner, Sr. Cecilio Segismundo, who is with me here, accompanies the command on its march to your headquarters. The desertion of Natividad and the death of Tagunton, who has just fallen gloriously in battle, leaves me in bad straits for a reliable officer to send as chief of the column. I have to call on Hilario Placido, an ex-major, whom you no doubt remember through his former service. This officer was captured by the enemy last year and released after a confinement of some months, since which time he has been living quietly in Jaen. In consideration of his willingness to return to the field at the call of his country, I have conferred on him the provisional rank of lieutenant-colonel, which I hope you will see fit to confirm. As captain of the

company there goes to you the indefatigable Spaniard, Lazaro Segovia, who has rendered such excellent service, and who is so thoroughly addicted to our cause. The company that I send you is the best I have in the matter of arms and clothing. In order to avoid the vicinity of the occupied towns I am sending the column along the opposite coast.

I am your loyal subordinate,

LACUNA.

BULAC, MOUNTAINS OF PENARANDA,  
February 28, 1901.

The above letters were written by Segovia, being dictated by me.

THE VICKSBURG ENTERS CASIGURAN BAY.—  
THE LANDING.—A FIRST MANOEUVRE.

At nine o'clock in the evening, March 13th, a dark and rainy night, the *Vicksburg*, with all her lights screened, slipped into the entrance of Casiguran Bay and steamed up it for some miles. There was a suppressed excitement that seemed contagious as the boats were quietly lowered and we left the ship after hasty good-bys and were left on the lonely beach. One of the Macabebes, whose heart became too faint, hid himself away and was overlooked, while another was so unfortunate as to cut himself badly on his bolo and had to be left on board. The number of Macabebes actually landing was thus seventy-nine. Each one of us five Americans carried a half-blanket in the form of a roll, this containing a few necessary toilet articles. We were clothed as enlisted men of the army, in khaki trousers, campaign hat, blue shirt, and leggings, and wore no insignia of rank.

As soon as we were landed, the *Vicksburg* stole away and sailed for Baler, a short distance to the southward. She had on board as passengers from Manila three army officers, Major W. C. Brown, Forty-second Infantry; Captain H. C. Hodges, Twenty-second Infantry; and Doctor Macpherson, who were going to Baler on official business.

When the dim form of the *Vicksburg* had faded from sight, we lay down on the sand and waited for the break of day. At last it came, a gloomy, drizzly morning, and we marched a short distance along the beach to fresh water and prepared breakfast of boiled rice, of which we had brought a day's ration for each, thinking a full supply could be obtained at Casiguran. We could not bring along American food for us officers for the obvious reason that it might arouse suspicion in the minds of the natives that



Copyright.

FROM RIGHT TO LEFT : SANTIAGO BARCELONA, GENERAL FUNSTON, EMILIO AGUINALDO, AND SIMEON VILLA.

From a photograph taken at Palanan, March 24, 1901.



A FILIPINO PEDDLER WOMAN.

Copyright.

we were not prisoners. After breakfast we continued the march along the beach up the west side of the long and narrow Casiguran Bay. In places the mangrove jungles came down so close that at high tide we were compelled to wade. We waded fully five miles the first day. No human beings were seen, although there were signs of the savage Balugas. At noon we stopped for two hours to cook again. At this place we found a small dug-out canoe and conceived the plan of sending news of our approach to Casiguran, lest the inhabitants take alarm at our approach and flee to the woods. We prepared a short letter over the signature of Hilario Placido, addressed to the alcalde of Casiguran, stating that the writer was in command of a detachment of Filipino troops bound from Nueva Ecija to join Aguinaldo at Palanan. The alcalde was requested to at once make arrangements for quarters and food for the command and to send guides out from the town to meet us. Cecilio, Gregorio, and two Macabebes embarked in the canoe, and cutting across the head of the bay reached the town in two hours. They were informed that the alcalde was at Pala-

nan attending Aguinaldo's birthday feast, and so delivered the letter to the vice-alcalde, who was completely deceived and who lost no time in carrying out the instructions contained in the letter. The four men who had gone in the canoe made themselves at home in the town and awaited the arrival of their comrades. The little column resumed its march at two o'clock in the afternoon. Two hours later we met the guides sent out from Casiguran to meet us, and in a short time, having reached the head of the bay, entered the forest by a narrow, muddy trail.

#### ENTRANCE INTO CASIGURAN UNDER FALSE COLORS.

Just as darkness was coming on, worn and weary by our march of twenty miles, we entered the dilapidated town and were met by the alcalde and principal citizens. The first Americans ever seen by the inhabitants of this isolated village were regarded with mild curiosity. A few scowled at us, but the majority appeared by no means unfriendly. Our people hugely enjoyed the joke, and it was with difficulty that the Macabebes kept

serious faces. Apparently no one suspected our identity. The Macabebes had been cautioned against conversing in their own language, lest suspicion be aroused, and used the Tagalo dialect exclusively. They regaled the wondering and admiring yokels of Casiguran with great tales of the combat in which they had taken the American prisoners. The residence of the absent alcalde was designated as the place of confinement of the prisoners, and the five of us were put in a room with no furniture but two chairs, and slept the next three nights on the hard, bare floor. The four supposed officers and Cecilio had another room in the same building. This was arranged in order that we might be able to have secret interviews with them. It was necessary to arrange with the vice-alcalde to obtain a courier to carry to Palanan the two decoy letters supposedly from Lacuna which we had prepared, as already related, as well as one from Hilario to Aguinaldo, which we expected to write. For this journey a Tagalo of Casiguran and a Baluga were selected,

and they started on the morning of the sixteenth and arrived at Palanan two days ahead of us. The following letter we concocted at Casiguran and forwarded in addition to the two letters signed by Lacuna :

*The Honorable Dictator and Captain General.*

With the greatest respect I inform your Excellency that having received the necessary orders from my chief, General Urbano Lacuna, on the 28th of February, I began the march immediately to join you. We have just arrived at Casiguran and must rest for two days because of the great fatigues and hunger my soldiers have undergone. The correspondence which we brought with us I am sending with this in order that there may be no delay in your receiving it.

In addition, I wish to inform you that your commissioner, Sr. Cecilio Segismundo, is with us.

While on the march through the mountains near Pantabangan we came face to face with a detachment of American soldiers making maps, and by the suddenness of our attack and by surrounding them we were able after slight resistance to take five prisoners. Two others were killed, and three so badly wounded that we had to leave them. The five prisoners we are bringing with us.

CASIGURAN, March 15, 1901.

*The Lieutenant-Colonel, Chief of the Column,*  
HILARIO PLACIDO.



ON THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE PASIG RIVER AT MALACANAN.

From a photograph taken especially for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, December 4, 1899.

Copyright.

P. S.—My force consists of eighty-five, including a captain and four lieutenants. H. P.

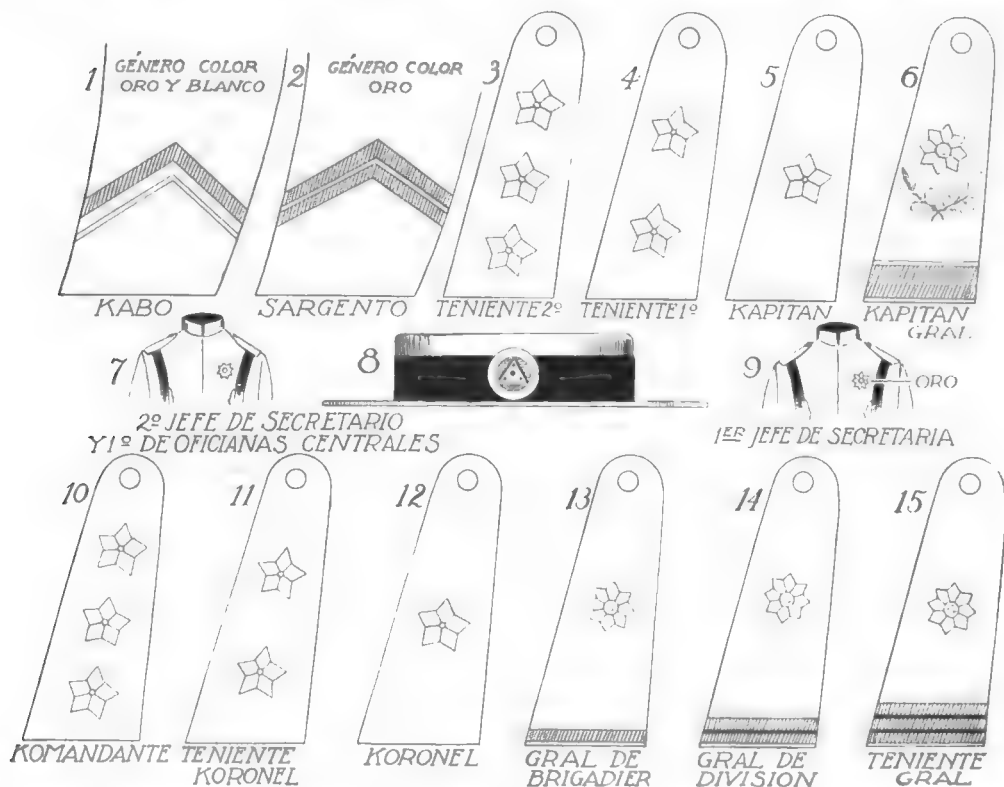
The above was written in Tagalo by Gregorio Cadhit and signed by Hilario.

# TAKING CHANCES WITH A LIMITED FOOD SUPPLY.

When Hilario and Segovia began to deal with the question of food for the seven-days'

quite limited. The vice-alcalde stated that if we would remain a week he could in that time obtain a sufficient quantity of cracked corn to serve for all during the march. But such a delay was out of the question, as I had arranged with Commander Barry that the *Vicksburg* meet us at Palanan Bay on the 25th. If we had not arrived by the 27th a force was to be landed to investigate.

Despite all his efforts the vice-alcalde had



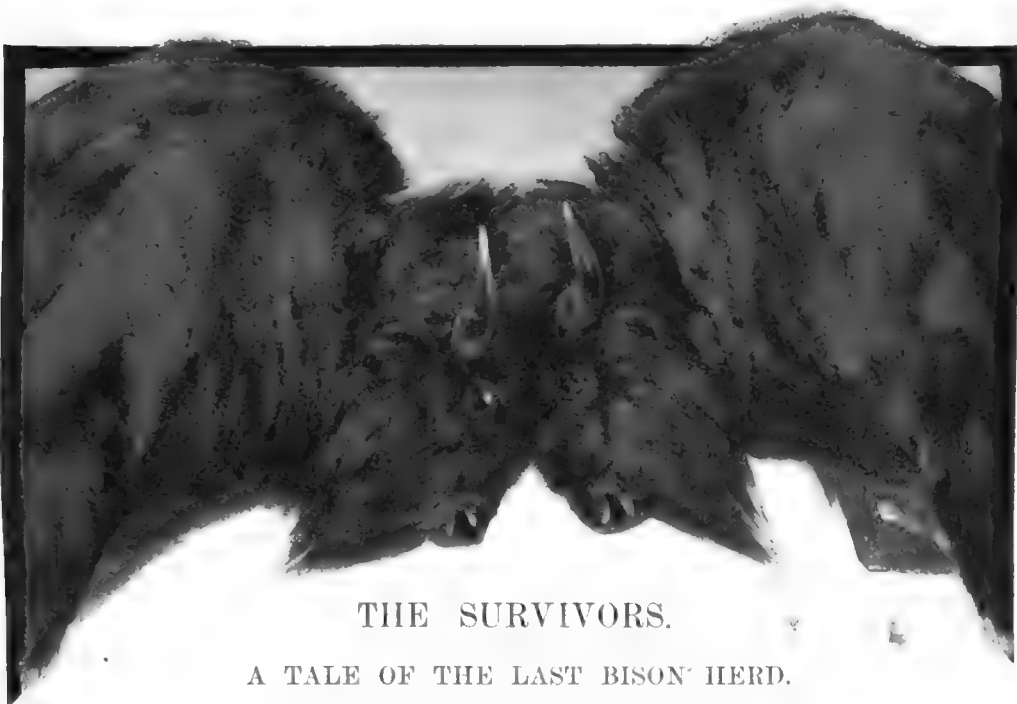
INSURGENT SHOULDER-STRAPS, CHEVRONS, ETC. SKETCHED FROM AN OFFICIAL DESIGN TORN FROM THE DOOR OF AGUINALDO'S HEADQUARTERS.

1. Corporal. 2. Sergeant. 3. Second Lieutenant. 4. First Lieutenant. 5. Captain. 6. Captain-General. 7. Second Chief of Secretariat. 8. Showing the Filipino rosette. 9. First Chief of Secretariat. 10. Major. 11. Lieutenant-Colonel. 12. Colonel. 13. Brigadier-General. 14. General of Division. 15. Lieutenant-General.

march to Palanan, an unexpected difficulty was encountered. The staple articles of food at Palanan are fresh fish and fresh vegetables, principally sweet potatoes. Neither would serve for a long journey, as they would not only spoil, but were too heavy and bulky. A small quantity of Indian corn is raised at Palanan, and was the only article of food to be had which was portable and would not deteriorate, but the amount on hand was

not been able in two days to collect more than three-days' ration of cracked corn and a small quantity of dried buffalo-meat. We must start with that and take chances, or abandon the expedition. By a unanimous vote among the five Americans we chose the former alternative, though I must confess it was with considerable misgivings so far as I was concerned. As will be seen, the result came near being disaster.

(To be concluded in October.)



## THE SURVIVORS.

### A TALE OF THE LAST BISON HERD.

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER,

Author of "In the Forest."

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL RUNGIUS.

THEY were years of a ruthless sacrifice when the bison went their way. Over the dust-blown prairie, stirred by the feet of fleeing herds, the uproar of the killing thundered. Brown hulks of the dead and dying dotted every plain; destruction loomed in the trails; the slaughter grew. Spurred by incessant fear, bunch after bunch fled from the main body, and edged northward through the gulfs of the wooded wilderness. There their nature changed. They crept to the thickets, not less crafty than the blacktail and the herding elk—stampeding at every unwonted sound. Some, by terror-stricken marches, reached deeper into the heart of the wild, and of these two bands survived. One pushed northward—northward into that limitless expanse of eternal cold that lies under the rim of the Arctic Circle. They faced their fronts to the icy, killing blasts, and in that blank solitude sought respite from the destroyer. The other, no less determined and alert, dipped down into a basin set among the peaks of the Yellowstone. Over them like a benediction hovered the dead silence of a

desert world, and for a while they gorged in peace upon the bunch grass, and fell anew into a stupor of fat content. But again the destroyer followed; the heights volleyed with the rifle's roar, and a myriad ill-omened birds answered screaming to the cry of the killer. Then—at the end—the law stepped in.

It is written now that the bison of the Park are the nation's wards—to be kept inviolate, guarded like a last heir in a court of chancery. Eternal vigilance is the price that is paid for their peace, and to save them against the greed of the waylaying poacher, the patrols of the Government push to and fro across these forest ranges. Of these men a few come to know all about the buffalo—where they feed and when, and what things are doing in the herd; and some there are who can even follow them by night. Under the darkest sky they ride afar, watching the raiding pot-hunter from across the Wyoming and Idaho lines—the reckless scoundrels that kill for head and hide—and neither fear nor any fatigue turns them from the trail.

Markovitch was one—Markovitch, a private of the troop. He came West with a city draft, drawn obviously from the unwashed army of the unemployed, and never changed while he went from post to post. Famine was written gauntly upon his face, and he confessed, with unassuming frankness, that it was hunger and not the martial spirit, nor yet again the insinuating English of a recruiting dodger, that had first plunged him into a military life. He was a mixed Muscovite of some sort or other, speaking with the thick sing-song guttural that comes from a use of tongues like the Yiddish; and he was the first of his kind that had ever come West in a draft. Further, he was scant in stature, slow-moving, and perhaps a little stupid. But the first day he was turned loose on the Park ranges he showed that he knew the work.

"Eye-igh!" he cried in wonder, "var from comes the auerochs?"

A bunch of buffalo had just pitched over the edge of a slope, and with rolling shoulders, heavy-gaited and slow, came slouching down the open. "Eye-igh—dar I see him—the auerochs!"

Slim Logan, the trooper who rode at his knee, eyed him with airy scorn. "Orrocks—hell! You mean them?" He pointed toward the herd now spreading along the interval. "Guess there ain't any circuses where you hail from, Dutch. Them's buffalo. Orrocks—my eye!"

But the officer who rode ahead overheard and halted. "Aurochs—what d'you know about aurochs, Markovitch?"

The emancipated Muscovite blushed and squared himself to attention. "Yeaas—I know him. Chu vant to know how? Den mine moother she var a woman of Lithov, that var Lithuanie in Rooshia. Dar is vere the auerochs bin. I have seen him many dimes; in the forest I have watched him at his feed. They are the buffalo the same—no?"

The lieutenant nodded, asking casually: "Your father—was he a keeper of the herd?"

A faint flush burned upon the prominences of the trooper's cheeks, and his eyes wandered uneasily away. "Mine vatter—no. He var of Yaroslav." His hand at this uplifted with a little gesture, half deprecatory and half in pride. "Mine vatter he var of the army—an officer. Mine moother she var a dowter only of a *borzatnik*—a *borzat-*

*nik*, a hunter—and he var an officer of the army."

At the air of astonishment in the officer's eye Markovitch's color deepened. "And is he still in the army?" asked the lieutenant, curiously. Markovitch shook his head.

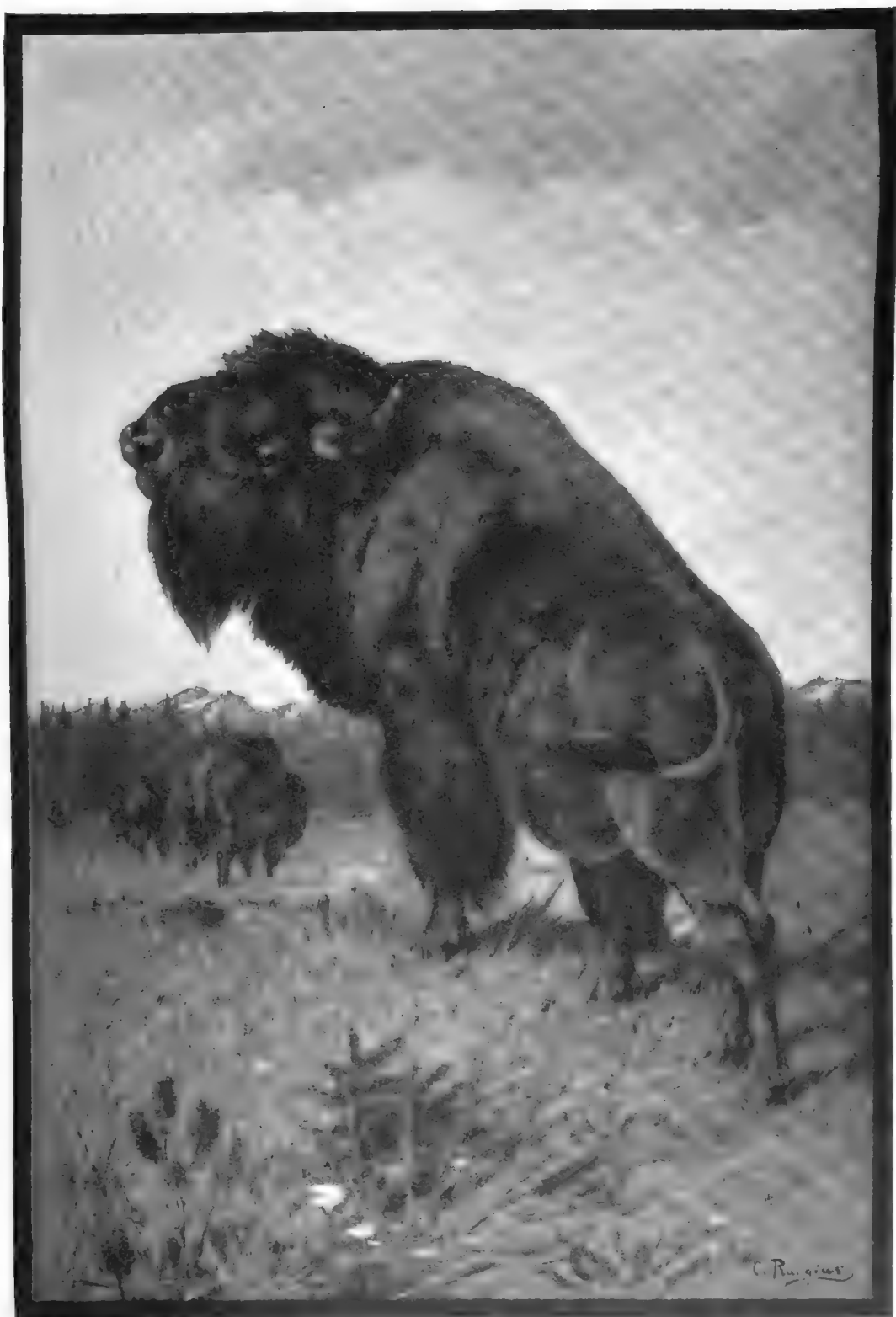
"I should not know," he answered, his words slow and halting, and his gaze fixed in a dull scrutiny of the distant herd. "I have not ever seen him. He var gone before I var borned."

The last of the band had streamed into view, and were grazing slowly toward an opening in the hills. At the edge of the timber the herd bull turned and roared across the interval. His mane and fringes were grimy from the wallow, and the hair had torn in patches, raggedly, from his flanks and back. Sturdy, big, and masterful, he faced them, and again he roared, a deep-throated bellow that rang among the silences.

"Mine vatter he var from the army," explained Markovitch, "and he vent away."

But the officer understood the drear story that lay beneath the apologetic words, and silently rode on. So, too, understood Slim Logan, who rode at the other's knee. He gleamed at him from the corner of his eye, his mouth fixed in a mocking smile. "Say, Dutch—he var from the army, eye-igh?" he mimicked, and Markovitch slowly nodded. Logan laughed under his breath at this candor, and curled his lip anew into a sneer that bristled one end of his stubby mustache. In primeval days man showed his fangs as the wolf and the dog do even to-day. Slim Logan, now, was showing his teeth. He drew his horse away and rode alone. But Markovitch gave no heed. His mind, at the sight of these buffalo, first cousins to the aurochs of Lithuania, was occupied with other thoughts—the memory of days long in the dead past. So Logan, scoffing, eyed him unnoticed, and once back at the post, set his tongue to work. Here was fair game, indeed, for that active member of the detachment. "A foreigner—a damned scattermouch," thought Logan, "and like enough a 'sheeny,' too." Almost anything weak and unprotected was game for Slim Logan's sport.

"Oh, my eye!" he laughed, laying out his gossip; "and if he didn't lay claim his peggy dad was a straps—an officer gent. The catch-colt!" He spat contemptuously, and uplifted his voice. "Hey, you—oh,



"THE LAST OF THE BAND . . . WERE GRAZING SLOWLY TOWARD AN OPENING IN THE HILLS. AT THE EDGE OF  
THE TIMBER THE HERD BULL TURNED AND ROARED ACROSS THE INTERVAL."

Digitized by Google

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Dutch! I say, Peddler! Come here and tell us about yer distinguished payrent—Brigadier-Gen'r'l Markovitch what was. I hear tell he's the real thing."

Markovitch stood up, his bland, homely face staring upon them in round good-nature. "Yeaas—he var of the army an officer. But he var not a brigadier, no. He var—" Here he hesitated, open-mouthed, pained and startled at the ripple of jibing laughter that ran around the circle.

"He var from the army—eye-igh?" mimicked Logan again, and had just launched into a fresh jibe when Mulligan, the troop sergeant, touched him upon the shoulder.

"Enough of that, Logan—let the man alone."

Logan's answer was brief, but, to his mind, strictly to the point. "Oh, devil take the Jew—he's fair game."

But there seemed some other sport for men more fitting than this baiting of a mild and unoffending creature, and the sergeant looked Logan squarely in the eye.

"I misdoubt, Slim Logan," he slowly drawled, "that he's a Jew at all, and mayhap he's as white or whiter'n you. D'ye hear?"

Slim Logan threw up his head, his brows knit into a black frown. "It's your chevrons lets you say such things, Sergeant!" he sneered.

"The chevrons—ey? I stand ready to take off my coat any time you say, Logan, outside."

But Logan only looked away, and there, for the time, the incident closed. And Logan, to be sure, jibed Markovitch no more—at least while the sergeant was about.

Out in the Park a countless horde of wild things wandered, and the days were a dream of delight to Markovitch. Sometimes, though, he was set to guard the geyser basins, and this he did not like. The weird, ungodly manifestations of the under world filled him with a dark awe—the spuming of the pits, the dull rumbling of the tortured ground, and all the other sounds and sights of that inferno. Given his own choice, he would have kept from the place forever, avoiding the sinks as the Shawnee and Blackfeet did in the days long ago. It was not only this superstitious awe, but the work of the place that disgusted him. But he did this duty solemnly—in fact, as he did all his other work—chevvyng the imbecile tourists that tried to write their names on

the geyser rocks or strove to stir up the pits with soft-soap. Much better to stretch far out there under the peaks—to watch the deer trailing among the glades, the bison in the parks, and the long bands of elk that streamed across the passes. So after a while he was set to riding the ranges, the long patrols that reach from Mt. Everts to the southern heights, from Absarokas to the western line. And that, indeed, was the thing to do, thought Markovitch, riding on his way.

Through all the parks and the open timber ranged the buffalo, and Markovitch ranged with them. Sometimes he followed the bands when they moved, and sometimes he lay among the trees, idling like his heavy charges. He marked the bison bulls at their play and in their battles royal, lying so still upon the grass that the wood mice crept across his feet, and the rock coneys came out to whistle at his elbow. There was one big bull—a mammoth, a relic of a by-gone host—that filled him with wonder and admiration. The great creature's front was draped with a thick and matted shield of hair, brown and curling upon the down-hanging head, and long, ochred, and streaming about its shoulders. Masterful was this over-lord among the herds. In the spring, when the battling rage broke forth, it drove to and fro among the bands, sweeping victory before it. Markovitch wondered at its vigor, the vitality that kept it potent through all its many shocks of war; and when the monarch and the following herd drifted too near the passes where the poachers cross, he spent many hot and laborious hours rounding up the bull and the cows and the calves, driving them into the safer central ground. Whole weeks passed in the joy of herding his colossal charges, until summer sped away and blind squalls of snow swept about the mountain peaks and came drifting across the lowlands. Then, as the drifts deepened, he took to skis, and on the long runners plied from post to post—from Soda Butte through all the miles of woodland, open and hilly ground, far away to the last reaches of Snake River. In this expanse of solitude he gloried, though the same loneliness, the same bleak and oppressive lands of silence, sometimes drove other men to madness. On his lonely marches he moved silently, for all like any other creature of this wild, seeing the buffalo as they pawed the snow for the frozen

bunch-grass underneath, travelling with the elk, and finding where the silver-tip and the cinnamon had hived in their dens for the winter.

"The damn, slinkin' coyote," observed Slim Logan, with his usual spleen. "I'll bet a hard-tack agin a month's pay he ain't up to any good. Say, I see him to-day, way out there, snoopin' round like any of your mean, no 'count, sneakin' wood cats."

"Oh, you did, Slim, did you?" said Muligan. "And what was you up to, yourself, out there?"

Slim, for an instant, seemed baffled, and he looked away with uneasy eyes.

"Oh—meanin' me? Why, I was just workin' patrol, to be sure—only just skiddin' along when I see him. He was——"

"That was a long way off your beat, Slim," cut in the sergeant. "And may I make bold to ask what you were doing so far off your line?"

Logan's explanation was clear, but not quite satisfactory. "Oh, I was just a-follerin' to see where a bunch of buffaloes went—yes, there was six cows, a calf, and the old bull—the big one, you mind? I see him—the Dutchman—snoopin' round, too, so I quit. He ain't no good, that Dutchman, says I."

"You say too much, you do," snapped the sergeant, tartly, but Logan seemed too busy at something to give answer.

What Markovitch was doing was for the good of the Government and its charges. On his lonely way from over beyond the winter post at Hayden Valley, he had found strange *ski* tracks in the newly fallen snow. Strange tracks in that country meant no good to the game, and Markovitch walked on, watching. The tracks led across the low ground, turned, and stretched into the hills. Two men were running on the snow, and before long he found where a third, coming in from the post, had joined them. He followed along, going cautiously, but after an hour's stalk a snow squall burst from the hills, and with a downfall of heavy flakes obliterated the trail.

Again, the day following, he was out, sweeping in a wide circle about the outlying ground. Then, from far over among the open parks, he heard the crack of a gun, a second shot—then a fusillade. Guns in the Park are tabooed, and a gun-shot means only that there is lawlessness afoot. Re-binding the *ski* thongs about his feet, Mar-

kovitch skimmed with all his speed along the slopes, making for the place. Down one ridge and across another he loped, and had just pushed out into the open when a loud shout hailed him: "Hey, you—oh, Dutch!"

Slim Logan was driving across the snow, waving wildly toward the hill crest at his left. Markovitch, halting, saw him draw his army Colt's and fire four times, yelling at every shot. "There they go!" cried Logan, and with that he beckoned Markovitch to follow. But when they reached the summit, only a blank stretch of untrodden snow lay before them. "Come along!" still cried Logan, swinging further to the left. Markovitch protested; that way lead directly off from the place where he had heard the shots. But Slim Logan pushed forward, a spurt of smoky snow rising from the trailing *ski*-pole as he plunged, racing down the declivity. For ten minutes he held on his way, then halted and wiped his brow.

"Gee—I guess we lost 'em," he grunted.

"Yeaas," answered Markovitch, "dey var gone."

Despite Logan's protests, he turned back upon the trail, and went off in a new line, Logan quitting him at the turn. So for an hour Markovitch plodded on, and then again he found the tracks upon the snow. There were three—all fresh—two coming in together and joining the third. He saw from the marks that they had stood about for a while; then the third man had left them and turned back over his own trail. Markovitch followed the two, and a half-mile beyond found where a bunch of buffalo had stamped out of the timber. The sheeted surface was torn high in furrows where in their frantic efforts they had driven through the drifts, and then he found a blur of blood and an empty shell, cocked up endwise in the snow. The tracks went on, and there, in the edge of the timber further along, stood a bison cow, her head hanging between her knees, and with just enough vigor left to totter from his path. The effort was her last; sighing deeply, she plunged forward, heaved over on her flank, and died. And there, too, in the thicket was a dead yearling bull already growing stiff, and another bloody trail that told that still a third had been maimed, to crawl off and die, perhaps, a lingering death in some lost thicket of the hills. It was too late now to fol-

low; the poachers had fled, and he turned back toward the post in the dusk of the dying day. Logan was there before him, waiting, watching craftily. "Didn't find 'em?" he asked casually, and then, "I sure thought you couldn't catch 'em."

The sergeant listened closely to Markovitch's report. "And Logan went off the other way. He did—did he? Now that's rather currus, ain't it?"

"He dink he see him," explained Markovitch, but Mulligan seemed dissatisfied.

"Now, see here," said he to Logan, "what d' you know of this business?"

They had stepped outside, and in the dark the sergeant could not see the look on Logan's face.

"Me? And what should I know more'n's been told?" cried the trooper as Mulligan strove to see his face in the darkness. "Has that scattermouch been lyin' agin me?"

"There's been no lyin' laid agin you, Logan. My advice is to mind your words. You've a bad record here"—he added this with brutal frankness—"what with card-playing, hard drink, and other things. Do I need to tell more?"

The sergeant went on, and without answer Logan stepped inside. His teeth were clenched, and wild anger burned redly upon his face.

"You Dutchman!" he shrilled. He ripped out an unspeakable oath, and confronted Markovitch. "You will go blab on me—hey—you with your lyin' tongue? Take that!" He struck the other a violent blow in the face, and followed with a kick as Markovitch tumbled backward.

Uproar followed. Markovitch, a bloody cut across his mouth, struggled to his feet, stupefied with astonishment and pain. "Vat—vat var you—" he began, when, violently as before, Slim Logan aimed a second blow at his head. Markovitch, warding him off, swayed to and fro with half-spoken questions baffling on his lips. "I'll learn ye!" roared Logan, and with that threw himself upon his victim.

A sudden change—a pallor, a quick twitching of the mouth and eyes—overcame the little trooper. With an abrupt, forceful gesture he gripped Logan by the throat, and with his breath whistling between his clenched teeth, shook him as a terrier worries a rat. He grunted once with exertion—"Ugh-rr-r!"—and Slim Logan's heels

beat upon the floor like flails. Vainly he fought for breath, to escape the killing clutch upon his throat, but Markovitch still held on. The others then flung themselves upon him, one throttling the man with an elbow crooked about his neck. Yet still he clung to Logan's throat, until, with a stifled cry, he was torn loose, and thrown backward upon the floor. Once he strove to rise, and a private threw himself upon his chest. "Ugh-rr-r!" he grunted, his limbs stiffened rigidly, and with a sudden shocking of the muscles he was still.

Logan, still gasping, sat up and felt his throat. "Let me kill him!" he whispered, crawling toward the prostrate man. But the trooper sitting on Markovitch's chest leaped up with a startled cry. "Good God—the man's dead!" Silence followed, the man staring about, white with fear for the consequence. But Markovitch was still alive. He breathed once, stertorously, and his eyelids fluttered like the wings of a wounded bird. "No; he's alive. He ain't dead," cried the trooper. Then with deep conviction: "But it's a devilish wonder some of us ain't. It's a sort of a fit. I've seen 'em afore—they just go blind sick with their rage, and topple over. Look out when he comes to—there!"

Markovitch opened his eyes, sat up, and weakly lifted a hand to his mouth. He stared at the smear of blood upon his fingers, gazed at it curiously, and looked about. "Vat—I fall down?" he exclaimed. He stammered again, questioning, half incoherent with his jargon of English mixed with meaningless Yiddish. "Vat—I fall down?" It was plain that the whole affray had been blotted from his mind, and Logan looked on, cursing with his rage and in wonder.

"You damn near killed him—him there—Logan," exclaimed a trooper, nodding toward the cause of it all.

"Vat—I hit him? Oh—now I don't forget," gasped Markovitch. "I dink mine head go around, and I—yes—no—I var forget all. Vat var him—I cannot dink. I am sorry." He held out his hand, offering it in peace, and Logan, with another burst of profanity, turned his back and shuffled from the room.

"Served him bully good and right," a trooper vowed, but Markovitch shook his head, doubtfully, trying to remember what had occurred. That was the last of Slim Logan's nagging, though, and before long

Markovitch realized that he was left severely in peace.

Spring awakened the Park, and the hills shook their shoulders from the mantle of snow. Markovitch, on a sleepy-eyed roan, big and with the wide-gaited shambling shuffle of a moose, rode down the Yellowstone on an errand bent. He bestrode his Rosinante gayly, with his head thrown back, and with a bunch of blossoms held out straight before him. At sunset he returned homeward over the same trail, but no longer bore his flowers. Again, a week later, he crossed the ford, and again returned at night. The next day he was back, riding out on the ranges, where in an outlying park he hobbled the roan, stretched out on the grass, and lay staring dreamily at the sky.

A half-mile below grazed the bison herd. The big bull, bigger and more surly than ever, lurched up and down the open, tossing his heavy front and hooking the cows in boorish gallantry. The winter coat hung in ragged folds from his flanks and back, and the red gleam of conquest was in his eye. Once he challenged the hills with a raucous bellow, a clamorous call that beat back in trumpet echoes from the slopes. Markovitch sat up, looking idly toward him. "Eye-igh! It var the spring," he murmured abstractedly. A younger bull, tolled in toward the cows, advancing with a halting, hesitating stride; and the colossus, snorting the earth, faced the intruder, pawing the ground till the sods flew in volleys about his ragged sides. Again he roared; his head swung sideways, and at a plunging gallop, he charged. Away went the younger bull, turning tail, and with thudding hoofs scampering to the forest's edge. Markovitch grinned, while the big bull, rounding up his cows, drove them from the place of this disturbing gallant.

Once more down the river rode the little trooper, his face stretched into a wide grin, and a bunch of flowers resting on the pomel of his McClellan tree. An hour later, Slim Logan, riding by, saw the roan hitched to a fence paling, and with a mocking grin got off and went in. "It's a fine day, Miss McGinn," he observed pleasantly, "and what the devil is that Dutchman doin' here?"

Miss Dealie McGinn, with that ready wit which will always be remembered in the Park, arose smartly to the occasion. "And

if you please, Mr. Slim Logan," she inquired, "of what business of yours is it to ask, I make bold to say?" During this she halted in the intricate processes of pie-making, and fixed him with a disapproving eye. "Your langwidge is not fit for a lady's ears, Slim Logan, and will you be pleased to step out the way you came in?"

Slim Logan leaned against the doorpost, curling his lip and grinning impudently. "Oh—it's that way, is it?" he mocked, and, after another leer, walked out whistling in derision. Markovitch sat by, blandly smiling, for the subtle inflection of Logan's phrase conveyed nothing at all to his mind. But Dealie McGinn knew the ways and disposition of Trooper Logan, and was of a mind to keep clear of his company. Her anger now was apparent, and Markovitch looked into her face perplexed. She was not fair to look upon, perhaps, but the little trooper saw nothing of this. She was to him much more than all the other natural wonders of the Park, and she filled him with an awe as intense, almost, though of a different sort. The sun had touched her face with a ruddy glow that the blazing stove had done its best to heighten; her hair was of that raw yellow of bunch grass that has grown too long in the sun, and guileless good humor shone often in her eyes. Markovitch's mind had turned back to Lithuania—to a girl of his people, one with such a face, but deeper, sadder eyes. It had been first misery, then want, and after that famine that shone in the eyes of that girl of the people, and——

"Mr. McKovick," said Dealie McGinn, after a prolonged and deepening silence, "will you be that good to tell me what, too, brings you here the day? And I am minded to ask what brought you the last Choosdah and the Choosdah afore that, to say naught of Mondah week and a Thoorsdah or so?" Her tone of vexed inquiry recalled Markovitch from his reflections, and after a moment's pause he widened his mouth into a broad, bland, and childlike grin. His hands, dangling between his knees, plucked at each other, and he looked upon Dealie McGinn with winking, softened eyes.

"You bin mine shaatz," he gurgled with ill-concealed delight.

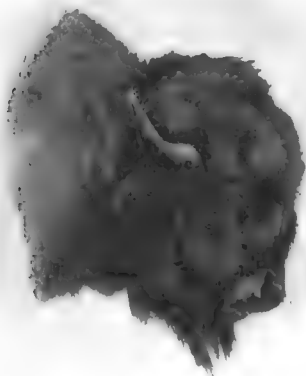
Dealie McGinn, with impetuous scorn, beat him across the shoulder with her rolling-pin, and Markovitch, at this off-hand

tribute, laughed aloud with joy. "You bin mine shaatz," he gurgled.

"Your shots—hey? It's you that's shot—half shot, Mr. McKovick."

"Yeaas—I bin you; you bin mine—mine shaatz—mine sweetheart." And Dealie McGinn, with a loud laugh, fell into a chair.

"Saints be!" she screamed with merriment. "All right, then. Sit by and do



your coortin' regular. His shots—oh, glory be!"

So the wooing proceeded, proclaimed on the side of Markovitch by long and impressive silences; on the part of Dealie McGinn by gales of merriment and the uninterrupted baking of biscuits and pie. He sat in one seat invariably, his fists between his knees, and his square, bland face fixed upon this creature of his adoration.

To all her observations he made uniform reply: "Yeaas, I bin dink so-oh mineself." And once he made another observation of his own. "I bin dinking," said he.

"It's your chief speci-al-ity, Mr. McKovick," she rallied, but Markovitch went on. He leaned forward, and with a sudden gesture, much as a lion might pounce upon a mouse, possessed himself of her hand. "You bin mine shaatz. Den some day—yeaas—some day we bin leave the army. I been dink I should be a farm."

Dealie McGinn emerged from her fit of laughter with a snort.

"You'd be a farm, eh? I'm thinkin', Mr. McKovick, you'd be not much bigger nor a potato patch with the size of you. You mean a farmer, hey?"

Markovitch nodded. That was his am-

bition. With thrift and sober living he had hoarded all his meagre pay, till now he had a snug sum laid by in his kit. Yes, he would take up a homestead claim, and rear cows and sheep, a horse or so, with perhaps another brood that already appeared large and vigorous in his mind's eye—a fine picture that set his heart beating big within his breast. "Yeaas—I bin dink so-oh," he murmured, and Dealie McGinn, rocking with merriment, cried, "Ah, git out with you!" Markovitch, without understanding the turn of this idiom, arose perplexed, and so took himself away. But when again he came back Dealie McGinn looked at him softly, and for a while stilled her fits of high merriment.

Out along the edge of the towering hills, the herd took its way, journeying into pastures new, still stirred by that instinct which, in times now passed, had moved the buffalo multitude from one grazing land to another. They crossed from range to range, drawing down toward the trail that leads in from the western line; and the herd bull, petulant from many cares, lolled at the front, shielding his cows from the younger bulls who followed with a wise eye for opportunities. Absolute and menacing, the big bull roared when they drew too near with their gallantries, and knowing the consequences the others kept their distance. Thus they took their way down the ranges, and on the edge of a crest halted, troubled with a sudden alarm.

Three heads bobbed against the sky-line, and the sun glinted sharply upon the barrel of a levelled gun. Irresolutely the bull faced the height, the cows staring stupidly and crowding in toward him. *Crack!* a rifle spoke. The sharp detonation roared from hill to hill, and at the shock a tremor convulsed the herd. Hunching up his shoulders, the big bull plunged forward, halted, stirred again, and fell forward upon his knees. From his black muzzle gushed a jet of blood, but with a mighty, violent plunge again he regained his feet. Once more the rifle cracked as he strove to lead the band in flight, again and then again. The spluttering fusillade racked the wild with endless echoes, and the big bull, rolling on his side, sighed deeply with all the last strenuous power of his lungs, then breathed no more.

A galloping roan, flecked with froth, crashed out of the edge of the timber and

came rating across the open. Markovitch, with a carbine held on high, was riding fast, and at the sight of the dead bull standing by his huddled cows, a shout of rage and despair broke from his lips. The roan shied from the dead hulk lying on the grass, and Markovitch, clutching at the saddle, regained his seat and galloped on. He rode straight for the hill, and at his coming a coatless figure rose and scuttled toward the trees. But the cut of the trousers and the way he carried his shoulders betrayed him. Markovitch saw and yelled again: "Eye-igh—Logan. Halt! Surrender!"

A puff of smoke streamed from the hill crest, and the roan, in full flight, dropped his nose to the earth, and rolled headlong like a rabbit stopped by a gunshot. Spitting out the dust, Markovitch freed himself from the gear of the fallen horse, snatched up his carbine, and charged onward. In his despair, vindictive at the death of the big bull, he forgot all caution, and what it meant to go against such men single-handed—men like Van Dyck, Howell, and Pendleton—those reckless, scut-faced rascals whose names are of ill-omen in the Park. He dodged as they fired again; the bullet missed him, and one of the two arose and followed Logan toward the trees. The other, working at the breech of his gun, jammed by an empty shell, was still striving at it when Markovitch whirled upon him. "Surrender!" he screamed, and in answer the man clubbed his gun and struck him with all his force full upon the head.

They were gone; and Markovitch lay stretched upon the ground, with tense fingers clutching at the grass. Beyond lay the body of the bull, and a raven from the neighboring wood hopped down to look about. An hour later a patrol that had heard the shots galloped into the opening, and saw first the bull, and then Markovitch. No sign of life was there but the inert forms, the marks on the hill-top, and the hoof-

prints of ponies tethered in the wood. But they told the story plainly as if written.

Logan had long returned to the post. He hung about for a while, cleaning the bore of his carbine, and whistling a loud and rollicking tune. An hour passed in this way, then up the trail came the patrol, riding fast.

"Markovitch—they've got him for fair. They were at the buffalo when he caught 'em."

Logan shook himself together, and the tune failed on his lips. "He's sure dead?" he asked. "Ain't he?" He leaned against the sweating troop-horse, looking intently at the rider.

"No—he ain't—not yet," answered the trooper, "but he's hard hit. They got him with the gun butt. Hurry up, there!"

"Ain't dead!" gasped Slim Logan, but the man never noticed. Slim Logan, with white lips, swore softly under his breath, and watched the patrol with eager, shifting eyes. "I'm off for the surgeon," he volunteered, and went inside. No one stopped him; he was still safe. He slipped into the men's quarters, glanced swiftly about, and fell to tumbling about the belongings in

Markovitch's kit. Presently he found what he sought, and dropping the packet into his coat—the packet that held the whole hoard of Markovitch's savings—went spurring down the trail. The day following an abandoned troop-horse, jaded and with hardly a foot left to stand upon, was found straying many miles beyond the Park lines. Logan was gone, a deserter, an outlaw with a price set for his capture.

"I saw him go by, ridin' awful," wailed Dealie McGinn. "Oh, if I had but known!"

Markovitch came back to life slowly, through many weeks of fever and delirium. Only by the ministrations of the surgeon and Dealie McGinn was he coaxed back from the brink of death, and then it was a strange awakening. Past memories, speech, and all



that experience had taught were swept away. His speech he regained quickly enough, and some memories returned with it, too. But Dealie McGinn was as if he had never seen her—no more to him than the remotest stranger.

"Don't you know me, lad?" she demanded, looking into his face intently. "I am Dealie McGinn."

"Yeaas—chu var Dealie McGinn," he answered, but with no real recognition, and turned dully away.

"Var is mine money?" he cried one day. They could not find it, nor could he. "Var is it gone? All gone!"

The affair of Slim Logan and the accomplice poachers was quite obliterated from his mind. The other men termed him now "the dummy," and as he seemed mending too slowly to meet the demands of the service, he was forthwith discharged, paid off, and told he would be shipped back to the point where he had been recruited. But the next day he disappeared from the Park.

Like the last refugees of the bison herds, Markovitch drifted to the north. He got work, first, as the cook of a cattle outfit, and after the round-up went toward the line with a pack-train. Then, after roaming from ranch to ranch, ever apparently in search of something or some one, he crossed into Canada, and from Calgary at length reached Edmonton with a stray trader of his own tongue, an adventurer who had set forth on a pirating cruise through the Hudson Bay Company's protected ground. There the trader, for a variety of reasons, saw that it was wise to turn back, but Markovitch stayed, and there, too, the first of that wild, fatuous pilgrimage to the Yukon—the trying of the Edmonton trail—found him stranded, willing for any work.

Along these chilled and wind-swept ranges north of the Little Great Slave Lake was a relic of the former multitudes—the herd of wood bison, long ago come up from the south. Generations had taught them the fear of man, and like uneasy wraiths they kept on the move, incessant in their change from place to place. They trafficked stealthily among the stunted timber, hardly venturing into the reaches of open ground, and they were fleet of foot, and as shy and crafty as a long-hunted white-tail buck. No stress of weather, no storm of sleeted rain or snow dismayed them, and once started, they travelled in wild flight many

leagues. Few indeed fell to the guns of the Chipewyan or the Cree, and in that bleak desolation of muskeg, stunted fir, and rock-land, they fought their struggle against their foes—hardily, a survival of the fittest.

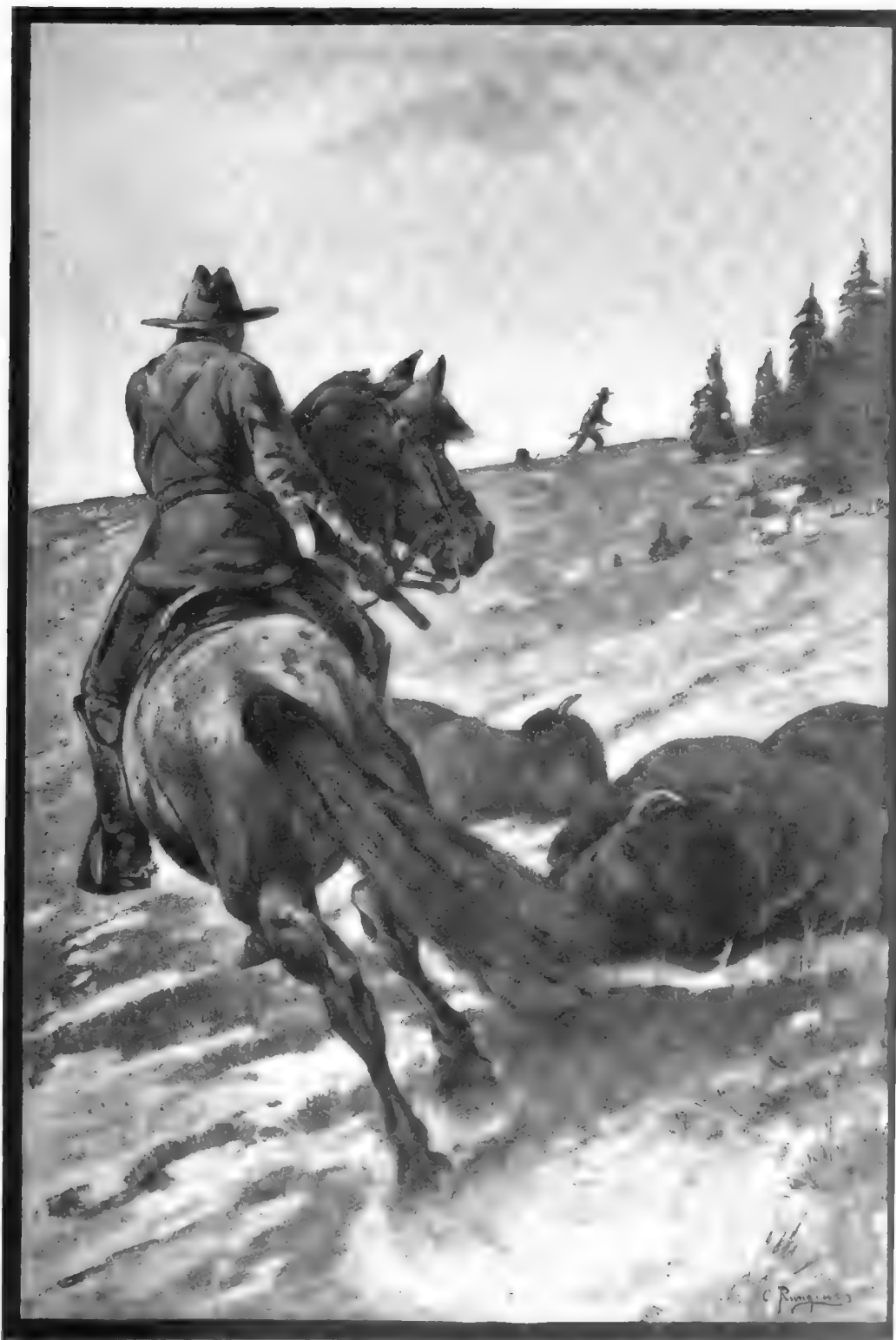
Foremost in that mad folly—the Edmonton trail to the Yukon—went Markovitch. Inspired by the false and criminal encouragement of men that had much to gain and nothing to lose, he herded with the other unfortunates and plunged onward into that frozen wild. Day by day they toiled northward, on foot and by canoe. High up in the north winter overtook them; they camped, and the scurvy broke forth. Some were abandoned on the trail, the others tried again to push forward, and the horror of that enterprise reached all the way from Athabasca Landing into the last remote reaches of Nelson River. Markovitch turned back. Starvation was at hand, but he knew that if he could reach the abandoned *caches* far behind he would live to escape. A disheartened company went with him, their faces cracked and blackened from the killing cold, stricken with swelling scurvy, and hardly able to plod. But he never complained, and with the stolidity that always marks his kind, led the faltering caravan along that heart-breaking trail. Storm followed storm, and one day they missed the trail. Some were for turning back again, but Markovitch held on, swinging away by the compass. But after this their Dog Rib packers halted, and beginning a wild pow-wow, would go no further.

They had come, then, into the sterile land that lies between the headwaters of the Hay and Peace rivers, and the Indians were dismayed. It was a land of evil spirits, where the wolf-woman and the other wild and awful spirits walked, and their hearts were turned with fear. They must strike toward the south, said the Indians, in distress, sullen and with fierce gestures. So they turned, and a half day's journey beyond saw the smoke of many camp-fires blurring the sky a mile beyond. Markovitch's face beamed with exultation.

"Now we shall not die in this so awful place."

Loud shouts hailed them, and the last stragglers, in answer to the greeting, quickened their gait and came dashing up the ridge.

"Food—we shall eat!" cried Markovitch.



"THE ROAN SHIED FROM THE DEAD HULK LYING ON THE GRASS, AND MARKOVITCH . . . RODE STRAIGHT FOR THE HILLS, AND AT HIS COMING A COATLESS FIGURE ROSE AND SCUTTED TOWARD THE TREES."



"UNDER THE LEE OF A FIR THICKET STOOD THE HERD. . . . HERE, FAR IN THE SOUTH, IT HAD HALTED FOR FOOD AND REST."

Like theirs, this party was but another of the luckless ventures of that trail of famine and death. It had turned back, easily disheartened, long before it quit the last of the muskeg. Now, at full speed, it was hastening over the back track, bound for the Little Lake, abandoning most of its outfit on the way.

"Food—we shall eat!"

At the sound of Markovitch's voice, a man standing by the fire swung abruptly upon his heel. His face, cloaked by a cari-

bou-hide *capote*, was hidden. Only his eyes showed, and in them there was a gleam of astonishment, a sudden quick look of apprehension.

"Dutch—you—" He checked himself as Markovitch looked around.

"Who calls?" asked Markovitch, but there was no answer. In Markovitch's eyes, too, was a gleam—a light of reawakening that came with a swift, sudden memory of some forgotten event. But it died quickly enough as he hung, hovering, over the fire.

They camped that night, and in the morning travelled together. For three days they kept on across the widening muskeg, through the dark and tangled thickets of fir, journeying by a dim trail from day to day. Always the man in the *capote* travelled at the heel of Markovitch, watching. "You're called Dutch, ain't you?" he asked, and Markovitch nodded affably, with a little smirk.

"He's a little gone here," said one of the party, touching a finger to his temple, indicating Markovitch with a toss of his head. "He's a little gone, you know—sort of a dummy. But you can't beat him in the woods. He's a wonder. Can pick a trail almost blindfolded."

The man in the *capote* nodded. "Sort of a damned Jew, ain't he?"

"Jew? I guess not!" answered the other hotly. "If it hadn't been for him, when those Dog Ribs lost us, we'd all gone to pot, you bet."

Scowling, the man in the *capote* walked on, his eye following Markovitch.

A trail crossed the snow, fresh marks upon that almost unbroken sheet. Markovitch, with a quick start, leaned down to study the deeply printed slots. "Look—so!" he whispered, all excitement, and the Dog Rib guides and a Cree packer crowded around, and with them again the man in the *capote*. "Yes, look at 'em!" the man in the *capote* cried, eagerness in his tone. "They told me they were in the country, but I didn't know they came this far south. Look—three—five—a dozen—a whole herd of them!"

They were fresh, these tracks, not an hour old. The herd had just gone by, and the Indians, overcome with a desire to take the trail in pursuit, were arguing hotly with the headmen.

"Fresh meat!" said the man in the *capote*. His eyes were glittering, and his hands shook as he cast aside his pack and unslung his rifle from its case. Markovitch swung around. The Indians, with heads bent to the trail, were away, the white hunter following.

"The buffalo!" he muttered. "They will kill the buffalo."

He stood erect, and with one swift glance followed.

The two Dog Ribs and the white man were skudding over the crusted snow, driving onward at full speed. Their pace was

heavy, famine had told upon the Muscovite's strength, and he could not break their lead. But with all his courage he followed.

Under the lee of a fir thicket stood the herd. It had come down from the north, fleeing many leagues before a band of prowling Chipewyans. Here, far in the south, it had halted for food and rest. A cow, standing on the nearest summit, kept watch while the herd grazed up the wind. They were bigger and rounder than the bison of the Park; their hair was of a darker hue and finer; and longer, cleaner limbs told of generations of speed.

Off at the right went the two Dog Ribs, trailing their antique smooth-bores, the man in the *capote* taking his own way. He was circling to the leeward, and on the crest of the rise he stopped, dropped to his knees, and, motionless, looked ahead. Behind was Markovitch, racing on the snow. He saw the man thrust aside the *capote* and bend his eye to the sights. Near by were the Indians, loping along. They had not seen the herd.

A hoarse shout broke from the lips of Markovitch. He had recognized the other. There was Logan on the hill; below, in the hollow, was the herd.

"Hold! You shall not kill the buffalo!"

A shot followed, then a thunder of stampeding hoofs. Again Markovitch roared, the shout coming like an infuriated challenge to the man upon the hill. The Indians, dismayed, stopped and looked on. Markovitch, with his arms waving in a wild menace, was rushing upward toward the man in the *capote*.

"Logan—Slim Logan—chu shall not kill the auerochs! Ahr-rr!"

The Indians were running again, this time toward them.

"Surrender!" screamed Markovitch, and Logan beheld him with outstretched, violent arms, charging the hill, a wild, maniac light in his eyes. With a sudden terror Logan turned and tried to run. But his snowshoes tripped upon each other; he fell again to his knees, and with a curse levelled his rifle at the running man. Markovitch dodged, and the bullet went wide. "Chu shall not kill the auerochs!" he screamed. "It is the law of the Park!" But again Logan fired, and the bullet went whining over the Indians' heads. With one impulse—with one fear that the man would kill

them first—they let drive at Logan together. He was still kneeling, one hand working furiously at a shell jammed in the breech of his repeater, and at the two shots he pitched forward convulsively, spun around, and fell.

"Hoh—he is dead!" roared Markovitch. His eyelids twitched, a pallor swept across his face, and he, too, fell upon the snow, lying there with a sudden stiffening of his limbs.

Hastened by the shots, the other men of the party raced toward the hill. There was the tragedy before them. Logan was dead, Markovitch just reviving. He sat up, gasping and weak, and stared at the motley train, at the Indians and the whites, all with faces drawn and cracked by the cold.

"Vat—vat var it?" he demanded. His eyes swept the stretch of desolation laid before him, and widened in grave surprise. "Var is the mountains? Var have they gone?" Then he saw the body of Slim Logan lying upon the snow. "Cheaas—he var of the droop. Vat vill the post say ven they hear he shall kill the buffalo of the Park?"

The man, thought the others, was plainly out of his mind. "What Park? What's it all about?"

Markovitch's air of wonder was renewed. "This—the Park of the Yellowstone!" he cried. "He var Slim Logan of the droop, and he have bin shot."

They thought, indeed, that Markovitch had killed him, but then they saw he had

no gun. After this the Indians were questioned. They sat there in the snow, and with a babel of Cree and Chipewyan, with many signs and rude figures, made it known that they had killed the man. They were in fear of death; he was shooting them instead of the bison, and this man and the other were both mad.

"No, I am not mad," exclaimed Markovitch. "But the Park—var is the Park? And Slim Logan—vor vy is not the uniform of the droop, but this—a blanket clothes?"

Down from the upper forks of the Yellowstone came Markovitch, riding into the Park. He swung aside into the foot-hills, and at the edge of a wide and open glade halted, looking across the interval. It was spring, and a loud bellow challenged from the timber's edge. Out into the open came a herd, a shaggy bull in the lead, followed by his companion cows. "Eye-igh—it is the spring!" he murmured, and rode on. He clattered then along a well-remembered trail, and after many miles drew up and dropped the bridle-rein across the pickets of a fence. Then he walked manfully up the path.

A woman was standing in the doorway, and it was Dealie McGinn. She stared at the man, threw up her hands, and cried aloud, "Oh, glory be!" A wide and bewitching grin spread upon his face.

"D'you know me, laddie?" she shrilled, and the grin grew wider.

"Yeaas!" he gurgled. "Yeaas; you bin mine schaatz."





# Sherreaf's Exclusive

by O.K. Davis.



ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RELYEA.

SHERREAF came rushing into the "Planet" office in such a hurry that he almost fell over Thompson, who was standing just inside the gate and talking to two of the kindergarten, as the old reporters call the new men. He was late, and he was afraid that the city editor had wanted him. He was of the kindergarten, too, or he wouldn't have been in such a hurry.

"Say," ejaculated Thompson, catching Sherreaf by the arm, "that's a great story of Chambers's."

"What?" said Sherreaf; "I haven't seen the paper."

"Why, the Mills disappearance," answered all the others together. "You want to read it."

Sherreaf picked up a copy of that morning's paper and sat down at his desk. The first thing he saw was the story the others had commended. It was the account of the disappearance from her Fifth Avenue home of Alice Mills, the only child of one of the wealthiest men in the city. Three days before the young woman had walked out of the front door early in the afternoon, and there all trace of her ended. It was a fine fall day, and she had told her maid that she probably would be out for an hour or more. When her father got home from his office that evening she had not returned. He thought she had met a friend and had been delayed. He had his dinner alone—he had been a widower since Alice's babyhood—and went to the library to read. His daughter had an engagement for that evening, and when it came time for her to be ready and she still had not come home, Mr. Mills began to be uneasy. He telephoned to several friends, to whose homes he thought she might have gone, and sent messages to several others. None had seen her, and at last, thoroughly alarmed, he summoned his carriage and drove to police headquarters.

The Superintendent happened to be still in his office. He was an old friend of the broker, and before Mr. Mills had been in the building fifteen minutes half a dozen of the best detectives of the Superintendent's famous force were on the case. They worked two days and found not the slightest clue. So far Mr. Mills had been able to keep the matter a secret among his intimate friends. But when the detectives failed to unravel the case, the broker gave up and a general alarm was sent out.

Sherreaf read the story with absorbed interest. Chambers was the best man on the "Planet" for that kind of work. He had gone over all the circumstances with the skill and care and patience of the trained experts from police headquarters, but with the same result. Sherreaf wondered, as he saw the old reporter go out to work up the second day's story, whether he, himself, would ever reach any such place on the staff. He had been on the "Planet" nearly five months. As he sat there he recalled the smile with which the managing editor had said to him that afternoon when he had applied for work:

"We do not care about your lack of experience, Mr. Sherreaf. We rather prefer to take on inexperienced young men. Then what they learn they learn in our way. They fall into our style and become 'Planet' men. If you would like to start in that way we may be able to find a place for you. The work is hard and requires care and

close attention, but I think you will succeed."

Sherreaf had done his best, but there had been no hint of advancement, and he began to be afraid that he would be adjudged a failure. In his heart he believed that he was not. He had been faithful and honest, and he thought his superiors were not unaware of that. Several times his industry had been commended. He was sure of his ability, and he rebelled because that, too, had not been recognized.

The Mills case was a great mystery. For three or four days the newspapers carried it on the first page. The best men in the city were on the story. They went over the girl's whole life, step by step, as far as they could, and not one of them turned up a single fact which could be made to serve as a clue to her disappearance. She had been the rounds of the summer and winter resorts of fashion, and had travelled a good deal abroad. But her father, going over again and again every event in her life, could not recall one which might have led up to the last.

Before a week was over the story disappeared from the first page of the "Planet."



"'NOTHING NEW,' HE SAID, AS SHERREAF CAME UP."

Chambers was assigned to bigger work, and the Mills case went the way of all such stories. It decreased in length from two columns to a stick, and in ten days there was only a paragraph with a single-line head, announcing that the girl had not yet been found.

One evening, when the editorial staffs were changing tricks, and the night men were coming on to replace the day force, the city editor called Sherreaf to his desk.

"We want you to do the Mills case to-night, Mr. Sherreaf," he said. "There's nothing to do, I guess, but to see Mr. Mills."

Sherreaf smiled a little as he said, "Thank you," and started out. At the gate he met Chambers going to dinner.

"Where are you going to eat?" asked the older man.

"I'm going home," replied Sherreaf.

"Come down with Brinklow and me," said Chambers. "We're going to a new French place in Fulton Street."

It was the first time Sherreaf had been asked to join any of the older men on such an occasion, and he was pleased. Usually the "Planet" men flocked together. It was a saying in newspaperdom that if you saw one "Planet" man at dinner, you saw half a dozen. But there were two flocks, the old and the young, and the kindergarten men always felt that it was a sure recognition of the successful end of their probation when they were asked to join the older men at such times. So Sherreaf went very gladly.

"What have you got, Brinklow?" asked Chambers as the three sat down to their dinner.

"The Anarchist meeting at Cooper Union," answered Brinklow.

"What have you got, Sherreaf?" asked Chambers.

"The Mills disappearance."

"There's nothing to do on that," said Chambers. "I'm off; come and go to the theatre with me. You can go to the Mills house on the way up, and that's all there is to it."

There was a little discussion, and then Sherreaf agreed to go. As they got to the Mills house Chambers said:

"I haven't seen Mr. Mills for several days. If you don't mind I'll go in, too."

"I wish you would," said Sherreaf; "perhaps if there is anything he'd give it to you



"THERE WAS A LITTLE DISCUSSION, AND THEN SHERBEAF AGREED TO GO."

Digitized by Google

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more willingly than if I were along. Suppose you go alone. I'll wait out here."

So Chambers went in. In two or three minutes he came down the steps whistling.

"Nothing new," he said, as Sherreaf came up; "I have nothing for the newspapers," says Mr. Mills."

The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and between the acts the two men went out and walked in the foyer. Once a young woman nodded to Sherreaf. "An old friend," he said to Chambers, as he went over to speak to her. They walked back and forth talking, and the next act had begun before Sherreaf joined Chambers. When it was finished the young man said:

"I don't believe I'll stay for the rest of it. I think I'll go down and write my story."

Chambers laughed. "What have you got to write?" he asked. "It won't take you long to do a paragraph, and there isn't more than a city jot in it."

"Yes," replied Sherreaf; "there's more than that if they'll use it. My friend gave me a new notion, and perhaps there is something in it. If there is it's a beat."

"What is it?" asked Chambers, as Sherreaf started to go.

"Come down at half-past two and get a paper," sung out the younger man as he ran for a car.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Sherreaf walked into the "Planet" office. The night city editor sat at his desk in the corner busy over the copy of the political reporter.

"Well?" he said interrogatively, as Sherreaf stood beside the desk.

"I had the Mills case," said the reporter.

"I know that; what of it?"

"I found the girl," answered Sherreaf.

"What!" exclaimed the night city editor; "you found her?"

He uncurled his long length from under his desk, and stood up alert and attentive.

"Yes," replied the reporter; "that is, I didn't see her myself, but I've seen a person who saw her late this afternoon, and I've got the whole story."

"Where is she?" inquired the night city editor eagerly.

"At her home," answered Sherreaf.

"Oh!" ejaculated the editor, a strong note of disappointment in his voice, "then everybody's got it."

"No," said Sherreaf, "it's exclusive.

She's not at her father's house. She's at her own home. She's married."

"I knew it," exclaimed the night city editor, with a chuckle. "I told Chambers there was a man in it. Who is he?"

"I can't tell," said the reporter. "I



"IT WAS A GOOD STORY, MR. SHERREAF," SAID THE CITY EDITOR."

got the story from a woman whom I have known for years. I am perfectly sure of her, and know we can rely on all she said. She gave the story to me personally, and said I could use it as I saw fit, but I must not give names or places. I can say that Miss Mills is married, when the ceremony was performed, and all that sort of thing, and I can tell the story that led up to it. But I cannot give the name of the man or where they are living."

"But you can tell me," said the editor.

"That is not a breach of confidence."

"No," said Sherreaf, "I cannot. She gave me permission to use the story only on my assurance that I would not reveal those parts of it to any person whatever. Nobody else will have any part of it, and I cannot give more than I say."

"Humph," said the night city editor. He crossed the room to the desk of the night editor, and there was a short conver-

sation. Sherreaf knew what they were saying. They had tried him pretty well on several things, and he knew that they had confidence in him. But this was a different matter. The "Planet" was particularly careful about the accuracy of its news, especially if it was of a sensational character. He had seen good stories thrown away because verification could not be made absolute, and the paper would take no chances. So he understood that the question the two editors were discussing was that of his own trustworthiness. He ran back over his work for the "Planet," and recalled with a thrill of pride that he had never written a word for the paper of the truth of which he was not absolutely certain. As he sat down at his desk, the night editor came over and spoke to him.

"Are you sure about this, Mr. Sherreaf?" he asked.

"It was told me," answered Sherreaf, "by a person whom I have known for several years, and in whom I have the most implicit confidence. I am as sure of it as I am that I am here."

"Write all you can of it," said the night editor.

Sherreaf began at the beginning, and told the story through to the end. It began when Miss Mills, then in college, was returning from a summer vacation abroad. The ship made hard work of the rough weather, and but few of the passengers were well enough to be on deck. One of these was Miss Mills, whose father was incapacitated by the motion of the vessel. One of the other passengers who was able to be about was a young Southerner. As the young man stood at the rail one day, when the wind was almost at hurricane force, a small, dark object flew over his shoulder. Instinctively he reached out and caught it. It was a lady's cap. He turned and saw Miss Mills standing beside him. The cap was hers. The rough weather continued until the ship was nearly at New York, and before Mr. Mills came on deck his daughter and the young Southerner were good friends. When she presented the young man to her father the old broker was little interested. Afterward, when he learned from his daughter who the young fellow was, he liked it less. The young man was of one of the old Virginia families that had been impoverished by the war. Mr. Mills had had experience of ocean voyages and of friendships begun

at sea, and when the liner was warped into her dock at New York, he curtly told his daughter that that ended the affair with the Virginian.

For Mr. Mills, no doubt, it did. He forgot it so completely that even the stress of her disappearance did not make him recall it. But the girl had inherited her father's spirit. The Virginian went to his home, and the girl went back to her school. There she found means of getting around the college rules, and the correspondence which followed with the young Virginian was helped rather than hindered by them. And so the affair progressed. The girl finished her college, and came out in New York society.

The next fall the young Virginian came to New York. He made a start for himself, and was confident that he would win. One day as he was walking up the avenue Miss Mills came out of her house just as he passed. He turned and walked with her. Then there was a long talk. A classmate of the Virginian's in his Southern college



"THEY WALKED BACK AND FORTH, TALKING."

was pastor of a Newark church. They went to him and were married. Then came the hardest part of it. The girl said that if she went home and told her father at once, he would break with her, and nothing would ever induce him to relent. So she decided that she would wait. It seemed a cold-hearted game to play, but it won.

"Yesterday," wrote Sherreaf, in concluding his story, "Mr. Mills was informed of the marriage of his daughter, by the minister who performed the ceremony. He was very angry, but in the end he consented to see her, and to-day there will be a meeting at her own home on the upper West Side, where she has lived since the day after the marriage."

It was after one o'clock in the morning when Sherreaf turned in the last sheet of his copy. When he came in next day the boys of the kindergarten overwhelmed him with congratulations, and the older men praised him with a liberality that more than repaid all that had gone before.

"It was a good story, Mr. Sherreaf," said the city editor, "and it's a beat. Can we do anything more about it to-day? Can you get us something about her meeting with her father?"

"I don't know," said Sherreaf. "They

are greatly averse to newspaper notoriety. Permission to use what I did was given only on condition that I should not be more explicit."

Sherreaf sat at his desk and talked with the other boys, who assured him that the "beat" would take him out of the kindergarten. At three o'clock the managing editor came in. There was a conference with the city editor, and then a boy came to Sherreaf's desk and said:

"Mr. Wood wants to see you."

Sherreaf went over to the managing editor's desk with hope and anxiety struggling evenly in his heart. There was a smile on Mr. Wood's face as he said:

"It was a good story, Mr. Sherreaf. Where did you get it?"

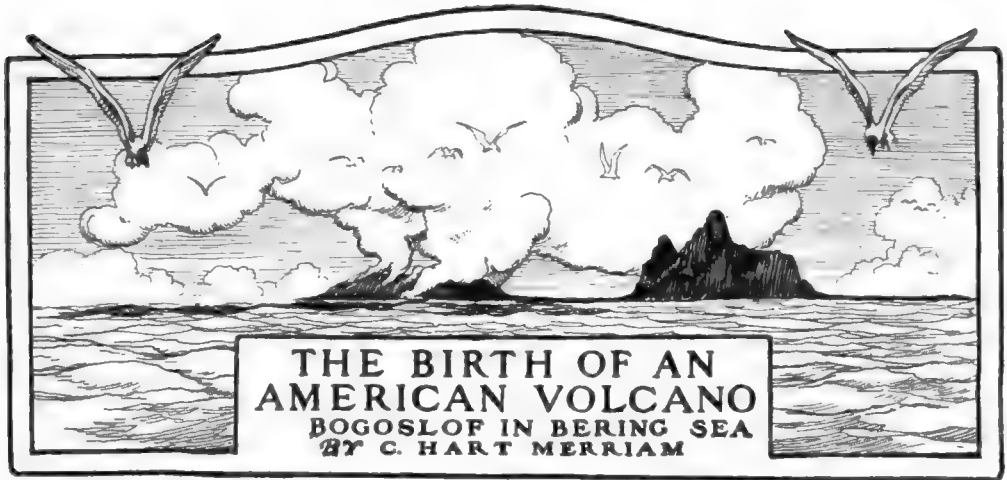
"I gave my promise that I would not tell, sir," answered the young man.

"I know," replied the managing editor. "And we respect your promise, of course. We have shown our confidence in you by printing the story, and we mean to show it further by raising your salary. But, you know, I at least am entitled to know the source of any story that is printed in the 'Planet.' You need not fear that your confidence will not be faithfully guarded."

"Well," said Sherreaf, hesitatingly, "I am the man she married."



"OVERWHELMED HIM WITH CONGRATULATIONS."



Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.



MURRES.

A SMALL spot in Bering Sea, between the Aleutian Islands and the Pribilof or Fur-Seal Islands, has been in recent years the seat of more violent volcanic activity, and has undergone greater changes of form than any other part of North America. Here, early in May, 1796, accompanied by thunder, earth-

quake, and steam, a volcanic island was suddenly thrown up from the depths of the sea; and again, no longer ago than the summer of 1883, the waters were once more convulsed, and, shrouded in steam and fog, another volcano was born

The birth of the new volcano seems to have escaped observation, but the terrific disturbances attending the upheaval of old Bogoslof were witnessed not only by native Aleuts, but also by a Russian fur trader, one Kriukof, who at the time chanced to be on the northernmost part of Umnak, only about thirty miles distant. Kriukof told Kotzebue that on May 7, 1796, a storm from the northwest cut off the outlook seaward; that on the 8th, when the weather had cleared, there was seen a few miles

away a column of smoke, beneath which at evening something black appeared. During the night fire arose in this place, and at times became so abundant and bright that every object on the island could be clearly distinguished. An earthquake shook the island (Umnak), and a terrific roaring came back from the mountains to the south. The rising island twice hurled stones as far as Umnak. At sunrise the earthquake ceased, the flames diminished, and the newly-risen island appeared, shaped like a black pointed cap. A month later Kriukof found it considerably increased in height. It had thrown up fire continuously. After that it increased both in circumference and elevation, and the flame diminished, but vapor and smoke rose constantly. After four years the smoke ceased, and after eight (1804), sea-lion hunters who visited the island found the water warm, and the ground so hot that no one could walk on it.

The island was called by the Aleuts "Agáshagok," and by the Russians "Joáнна Bogoslová," for St. John the Theologian.

Langsdorf, who visited Bering Sea in 1806, was told by the natives of Unalaska that in the place now occupied by Bogoslof had long stood an isolated rock, which in the times of their forefathers had always been one of the great resorts of sea-lions. "In the year 1795 the islanders remarked a great appearance of fog in the neighborhood of this rock, which did not disperse,



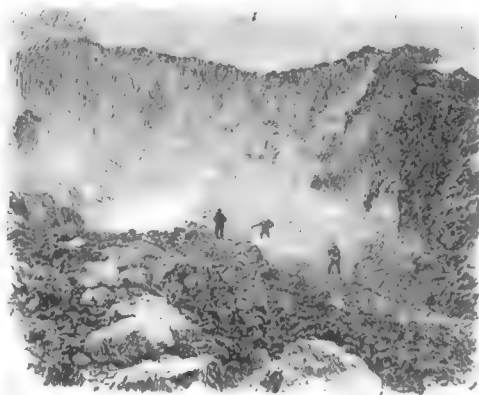
SKETCH OF BOGOSLOF ISLAND, MADE IN 1832, BY  
TEBENKOF.

although the rest of the atmosphere was perfectly clear; this gave the greater uneasiness to the people both of Unalaska and Umnak, since they considered the rock as one of their great magazines of food. After vainly expecting for a long time the removal of the phenomenon, and afraid, uncommon as such an appearance was, to venture near it; at length, one of the Aleutians, bolder than the rest, resolved to visit his ancient haunt, and endeavor to catch some sea-lions. He soon returned in the utmost terror and astonishment, saying that the sea all about the rock boiled, and that the supposed fog was the smoke or vapor that rose from it. Nobody would in consequence venture any more near the place; concluding, that instead of sea-lions and sea-dogs, it was become the abode of evil spirits. This continued for a considerable time, till at length, about five years after, the fog suddenly clearing away, the Aleutians, instead of their rock saw an island, from which rose a high peak, in form resembling a chimney, with fire and smoke issuing from it as if it had really been one."

Continuing, Langsdorf states that shortly before his arrival some Aleuts had visited the island, but on account of the great heat had found it impossible to land except on the south side. "They endeavored to ascend the peak, but found the ascent extremely difficult, on account of the steepness and the number of clefts, and the sharpness of the stones. When they arrived somewhat less than half-way up, they judged it more prudent to relinquish the

undertaking, as the remainder of the way was much more rugged, and the ground began to grow very hot; as they descended they observed a great deal of smoke and vapor rising from the holes and clefts they had left behind them. They stopped at a hole whence issued a great deal of steam, and suspended in it a piece of the flesh of a sea-lion. After leaving it there a short time they drew it out, and found it cooked as if it had been set over a fire."

A rough sketch of the island, made by Tebenkof in 1832, was published in Lütke's Atlas in 1836, and is here reproduced. About forty years later Dall made several outline sketches, one of which, shown here, is from essentially the same point of view as Tebenkof's, and shows some of the changes that took place between 1832 and 1873.



IN THE CRATER OF BOGOSLOF VOLCANO.

The high central peak had disintegrated until it was little higher than the northwest end, and this end had been encroached upon by the sea, until the part which in Tebenkof's sketch is capped by the first and second pinnacles had been completely torn away, thereby shortening the island by about one-fourth its length. Its appearance in 1891 is

shown in the illustrations on pp. 297, 301.

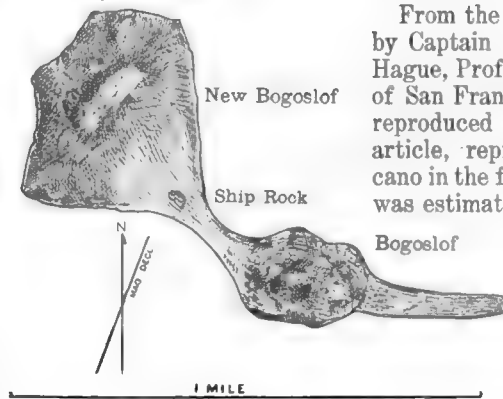
When the Harriman expedition visited Bogoslof, on the evening of July 8, 1899, the fog rested so heavily on the summit that the forms of the two highest peaks could not be completely made out, but the lowness of the ridge as a whole, the small size of the northwest peak, and the depth of the notch separating it from the rest of the mass told too plainly of the rapid wasting now going on, and foreshadowed the eventual destruction of the peaks.



BOGOSLOF ISLAND IN 1873, SHOWING CHANGES WHICH  
HAD TAKEN PLACE SINCE 1832. SKETCH BY DALL.

## NEW BOGOSLOF OR GREWINGK.

The towering cliffs of old Bogoslof no longer battle alone with the angry storms of Bering Sea, for close at hand a new island has arisen. Its birth was not witnessed by human eye; no earthquake shock marked its advent, and the date of its upheaval may never be known. At the time of its discovery, September 27, 1883, by Captain Anderson of the schooner *Matthew Turner*, it was in active eruption, throwing out large masses of heated rock and great volumes of smoke, steam, and ashes, which came from the apex and from numerous fissures on the sides and base, some of which were under the water-line. Large boulders were shot high in the air, which descending and striking the water, sent forth steam and a hissing sound. After nightfall fire was observed on the island. A month later Captain Hague of the schooner *Dora* approached it within a mile. He is quoted as saying that black smoke, like that from burning tar, was issuing from it, that it threw out flame, smoke, and red-hot rocks; and that among the sea-lions observed



CANTWELL'S CHART, SHOWING THE ISTHMUS AS IT APPEARED IN 1884.

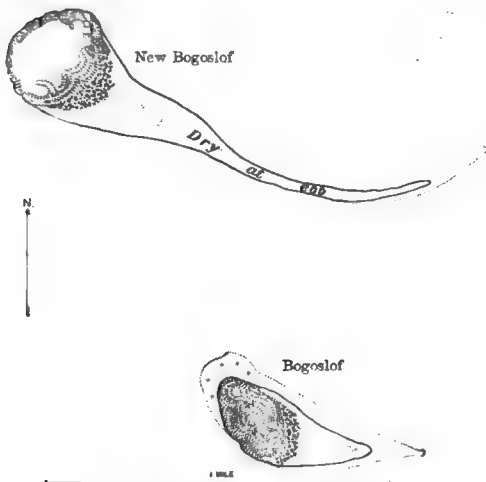
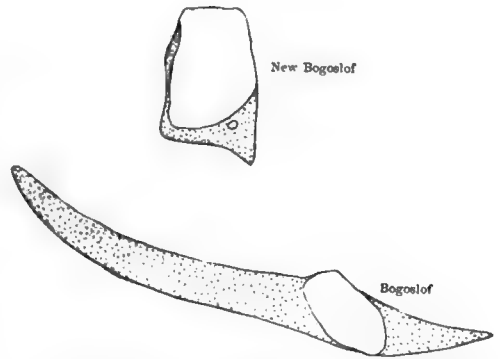


CHART MADE BY DALL, SHOWING THE ISLANDS IN 1895.



THE AUTHOR'S CHART, SHOWING THE DIVIDED ISLANDS AS THEY APPEARED IN 1891.

near by were a number which had been scalded so that the hair had come off. He thinks many were killed.

From the descriptions given him by Captain Anderson and Captain Hague, Professor George Davidson, of San Francisco, made a drawing, reproduced on page 296 of this article, representing the new volcano in the fall of 1883. Its height was estimated at from 800 to 1,200 feet.

On October 20th of the same year the inhabitants of Unalaska were startled by an ominous black cloud, which appeared in the north and grew rapidly until it over-spread the entire heavens and cut off the light of the sun. It then settled down very low and the air became dark like night. It finally broke and disappeared in a shower of ashes, which covered the ground and the houses, and adhered to the windows so that it was impossible to see through them.

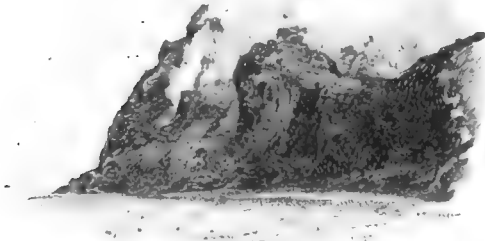
The first landing on New Bogoslof was made by the officers of the Revenue steamer *Corwin* (Captain M. A. Healy) on May 21, 1884, nine months after its discovery. Its altitude was found to be about 500 feet. No crater was discovered, but there was a "great fissure," the interior of which could not be seen owing to the steam, fumes of sulphur, and heat, which rendered entrance into it extremely dangerous if not impossible. It was also found impossible to climb the main peak, which, like other parts of

the island, was covered with a thin layer of ashes, the surface of which, from the action of the rain, had been converted into a crust not strong enough to sustain the weight of a man. The party found it very difficult to climb the slope, sinking ankle-deep to knee-deep through this crust, and into an almost impalpable dust, which arose in clouds and nearly suffocated them. When the first summit was reached, the heat of the ashes became almost unbearable, and Lieutenant Cantwell was forced to pick his way over rocks whose exposed surfaces were cooler and afforded a more secure foothold. The temperature of the sand at the foot of the cone was 44° F.; of the material half-way



CLIFFS ON BOGOSLOF ISLAND.

Islands, whither we had been sent as commissioners to represent the interests of the United States in the controversy with Great Britain over the Fur-Seals. We left the Pribilofs on the evening of August 10th, on board the *Albatross*, commanded by Captain Z. L. Tanner, whom we persuaded to return to Unalaska by way of the volcano. The night was densely foggy, as usual in Bering Sea in summer, and the early morning brought no change. The ship was feeling her way cautiously with no land in sight, when suddenly, about seven o'clock, the fog lifted and we saw, directly ahead and hardly a mile away, the bold front of the new volcano. We felt a thrill of excitement as the precipitous cliffs of the northern end broke through the fog, followed by a torrent of escaping steam, whose roar, when the engines stopped, drowned all other noises, not



NORTHWEST CORNER OF BOGOSLOF VOLCANO.

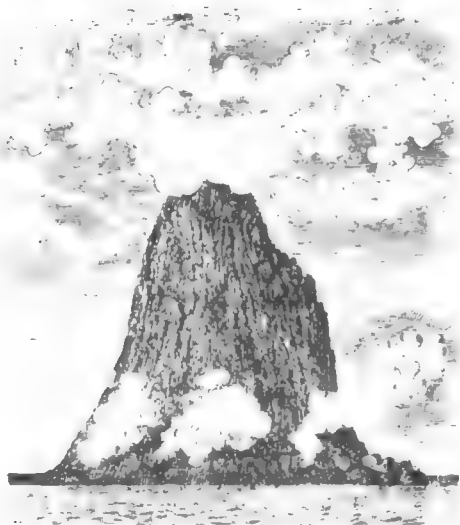
to the top 191°, and in a crevice near the summit it was so great that the thermometer (made to register up to 260° F.) exploded, and the solder fastening the ring to the instrument was fused.

The new and old volcanoes were completely connected by a broad bar or spit called the "isthmus," from which, near the base of New Bogoslof arose Ship Rock, a tower-like rock eighty-seven feet in height.

The following year the *Corwin* made another visit and remained till dark, when the volcano presented a most extraordinary spectacle. The summit was enveloped in a bright, sulphurous light, which burst forth from rifts in its side and shone out against the black background in a manner both beautiful and impressive.

The appearance of the islands the year before I visited them is shown in the head piece to this paper, drawn from a photograph by the United States Fish Commission.

In 1891 it was my good fortune to visit Bogoslof. Professor T. C. Mendenhall and I were on our way home from the Pribilof



NEW BOGOSLOF IN 1883.

From a sketch by Professor George Davidson.

excepting the cries of the myriads of sea birds which swarmed about the rocks like a hive of bees.

Before anchoring, Captain Tanner took the precaution to send an officer in a small boat to run a line of soundings between the ship and shore. Good anchorage was reported, with nothing less than twenty fathoms. The ship was started ahead slowly, but immediately grounded on a reef or rock with only nine feet of water under her bow—the small boat had crossed or gone to one side of the rock before beginning to sound. We backed off without damage to the ship, and anchored in the bay on the east side of

steam was so great as to completely conceal the upper part of the island except when wafted to and fro by violent gusts of wind. Professor Mendenhall and I walked from the roaring hole where this steam escaped, all the way around the east, south, and west sides of the volcano, but it was impossible to pass around the towering wall at the north end. The steam was usually impregnated with fumes of sulphur; and deposits of sulphur, some in very fine needles, were observed along the margins of the cracks. Most of the rocks were hot, and pools of hot water were found on the beach.

Captain Tanner expressed surprise at the



EAST SIDE OF NEW BOGOSLOF, AUGUST 11, 1891.

From a photograph by the author.

the island, whence a number of us went ashore in a small boat.

The shape of the island did not in any way suggest a volcano, there being no cone and no true crater. The highest part was on the north, where the mountain rose in a precipitous wall from the sea. The whole island was enveloped in steam, which issued from thousands of small cracks and crannies, and poured in vast volumes from a few great fissures and crater-like openings, the principal of which was near the northeast corner, only a few feet above high-water mark. From this opening, the shape of which we could not see, it rushed out with a loud, roaring noise. The quantity of

altered appearance of the volcano since his visit the previous year: the connecting spit had disappeared, the island had decreased in height at least 100 feet, and the pinnacle had fallen, and was strewn in huge masses down the steep incline.

In 1895 Bogoslof was visited by Becker and Dall of the United States Geological Survey. Photographs taken by an assistant, C. W. Purington, show that since 1891 the activity of the steam vents had greatly diminished, and the top of the volcano had been smoothed off and flattened down. This is shown still better in photographs taken in 1897 by Dr. Leonhard Stejneger, who, when on his way to the Commander Isl-

ands, passed close to the north end of New Bogoslof. His pictures show the boldness and precipitousness of this part of the island, and also its flat top and plateau-like form, which, in view of its recent mountainous character, is remarkable and hard to understand. (See photograph at top of page 299.)

#### SHIP OR SAIL ROCK.

The first land recorded from the neighborhood of the present site of Bogoslof was a huge rock seen by Krenitzin and Levashof in 1768 or 1769—nearly thirty years before the upheaval of the old volcano—and shown on their map of 1780. The next record is by Captain Cook, who on October 29, 1778, "discovered an elevated rock like a tower" in the same place. It was named Ship or Sail Rock, and was seen repeatedly after the upheaval of the old volcano, in 1796, and even survived the eruption of the new volcano in 1883. It was seen as late as 1887, but in 1890 had fallen, and its site was marked by *débris*. Hence its known history covers a period of about 120 years.

#### THE SHIFTING SPITS OR BARS.

A glance at the accompanying sketch maps shows a startling instability in the outline of the islands.

In 1884 they were completely connected by a spit or isthmus, as shown in Cantwell's chart on page 295. In 1891 they were widely separated, and a new spit a mile long pushed out from the west side of the old volcano, as shown in my rough sketch map. In 1895 the west spit had disappeared, and a new spit, apparently of equal length, had formed on the east side of the new volcano, as shown by Dall's sketch map (all shown on page 295 of this article). In 1899 the conditions were about the same, except that the long east spit of New Bogoslof curved to the south instead of the north, and the east spit of the old volcano seemed to have grown larger.

#### LIFE ON BOGOSLOF.

Plant life is so exceedingly scarce that it is overlooked by the ordinary observer. Animal life, on the other hand, though restricted to a few species, is abundant and obtrusive.



Old Bogoslof has been from early times the resort of countless multitudes of sea birds, mainly murres or arries, and the new volcano had not yet cooled when the vast hordes began to take possession. At the time of my first visit (1891) they stood by thousands on the projecting points and ledges, wherever the rocks were not too hot, and hundreds of their eggs and young in various stages of development were observed. Whether or not they relied on the warmth of the rocks to assist in incubation was not determined. Many of them sought even the steam-enshrouded crags, and when the steam clouds were momentarily blown aside we saw thousands standing serenely side by side as if enveloped in ordinary fog. It seemed incredible that birds should voluntarily take up quarters in places where hot steam and fumes of sulphur were almost suffocating. Some, indeed, appeared to have met their death from this cause, for we picked up on the rocks below a number of dead birds that bore no signs of external injury.

Great as were the numbers of murres on the warm rocks of New Bogoslof, they were insignificant compared with the multitudes on the cold cliffs of the old volcano, where every inch of available standing-room was occupied. Each bird stood over its single egg, and when suddenly frightened, as by the discharge of a gun, started off, carrying its big egg between its legs, and when a short distance away let it drop, so that the report of the gun and the launching into the air of the birds were followed by a shower of many-colored eggs.

When the Harriman Expedition visited Bogoslof in July, 1899, flocks of murres on their way to the islands began to pass the ship when we were still twenty-five or thirty miles away. They became more and more frequent, until in a short time they formed a continuous stream. The fog was thick all the way, and never once lifted, so we



OLD AND NEW BOGOSLOF, NEW BOGOSLOF IN THE FOREGROUND, 1897.

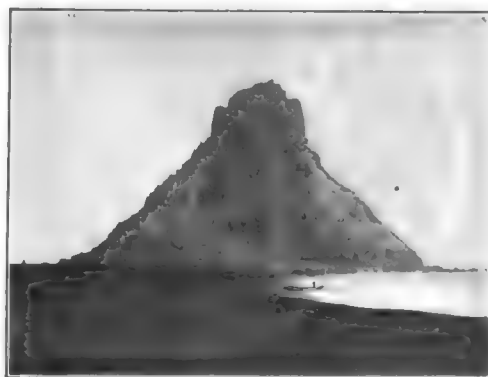
From a photograph by Dr. Stejneger.

could see only such birds as actually passed over or very close to the ship, and yet the compass showed that their course was laid direct for the volcanoes. How they found their way is a mystery not yet satisfactorily explained. As we neared the islands their numbers increased until the air was full of them, coming from different directions and all moving in straight courses to the cliffs. When finally the ship hove to, and we set out in a small boat for shore, the water was dotted with them, and some allowed us to approach so near that we almost caught them in our hands. On landing, the sea-lions became at once the objects of absorbing interest, but still we could not help noticing the great swarms of murrens which continued coming to the cliffs. When one of our collectors fired his gun the multitudes that shot out into the air and circled round the island formed a dense cloud which cut off the light, and made a roaring noise so loud that it drowned even the bellowing of the sea-lions. And yet, after their departure, the cliffs seemed as completely peopled as before, so inconceivably great were their numbers.

In the case of most forms of animal life the increase of the species is checked by enemies and by the limitations of the food supply, but in the case of the murrens in Bering Sea, enemies are scarce, and the ocean seems to provide an inexhaustible store of food, so that the only apparent check to extravagant multiplication is the limit of available nesting places. And since the bird's requirements in this direction are easily satisfied—a shelf or point of rock three or four inches square answering every

need—the numbers already attained are almost beyond belief.

When the whaleboat carrying the members of the Harriman Expedition who were lucky enough to visit Bogoslof on the evening of July 8, 1899, approached the shore, we were much impressed by the numbers and monstrous size of the sea-lions on the beach. As we drew near they became restless and began to show signs of alarm, and most of the cows took to water, while the bulls—as the old males are called—bellowed and roared and moved down a little nearer. Owing to the surf we were compelled to land at a particular spot, where a number of huge yellow bulls, as big as large oxen and longer, were congregated. As the boat grated on the gravel beach some of the bulls came toward us, bellowing fearfully and moving their ponderous bodies in a clumsy, ambling lope. While they would not turn aside to attack a man, woe betide the unlucky one who falls in their path on their mad rush to the sea! In dragging the boat up through the breakers to a safe place on shore, we were careful to keep out of reach of those who had made up their minds to leave by the way we had come. Those a little farther off stared at us and roared, swinging their massive heads from side to side, and as I ran toward them with my camera, most of them took fright and made off—some into the sea, others into a pond a few rods back from shore; but a few old giants, when I was within about twenty feet of them, made a stand. I did not dispute the ground, but waited till they moved slowly off.



OLD BOGOSLOF, SHOWING ISTHMUS WHICH CONNECTED IT WITH NEW BOGOSLOF, MAY, 1884.

From a photograph by Lieutenant Doty.



STAMPEDE OF SEA-LIONS, BOCOSLOF VOLCANO, JULY 8, 1899.

Painted by Charles B. Hudson from photograph by the author.



BOGOSLOF VOLCANO, BERING SEA, AUGUST 11, 1891.

From a photograph by the author.

Most of the young, accompanied by more than a hundred cows and many bulls, took refuge in the pond near shore. They were now thoroughly frightened, and rushed through the shallow pool in wild confusion, making the water surge and boil, and throwing the spray high in the air. Finally, as if by concerted action, all of the old sealions made a break for the far side of the pond and stampeded for the sea, where another absorbing scene was being enacted. Dozens of adults, apparently cows and middle-aged males, were sporting like porpoises in the breakers, moving side by side in schools of six or eight and shooting completely out of the water. These small

squads behaved like well-drilled soldiers, keeping abreast, breaking water simultaneously, making their flying leaps in the air side by side, and taking the next wave together. This they repeated again and again, evidently finding it great sport. It was a marvellous sight, and one to be long remembered.

For the privilege of using some of the illustrations accompanying this article the author is indebted to the United States Geological Survey, the United States Fish Commission, the United States Revenue Marine, Lieutenant G. H. Doty, Dr. Leonhard Stejneger, and Mr. E. H. Harriman.



WEST SIDE OF BOGOSLOF ISLANDS.

In May, 1884.

# BILLY THE KID.

## THE TRUE STORY OF A WESTERN "BAD MAN."

By E. HOUGH.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THERE is a legend of home and mother connected with the earlier stages of the saga of Billy the Kid, perhaps the most thoroughly bad of all the bad men ever known in the really bad times of the West. History has it, with what accuracy let us not inquire too closely, that when Billy the Kid was yet a boy, not more than fourteen years of age, some one addressed to his mother a disrespectful remark. This was in Arizona, and at a time when resentments were swift and deadly. The story goes that the boy drew a knife, fatally stabbed the man, and then fled the country. From that time Billy the Kid became an outlaw, and an outlaw he remained for the seven years which completed the span of his short life.

To-day there is a little lowly heap of earth located at Las Cruces, New Mexico. To the curious stranger some idle native may, now and again, point out this little grave and explain, with a certain pride, that Las Cruces possesses the final resting place of the worst bad man that ever infested the Southwestern border. An ancient Mexican, who sometimes shows this grave to visitors, once made the cautious remark regarding its occupant that, had he lived, he would probably have turned out to be a bad man.

"And how old was Billy when he died?" asked one curious stranger.

"Twenty-one, señor," replied the ancient. "He was but twenty-one. He died, almost one might say, before he fully began to live."

"You say he was bad?" remarked another stranger.

"He is said to have killed many men."

"How many? How many, *amigo*, had this man killed at the time he himself died?"

"He had killed," replied the ancient Mexican, "twenty-one men, one for each year of his age, may the saints defend us,"

said the Mexican. "He was a good man, and very kind to poor people. Yet, had he lived, he might, according to the opinion of some, have turned into a bad man."

It is true, in the opinion of some, indeed of many, Billy the Kid might have become a fairly dangerous sort of person had he lived to attain mature years. The record of his "killings" is correctly given by the ancient Mexican. He had, indeed, killed twenty-one men in admitted record at the time of his own death. Most bad men develop later in life. There might be a twinge of regret, from a philosophical standpoint, that Billy did not live longer and more fully work out the problem which seemed to be assigned to him by fate.

Such a career as that of Billy the Kid could only have been the product of a peculiar environment. In this work-a-day epoch of the world we can scarcely understand or appreciate the peculiarities of that environment, or realize that it existed within the borders of American civilization not more than a double decade ago. Yet it was less than twenty years ago that Billy the Kid found his end. It was not twenty-five years ago that the vivid and bloody drama, in which he held the centre of the stage, was finding its enactment under the serene blue sky of Arizona and New Mexico.

Consider a land still Spanish in all the essential elements of its civilization, a land not yet acquainted with any modern transportation, a land more distant from the heart of America than is Central Africa to-day. Imagine a population imbued with all the old Spanish disregard for human life -- a disregard not paralleled even in the wildest of the half-savage communities of the Northern cattle trail and mining ranges; a population composed partly of Indians, partly of Mexican half-breeds, or "Greasers," in some part of pure Mexican blood, and in the dominant minority made up of those vigorous Anglo-Saxon souls, half



"HE WAS THE LAW."

lawless and all reckless, who have ever represented America upon the frontier to the limit of the time when we might be said to possess a frontier. What brought the American population to the Southwestern frontier twenty-five years ago, it would be bootless now to ask. There were a thousand reasons for a thousand men. The reckless, the brave, the courageous, the desperate, the careless, the criminal—all these blended indifferently in the heterogeneous mass which represented the society of the time and region. Among them all there were but few unused to scenes of strife and bloodshed, or unprepared to render the stern accounting of weapons in the settlement of any difficulty with a fellow-man. Of women there were but few entitled to the name of womanhood, and of civilization, as we understand it, there was nothing. Churches and schools were unknown. There was no social fabric. These wild men had left the settlements, had broken away from the compact of society, and had founded a new, wild land of their own, where they lived each for himself, each sufficient unto himself, and all scorning the surrender of personal rights to the social machine. Of courts there were none worthy of the name.

No man who has spent his life in civilized communities can have any idea of the character of such a place and time, where there is no social body, no machinery of the law, no personal surrender. Therefore, we must apply to the problems of that time standards entirely foreign to those with which we are accustomed to weigh the problems of our own time and place. In the Southwest of that time, it was literally every man for himself. No one could expect protection for himself or his property except as he was able to exact it. Physical indifference to danger was the price of one's continuance upon that soil. A coward had no footing there. Wild, lawless, riotous, ignorant of restraint and scornful of any law, the dominant population of the Southwest lived on after its own fashion, a fashion which we shall never see again in America, and of which, even at the time, America remained in total ignorance. The railroad, it is true, had passed through the sandy deserts on its transcontinental flight; yet for hundreds of miles on each side of the railroad there reached and rolled out the low, dark mountain chains, the wide river valleys, the sandy, brown, undulating foot-hills, mile

after mile, league after league; an unknown land, smiling, calm, and with a fascination all its own, the fascination of sheer savagery. To-day, were one an absconding bank cashier, or the murderer of a friend, it is in these low, brown foot-hills, and in these piñon-covered slopes that he might best search out a hiding-place.

Into this little-known region, subsequent to the Civil War, there pressed a few hardy men, the skirmish line of those prospectors who have conquered the Rocky range, and the advance guard of those hardy cattlemen who have subdued the lower reaches of the cattle lands. All through the Civil War men of the Southwest were too busy to take account of their flocks and herds. The cattle multiplied all over the land, all over Texas, New Mexico, in a thousand flats and valleys of the Southwest. Then the Americans, tired of killing each other, went back to the shops and farms, the flocks and herds. Millions of unclaimed cattle ranged an unmeasured area in the Southwest. The best man was he who could, with his own branding iron, put his claim upon the greatest number of these "mavericks." A cow had little value in those days, and the round-ups were inexact. It might have been that such big stockholders as the Chisholms, in southeastern New Mexico, had a herd of forty, fifty, or sixty thousand cattle. They themselves did not know. The stranger journeying on foot, or in the saddle, made little question if he needed meat. He shot the fattest yearling he could find, and no one cared, for there was enough for all. It was a land of plenty, a land of inexactness, careless of metes and bounds, not knowing, and indeed not needing, any law.

It was in this land, a land where law was still unknown, and where human life had no value, that Billy the Kid set up his own home, after that time when he first found the brand of Cain upon his brow. He fled, as the story goes, into old Mexico, but left there for reasons similar to that which first caused his flight. Then he worked north and east into the wide and unknown regions of New Mexico, more especially that Pecos Valley which was for so long time the empire of the free riders of the far Southwest.

Now, by what inner workings of the human mind let us not seek to ask, Billy the Kid all at once found himself past the

point of all that consideration which usually enters into the plans of man-killing man. We may theorize or speculate as we like regarding the evolution of the bad man. Scientists may tell us of degenerates and that sort of thing to-day. At the time of Billy the Kid, the title of degenerate was not yet known. Had you asked any citizen of the far Southwest why Billy the Kid was as he was, he would probably have told you that it was because he was born so. He was not embittered by any early disappointments. He was never crossed in love, and, indeed, of love in its true form he was perhaps all his life in ignorance. He was an animal, pure and simple; an animal born with a cat soul, blood-thirsty, loving to kill. There you have it, and as to the reasons for it, let others answer.

Billy the Kid killed because he liked to do so. By the time he was sixteen, the groan of a victim, the sight of his writhings upon the ground, had ceased to affect him. He was a boy, but what a terrible boy! With the down not yet upon his face, he was a murderer time and time again. Not all the wild West has ever produced his equal in sheer inborn savagery. Once he and some friends, in the old-time Lincoln County War, rode upon a party of Mexicans who had camped near the trail not far from Seven Rivers. There were seven Mexicans in the party, all inoffensive, all strangers, and all certainly innocent of any crime whatever against the Kid and his companions. Yet the latter as they rode by drew their revolvers, and calmly and with exacting skill shot down every member of the party. Questioned as to his motive for this act, Billy the Kid later replied that they had shot the Mexicans "just to see them kick." With a man like this, it is obvious that ordinary reasons and ordinary limitations fail.

Surrounded by all the crude wealth that here lay to each man's hand, it was likely that Billy the Kid and the kindred souls whom he drew about him would soon fall to appropriating that which pleased them, rendering no account to any man. It seemed to them that they had fully as good right to the branded or unbranded cattle as the man who owned the branding iron; in which attitude, perhaps, they were not far from correct. To the cattleman, however, stern, hardy, and tenacious of that upon which he had set his hands, this matter could not fail to have a different aspect.

Witness now that long and fearful Lincoln County War, one of the bloodiest wars, for its size, ever known in the history of mankind, and one regarding which there is less information obtainable of reliable sort than ever was known regarding any war on earth. In short, the cattlemen and the cattle thieves drew apart into two factions. Each hired men for its cohorts, the cattlemen paying five dollars a day, with expenses and ammunition; the cattle thieves, for the most part, paying nothing at all, except the hope of division of rewards in the day of victory. It came about that no man who rode the range in New Mexico might tell the disposition of a stranger whom he chanced to encounter upon the trail. If you were for the thieves, and you chanced to be sure of the nature of your interlocutor, whom you knew also to be a thief, it was very well. But, suppose an employee of the cattlemen met a stranger on the trail, and that the stranger was so unlucky as to guess wrong, and declare that he was one of the party of Billy the Kid? It was his mistake, and he paid for it with his life.

Scores and scores of corpses, hundreds of them, nearly four hundred of them, as near as the tally could be made, dotted the piñon-covered slopes and the sandy brown foot-hills of New Mexico alone in this bloody Lincoln County War. Governor Lew Wallace of New Mexico tried to put an end to this war. It was said that he ordered out troops and asked them to take a cannon or so down into the Pecos Valley and so stop these riots. This talk of the cannon caused Homeric merriment among all the lawless souls of the bloody Pecos.

By the time he was eighteen years of age, Billy the Kid was a king. He had at his back a score of retainers, each man a perfect horseman and a splendid shot with the revolver. They rode as they listed. They needed no robber cave, no mountain fastness. They lived openly upon the land, stopping where they liked and eating as they pleased. The Mexican women scared their children with the name of Billy the Kid. As for the Kid himself and his party, they quartered themselves as they liked at every ranch where they found it convenient to stop. The answer to any argument offered was a pistol shot. Yet they gave rude largess out of other people's goods. They laid the land under tribute, and they kept it under terror. They

needed no habitation or occupation. America never saw a situation so savagely remote from all human obligations as this which the Kid imposed upon his provinces, from Las Vegas to El Paso, and even farther south, into the region tributary to the Spanish arms.

As to the personal doings of the Kid himself, their story would fill a book, indeed has filled more than one book of more or less veracious chronicle. Thus the centre of the Kid's realm might have been said to be in the neighborhood of White Oaks, in Lincoln County, a little mining community which was undertaking to make a living on the strength of one or two rich discoveries of gold; which, however, rapidly pinched out as the veins were followed down. Around this White Oaks region there stretched a large area of country more or less suited for cattle-raising. The Kid and his companions found this region well enough to their liking, and they lived upon it, sweeping now here, now there, like a pack of hungry wolves, as their fancy or their needs dictated.

Perhaps there may still be traceable, in the country between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, something of the old tales, though such stories were writ upon wax in the frontier history of the West. You may, perhaps, still hear of that brave young man at White Oaks, who refused to do the bidding of the Kid's gang one night, and who was shot four or five times before he could get to his arms. Thus sorely wounded, he ran across the street to the tent where he lived, still seeking for his own weapon. He was pursued and shot down again, but with that terrible and vital refusal to submit to death which now and again shows itself among strong men stirred to rage, he would not yet give up to die. One of the gang trod upon his neck with his foot as he lay there upon the ground, and thrusting the muzzle of a Winchester rifle into his face, gave him the shot which finally ended a superb manhood. Or perhaps some ancient Mexican may show you, in the village of Lincoln, the little adobe building where the Kid and his gang were once besieged by the other side of the forces in the Lincoln County War. He may tell you how they fought from room to room and how at length they won escape. He may also show you, high up upon the mountain side which rises back of the court-house at Lincoln, a certain

huge rock. Here, he will tell you, lay for six long hours of a hot summer day a poor fellow who had his back broken by a shot from a needle gun held in the hands of one of the Kid's gang, within the adobe on the main street of Lincoln. The forces of the besiegers were scattered along the mountain side, and this poor, unknown soldier undertook to run from cover in an attempt to get behind this rock, whence he felt quite sure he could command the windows of the adobe. This and similar stories you may find, or at least could find, twenty years ago, at the time when the writer made his home in that locality. They may be glossed over now, or exaggerated, or palliated. Time does very much. But not all the years of all the time that ever is to be will disclose all the stories of the skeletons which lie, deep slumbering in their last sleep, among the piñon-covered hills.

One night the Kid's gang rode down into the village of White Oaks, then a straggling little camp, half canvas and half adobe. It had always seemed to them a diverting pastime to fire at the lights in the tents or houses as they rode swiftly down the street, and upon this evening they followed their usual custom. It chanced, however, that but a few days before there had come down from Kansas the first women ever seen in the camp, two females who, we may be sure, were frightened enough when they heard the crashing of the window panes and the rattling of the pistol shots without. The chivalry of American manhood now rebelled. It was determined that the women of the place must be protected.

Having had their sport, and consumed their whiskey as they liked, Billy the Kid and his gang rode rapidly out through the low hills toward the Pecos Valley. They were followed by a little party of citizens headed by a self-elected leader known as Carlyle. A few hours' ride from the town, the Kid and his band pulled up at a wayside ranch house where there was a well, the latter a rare thing in this arid region. They were besieged in this ranch house by Carlyle and his men, who drew a thin line about them as closely as the piñon trees offered shelter. Carlyle himself, having read of such things somewhere in the articles of war, resolved to carry a flag of truce up to the besieged and inquire what terms would be accepted. His handkerchief brought him safely to the door, and as he reached

the door it was opened. He was caught by the wrist and jerked swiftly within. His friends never met him again alive. Late in the afternoon, when every one was cold, hungry, and well-nigh exhausted in the besieging line, Carlyle attempted an escape. He sprang through a window and ran as hard as he could for cover. What hope had he before the steady muzzles which covered him as he ran? Hardly a shot fired after him missed him, and he fell dead in the sand in the shallow wheel tracks of the trail. The besieging army then went back to White Oaks, and the party of Billy the Kid, when they were ready, rode on upon their way.

One by one, one after another, the "killings" of Billy the Kid increased and multiplied. No one called them murders, for murder was a word unknown upon the border at that time. A shooting matter was sometimes called a "difficulty," but usually it was called a "killing," for shooting affairs practically always terminated in a fatal manner. The little pistols of the East were things unknown. The regulation forty-five-calibre, eight-inch barrel, single-action Colt's revolver was the universal weapon, and constant practice made every man practically master of a great degree of skill. With a pair of these heavy guns strapped low to his legs, a man in good practice in the swift pulling of the revolver made a dangerous antagonist to engage in any acrimonious argument. The victims of Billy the Kid rarely made much argument. Of him it was said that he always shot first and looked for the explanations afterward. Perhaps he killed a great many men under a misunderstanding of the facts. If so, it is not of record that the matter ever troubled his conscience. As to the law, he was the law. The theory of evolution—the survival of the quickest—that was the law of the far Southwest. Compared with this land, the doings of the collegiate northern ranges are as the transactions of babes and sucklings. If you seek a bloody country, search the Pecos, or among the piñons of the Capitans, the Sacramentos, the Oscuras, the Carrizos. Here there was an empire of crime and bloodshed which, for half a generation, remained hidden and unknown to reading mankind. The telegraph wire, the printing press, the interviewer, and the recorder were things unreckoned in the scheme of life.

There is always the apostle of the new day. Naturally the Anglo-Saxon civilization was destined to overrun this half-Spanish civilization. Witness now the apostle of this new civilization, a solemn, long-legged man known as Pat Garrett. Reputed among his fellow-men to know nothing of that quality denominated fear, and to be actuated always by a sense of right and fairness, Pat Garrett was of the description known as a "white man" or a "square man." There was a rumor that Pat Garrett would be the best sheriff to elect. The platform was simply this: We must elect a man who can kill Billy the Kid. Pat Garrett took it under advisement. Meantime the Kid was troubled not at all. He sent word to Pat that he understood the situation, but that he could not come in and surrender, according to the wishes of Governor Wallace, even though all sorts of promises of pardon were offered to him; as indeed they were. Pat returned Billy word that, if he were elected sheriff, he would have to kill him. Billy agreed that this was the case, but said it did not matter.

Once upon a time the officers of the law had taken Billy the Kid, and taken him alive and unharmed. It was much such a case as that of the ranch-house episode, in which Carlyle was killed, with this exception, that the besiegers were better equipped and had plenty to eat, while the Kid and his party were out of food and water. They had their horses inside the adobe, and mounting, rode out, but rode into such a coil of rifles and revolvers that they were willing to dismount and give it up. Billy was taken as a prisoner to the town of Las Vegas, and the citizens of that community, hearing of his arrival, received him joyously and with a rope. The officers had much ado to protect their prisoner. As for Billy himself, who sat chained to a car seat, he thought that his time had come, and his only request was that the officers would give him a couple of six-shooters and turn him loose in the crowd. He was not lynched, however, and lived for another day.

In connection with his captivity there is chronicled one of the most cold-blooded and brutal acts of which he was ever guilty. He was taken to Lincoln, the county seat of Lincoln County, a little straggling hamlet situated on the Bonito River, not far below the old military post of Fort Stanton, which was erected to guard the Reservation of

the Mescalero Apaches. In charge of the little wild beast were two worthy deputy sheriffs, known as Orrendorf and Bell, and with the generosity of big-natured men, they treated their prisoner kindly and with a certain good-fellowship. They kept him under guard in a room above the court-room, which was located in the largest building of the place, fronting upon the single street, and serving alike as jail, court-house, post-office, and grocery store, besides furnishing a few rude offices for the County officials. One day, about noon, Orrendorf stepped across the street to the local eating-house to get his lunch, Bell being left to guard the prisoner. As Billy had promised to behave himself and had thus far given no trouble, Bell treated him with a certain amount of confidence. Billy made some pretext which induced Bell to release the shackles upon one of his hands. Billy had not yet been shackled again at the time when Bell, turning around carelessly, leaned out of the open window. Like a cat Billy crept up behind him, and doubling his hands together, swung down the iron manacles with all his might, striking Bell on the back of the head. Stunned, he fell half forward upon the window sill, and upon the instant Billy snatched Bell's revolver from the holster and shot him with his own weapon. The report of the shot was heard across the street, and Orrendorf came hurrying to see what was going on. Like a flash Billy had sprung into the next room and caught up a double-barrelled shot gun, which was lying among others on the table, part of the machinery of the law at that day and place. As Orrendorf opened the little gate at the corner of the court-house in his haste to find out what was going on, Billy ran to the window and shot him dead with the shot gun. He was now master of the court-house and of the town of Lincoln, and, indeed, once more of Lincoln County. He went out to the front of the building, and sat calmly down on the edge of the porch, and for some time worked with a file, until at length he had cut away the manacles from his hands. He had plenty of firearms now, and be sure he kept them close at hand while he was laboring. All this time there was a man in the eating-house across the street with a loaded Winchester rifle, and two or three times this man raised the gun and took a bead on Billy through the window. He had not the nerve to shoot. He

knew that if he missed Billy, his life would be forfeited, either then or at some future day. No one could tell in those communities who was, or who was not, a friend of Billy the Kid.

Having freed himself from his incumbrances, Billy walked up and down upon the porch in front of the court-house a few times, dancing a sort of jig for joy. He thought nothing of the two corpses which lay close beside him. At length he deemed that it was time to set about his further journeying. A horseman was seen coming down the road, mounted upon what seemed a fairly good young horse. Billy drew a bead on him as he came up opposite the court-house, and commanded him to dismount. The rider was a young man by the name of Burt, the son of a prospector then located at White Oaks. Billy took the horse and headed south. A couple of weeks afterward the horse was found near the yard of Burt in the town of White Oaks, minus its saddle and trailing a lariat. No one knew how far it had gone in the meantime, or who was the man to bring it back to its original owner. This is perhaps the only act of gratitude or generosity that Billy the Kid ever showed in his long career of crime.

The riotings, the cattle-thieving, horse-stealing, and man-killing of Billy the Kid and his gang now broke out again all up and down the Pecos Valley, from Seven Rivers almost as far north as Las Vegas. There could hardly be said to be any regular courts in Lincoln County, or any actual enginery of the law. What that country needed—and the level-headed citizens of the land knew it perfectly well—was not so much a court as a Man. The sheriff, he was to be the law. "If we can get Pat Garrett to serve," so said these men of the Capitans and the Bonitos and the Carrizos, "then we will see an end of Billy; unless——"

It was about 1880 to 1882 that the mining discoveries of that region began to bring in a new population. The territory was ashamed of the blot on its reputation, although few men outside of the residents of the territory knew anything about the blot. Not wanting was that territory in many stern and cool-eyed men. The process of the law resolved itself into a man-hunt. One by one the members of the Kid's gang were killed. Not more than half a dozen remained, and these, under the increasing

influx of American population, now resolved to take their flight into the more congenial clime of old Mexico.

This, be it remembered, was subsequent to the time when Pat Garrett had accepted the office of sheriff, including that sombre duty by reason of which he knew the office had been tendered to him. It was not a challenge from Pat Garrett to Billy the Kid. There was nothing personal about it. Simply Civilization, new come upon the land, had sent its challenge to Savagery; the law had issued its ultimatum to the lawless. Pat Garrett cared nothing for the pay and nothing for the glory. He accepted his office because he thought it was his duty to this civilization and to this law. He stood for the new order of things. Billy the Kid clung steadfastly to the old order. Each knew, and each so declared to the other, that one man or the other must go down.

The problem was how to get at Billy the Kid, now grown very old in cunning; since by this time he was past twenty years of age. All the countryside was concerned in this contest. Not only over that strip of sand and mountains three hundred miles long by a hundred wide, which, roughly speaking, made the extent of the Kid's immediate domain, but all over the Territory of New Mexico, the question of Billy the Kid was the question of the hour. Among the new men, the miners and the recent cattlemen, the sentiment was clearly against Billy. Among the old timers, and especially the Mexican population, no man could tell what was the sentiment, and no man dared to guess, where the penalty of a wrong guess would have been that of his own life. Billy mingled his acts of barbarity with acts of generosity and kindness. He never took anything from a poor man, but, on the contrary, with true bandit nobility, took from the rich in order that he might give to the poor. Hence the ignorant villagers, the swarthy goat-herders and shepherds of that sun-kissed land looked upon him almost as a divinity. He might have been at such and such a *placita* the very night before. Certainly the owner of the house where he had slept would be blandly polite, yet absolutely ignorant of the existence of any such a man as Billy the Kid, reputed to be a cow-thief and a man-killer. No information of reliable source could be gathered regarding his whereabouts. The governor issued to him renewed proclamations of amnesty if

he would come in and force his gang to stop their depredations. Billy the Kid had n stomach for surrender. He himself knew that he had sinned beyond forgiveness. He knew that he must dree his own weird. He must work out his own bloody problem. He sent word, as one general to another, that he would never again be captured, that this time he would stay out until he was killed.

And this is how the little tiger at last found his end. He and the scant remainder of his gang were on their way across the line into Mexico, when Billy finally made the fatal mistake of his lifetime. It was all about a woman. It became known, in what way it would be violating Pat Garrett's confidence to state, that upon a certain night Billy the Kid would be at the ranch house of one Maxwell, far down to the south of Lincoln, in the Rio Peñasco country, it being his purpose there to say good-by to a sweetheart, a Mexican girl. At last the little ruffian was located, pinned down to a certain time and place; for it was considered sure that he would not violate this promise.

Pat Garrett, with two deputies, appeared quietly at Maxwell's ranch house on the evening specified. They were not announced, for they were taking no chances in regard to the confidential nature of any information, and they argued that the fewer in possession of their own knowledge the better for every one concerned. It was a bright moonlight night, so that objects could be plainly discerned for some distance. Garrett left his two deputies at the gate, close to the door of the ranch house. He himself slipped into the main room. He found Maxwell in bed. Arguing that, if he would permit a visit of this sort to his place, he would also inform the visitor in case he had opportunity, Garrett commanded the ranchman to lie quietly in bed where he was. He enforced this demand with an alternative which had sufficient weight. He then stepped back of the bed where Maxwell lay, and in order to keep the latter quiet, he rested one arm across him, and with the other kept his own pistol handy.

Pat Garrett was a good shot with the heavy six-shooter. Once, while some of us were practising with pistols, Pat Garrett, at a distance of some ten or twelve yards, put five bullets from his six-shooter into a postal card which was nailed against a tree. "Now

I will be particular," said he, "and shoot the stamp mark off the corner;" which latter he did practically as stipulated. This hardly reads like some of the weird stories of Western pistol work, but it was the best shooting any man present had ever seen done with the "grown-up" six-shooter. There was very good chance, therefore, that at a range of a few feet Pat Garrett's aim would be effective in this midnight interview, even though the light were poor and Maxwell's attitude uncertain.

Along toward midnight a horseman rode up and stopped his horse not far from the ranch house. He came through the gate where the two deputies were sitting. In order not to make any noise, this horseman kicked off his boots, so that, as he actually stepped over the threshold of the door, he stood with his boots in his left hand. This surely was a moment of mortal danger and of mortal terror to the two deputies who held guard without. They were saved, by Providence alone knows what of change in the mental action of this little fiend, who was now playing the last act of his red drama. For the first time and the only time in his life, Billy the Kid entertained a suspicion, and failed to shoot first and ask his explanation afterward. He looked with a certain doubt upon the two figures squatted down in the semi-darkness.

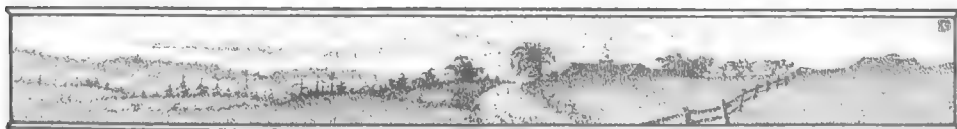
"*Quien es?*" (Who is it?) he asked.

"*Amigos*" (friends), one of the deputies had strength enough left to utter. He knew perfectly well who the little man was, standing there at the door, with his boots in his hand and the muzzle of his revolver now pointing toward him hesitatingly.

Now the figure of Billy the Kid standing thus, half hesitating, in the moonlight at the open door, perhaps with some vague softer thought of love and good-by in his soul, just as there had been a thought of home and mother at the beginning of his career, presented an object visible enough at a distance of a few feet to any one within the room. The long left arm of Pat Garrett held Maxwell tightly to the bed. His

own long legs slowly uncoiled as he rose up from his place, crowded between the bed and the wall. The Kid heard some sort of sound behind him, and quick as a flash he whirled, hesitation no more a part of him. It was too late. The aim of Pat Garrett, even thus in the half-dark, was accurate as ever. Billy the Kid, his face toward the firing, fell forward into the room. Yet so quick was his own mental and muscular action that he had, before receiving his death-wound, fired his own shot in reply. Garrett fired again as the Kid fell. Thus there were three shots in all fired, but of these only two were ever located; the first shot, which killed Billy, and the shot from the Kid's revolver, which went high and lodged in the wall above the bed.

It was all over. The rest of the gang dispersed. Peace reigned along the Pecos. The cattlemen counted their own herds, the miners went safely over the devious trails among the Capitans, the Sacramentos, the Carrizos, and the Bonitos. The day of law set on apace, and one more of the wild regions of America ceased to be lawless. Today Pat Garrett, prosperous ranchman, quiet, gentle, and singularly reticent regarding anything having to do with Billy the Kid, lives at Las Cruces, in the far Southwest. At last accounts he was still a sheriff, and a very good one. Near him is the grave of Billy the Kid, one of the worst of the outlaws of the West, and certainly bad as man could be. As the grave received him, he was a short, undersized little man, with legs none too good, and the habit of a riding man. His eyes were bluish gray. His chin, so far from being broad and strong, was narrow and pointed. His teeth were large and projecting, the teeth of a carnivore. Providence alone knows through what mis-carriage in the æons of evolution the soul of some fierce and far-off carnivore got into the body of this little man, this boy, this fiend in tight boots and a broad hat. He died at the age of twenty-one. A man for every year—indeed, had Billy lived, he might have grown to be a bad man!



# TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

BY AN AUTHOR.

## II.—AFFECTION AS A GAY DECEIVER.

I HAD taken lunch with my sister, Mrs. Petunia Dewey, and, to get rid of listeners, she had our coffee taken into the conservatory, where, she said, I could smoke as violently as I pleased—the smoke was an insecticide, and good for her Madame Lambard tea roses.

“So,” she said, as she spread her laces, “you think your heir has fallen among the Philistines.”

“No, no, Petunia, do not say fallen. He may have encountered some seductive influences, and, owing to his ignorance of the world, may have had his senses entangled. I thought if I could get him away, it would be to his benefit and my peace of mind.”

She smiled rather incredulously, I thought.

“You don’t believe he will go,” I said.

“I was smiling,” she replied, “at your belief in your ability to carry him off. Men are so credulous with respect to their own strength at your age.”

“But you understand,” I said, “that the boy is closely attached to me—I have always made an intimate companion of him, and I have that influence over him still——”

She waved her hand as if my idea annoyed her, and she wished to brush it away. “I clearly understand that you are so attached to the boy that you will let him do as he pleases in the end.”

“I think you underestimate my strength of purpose as well as my influence.”

“Oh, I dare say it is a fine, fatherly feeling, but it lacks dramatic interest for a young man. I dare say he has committed himself by this time, without regard to your arrangements or feelings.”

“You don’t know that he has?” I asked abruptly.

“I am not going to worry you, Rufus, by telling you how much I know. It is enough for me that you have done your best to develop the faculties in that boy that usually end in a reckless plunge.”

“Then you can suggest no means by which I can save him from what to both of us would be a very disastrous mistake?”

“Nothing,” said Petunia, “unless——” and she paused.

“Unless what?”

“Unless you take a fatal plunge yourself.”

“Marriage? Absurd.”

“Do you think so? It might bring somebody into the menage who has a clearer idea of the practicalities than you have. I can’t imagine anything that would fetch your boy to terms so quick as the prospect of it. There was the Widow Coldcream. It was generally supposed last year that she had set her cap for you, and, if I’m not mistaken, your young gentleman developed some unmistakable signs of sudden hatred for her. Coldcream is ten years younger than you are. She has a very small income, it is true, but she moves in the best circles, and it is generally understood that she has a decided financial talent. She got it from her father, Drake Coldcream, who was at one time an expert in handling other people’s estates.”

If I were not constitutionally slow in my apprehensions, I would have thanked my sister then and there for the suggestion. But at the time I was thinking only of one thing, and it was that she knew more about Charlie’s life than she cared to tell me, and I went away considerably nettled to think that nobody had the slightest confidence in my ability to save that boy from a piece of youthful folly.

But I had not walked two blocks before the exercise freshened my faculties. Something seemed to occur to me. I stopped suddenly, and, exclaiming, “Well, bless my soul!” turned back and made my way at a rapid pace to my sister’s again.

“I beg your pardon, Petunia,” I said, as she came out in the hall wearing a look of surprise, “you don’t happen to have a photograph of Madame Coldcream, do you?”

“Yes,” she replied, with a smile, “I think I have. Sit down there a moment. I’ll hunt it up for you.”

When she put it into my hands I saw a

picture of a highly respectable and slightly prim elderly lady in black, whose jaw indicated considerable decision of character, and whose attire showed a rich but obdurate disregard of the prevailing mode. I put the picture in my breast pocket, merely thanking my sister. But when I reached the door she whispered in my ear, so that her servant could not hear, "I would call on her if I were you."

Having reached my rooms, I found a note for me that Charlie had left:

"Have gone to the ball match—don't wait dinner for me—must be back, however, before seven."

What a naïve confession, I said. The curtain rings up at eight, of course.

Everything Charlie did now was beginning to be flavored by my own suspicions, and I suppose I was pretty melancholy there alone in the rooms. I sat thinking over the past, and our almost sacred intimacy that threatened to be disturbed, and something the doctor had once written to me when we were off there in the Hotchkiss woods kept reverberating in my mind. Finally, I got out a tin box and began hunting for the letter to see just exactly what it was he had said, that could echo so freshly now.

At last I found it, yellow and faded. As I opened it, some dried lilac petals fell out of it. I lay back in my chair, with the letter in my hand, and mused a moment. The filmy smoke of my cigar seemed to be wreathed by my fancy into half-human convolutions, and a Florentine maid went undulently by and dissolved into thin air.

These were the doctor's words that I had tried to recall:

"The man who has a pulpy replica that can climb up on his knees need not waste regrets that he cannot live his life over again. He is living it over again. Let him regard himself with fear and trembling. How is he to load the results of his experience into that shallop of himself without sinking it. Presently the young sails will be set and you will see yourself starting out to try it all over again. No compasses nor charts of yours will save him from the sirens. You must sit there on the sands and wait. Some day, perhaps, he will come forlornly back, looking for the old love, and, maybe, find only the runes and the watermarks."

Dear old doctor, how unerringly sad his clear vision was, beside the worldly obser-

vations to which I had lately listened. I had not heard from him for four years. He had retired somewhere, full of honors, and I had no doubt was still full of vitality. I sat down and wrote him a long letter, which, I dare say, if I could read it now, would appear to be absurdly effusive and appealing.

It was a stormy evening: a bitter spring rain with sleet was driving against the window, and, not caring to venture out, I ordered a dinner for two sent in, and, when it was ready to serve, Charlie arrived.

"There's no place like home to-night, Dad," he remarked.

"Then I'll stay in and keep you company," I replied. "I've ordered a good dinner. How is your appetite?"

"Prime," he said. "Let me get my jacket on, and I will carve that capon for you." He was in excellent spirits, and I felt that he was bestowing upon me some of the exhilaration that another person had supplied. But I was not to be outdone by this sort of elation.

"Capital!" I cried. "I'll give you the whole evening, Comrade. I suppose you do get lonely here at times, and, come to think of it, it's a lonely business. I shouldn't be surprised if we both went off in different directions looking for the necessary female society."

"Both of us? Oh, don't say that."

"Well," I remarked, "it could be made a shade more homelike than two men can make it. But we'll remedy all that in good time, eh?"

"Remedy what?"

"The heavy air of bachelordom. But it will correct itself. Have a little patience, my boy. There, there, that will do—help yourself. Will you try some of the wine to-night?"

"No, thank you. Have you been trying it?"

"Certainly not. It is possible for some men to be in good spirits without the aid of wine, though I doubt, my boy, if they could get along permanently without Luther's two other adjuncts," and I poured out the amber liquid with a generous dash of exultation, and pretended not to see the puzzled look that he gave me.

"I don't think you are quite fair with me," he said. "You alluded last night to something and then strode off to bed without an explanation. It isn't like you."

"No, I was not very candid, but I have made up my mind to be perfectly frank with you."

"Frank about what? You are not going to lecture me at dinner, are you?"

"Certainly not."

"When I explain matters to you and put the thing in the right light——"

"Hold on," I said, "you've got it wrong. I'm going to explain matters to you, and when you see them in the right light, you will agree with me. You eat your dinner, and let me talk. You have noticed, of course, that I have not given you as much of my society lately as you are entitled to, and you must have had a suspicion of what was going on. I ought to have taken you into my confidence at the start, I suppose. But in these matters everybody is naturally more or less selfish. But as the matter involves something of a change in our establishment——"

Charlie laid down his knife and fork, and, leaning back, took a long breath.

"By George, Governor, you're not thinking of——"

"Why, yes, I am, Comrade. Now don't give me that nonsense about my being too old. I never felt in better feather in my life, and a man at fifty-four doesn't enjoy any immunity in these matters. Hang me, if you don't look as if my confidence was misplaced."

"It's a little sudden, isn't it?"

"Well, I never did linger much over such affairs, and I don't suppose you will when you come to face them."

"Do I know the lady?"

"You may have seen her, but you cannot know her as I do, until you have acquainted yourself with her many virtues. Solid sort—fine, mature judgment, great refinement of taste, and a capital manager."

"Has she got a son abroad?"

"Ah, you dog, you have got upon my trail."

"Coldcream. Moses!"

"Why Moses?" I asked with slight dignity.

"I don't know," he answered helplessly.

"Ancient history, I suppose."

"Don't be disrespectful, my boy. This is a very serious matter to me."

"I think, sir, it will be equally serious to me."

"Ah, then we shall understand each other perfectly."

"When did you make up your mind to this?"

"When did I? Why, there you have me. One's mind is made up by such imperceptible degrees in these matters, and they are usually of such a nature that he does not remark the progress."

"Then it is made up?"

"Why, as to that, I suppose I can say it is. The final word has not been spoken—I thought I would like to have a little word with you before speaking it. Don't you think Madame Coldcream is an unusually fine-looking woman?"

"Oh, pardon me, Dad; it isn't fair to push me to the point of declaring that I differ from you."

"You must lay your prejudices aside, my boy. Madame Coldcream has connections in Warwickshire. Her family is one of the oldest in the kingdom. Her son is in the English, consular service. A very fine fellow, I understand, but hampered a little for want of funds—was educated at Leipsic."

At this he got up and took a purposeless turn or two. Presently he came up and laid his hand on my shoulder in the old familiar way.

"Say, Dad, this is so unexpected, don't you know, it takes the wind of me. I suppose there's no use of my expressing an opinion about it, however respectfully."

It was as much as I could do to keep from catching him by both hands and letting the bottom out of my device by one weak rebound—he looked so forlorn. However, I kept up my paternal recklessness as well as I could.

"Comrade," I said, "I knew that it would strike you like cold water at the first dash, but when you come to see her through my eyes, as you are bound to do, you will agree with me. You will, I am sure of it. There's a picture of her. Study the ample brow, and breadth of the lower face."

And I pulled out the photograph. He took it mechanically, and I, pouring out some more wine, galloped on over my home stretch.

"Remark the equipoise of faculties—the strength of jaw, and the aristocratic pose of the head. Just the kind of woman to keep a foolish old chap like your Dad well in hand, don't you think?"

I knew very well that he was not looking at the photograph at all, but was looking

over it at his Dad with a melancholy tenderness, and so I did not turn around.

"There's a quiet authority about that kind of woman that is worth its weight in gold in society."

Then I waited a moment, but he said nothing. So I pushed back my chair, and, getting up, took the photograph from his hands and walked over to the grate, where I stood regarding it tenderly with my back to him. But there was a mirror over the mantel, and I could keep one eye on him as he stood there, leaning against the bookshelves, with his eyes on the carpet.

It was two days after this when I got an answer from the doctor to my letter. It was characteristically brief and pertinent, and read as follows:

"Tuskaloo, Pa.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: I am out of practice, and the invalid world will have to hobble over its chasms without me. As to your predicament, I foresaw something of it long ago, and warned you of it when you kept coddling that boy's sensibilities at the expense of his will. I should not be surprised if it were now too late, and you were to find out that it is easier to lift yourself by your own waistband than to lift somebody else, when you have taken such precious good care to deprive him of a waistband. I suppose that some of your chickens have respect enough for the proverb to come home to roost, and I cannot for the life of me see what I can do to block the wheels of Nature's Juggernaut, unless you come down here with the young rascal, where you and I can, perhaps, throw ourselves jointly under the car. I have been making my final cocoon here, and have wound myself about pretty comfortably with my own silk for the final transformation, but if you will collar the ingrate and drag him to my doorstep, why, confound you, there's a warm place for both of you in my idiotic old heart, and mayhap redemption in my menage."

Anything like an intrigue has always been very repugnant to me, and I never was on masquerade in my life. But, all at once, I found myself intriguing against my own boy, and acting, at my sister's suggestion, a little comedy-drama for his reclamation. Still, there was no help for it. Most comedy-dramas have for their purpose the outwitting of the intrigante, and mine was no exception. Who she was, or what she was,

or what she looked like, I had not the faintest notion other than my bedizened fears had portrayed her. It was a fight carried on in the dark so far as the antagonists were concerned, because I shrank a little from the light. It had never occurred to Charlie, poor fellow, while he was running his head into some kind of a silken noose, that his old Dad could encounter the same fate. It began to dawn upon his mind that his old Dad was, after all, an important, if not an inestimable, factor in his future arrangements, and not to be carried off, if he could help it, by some alien. I flattered myself that I had awakened in him something of my sense of loss in having any marrying going on in our small family.

To me, at least, the situation must have had a humorous, almost a farcical, aspect, but I was playing a high, conservative game, and did not at the time consider the absurdity of father and son doing their best to keep each other from reaping the benefit of their folly. The only person alive who had the full advantage of whatever humor there was in it was my half-sister, Petunia, to whom my alarmed scion rushed, just as I had done, when he awoke to the fact that a mature siren was after his Dad, scrip and scrippage.

Petunia, that most admirable social manager, preserved a family discretion, and exercised a most tactful wisdom.

"Your idol has been to see me," she said, a day or two later, "and he wore an encouraging suggestion of being shattered."

"Poor Charlie!" I murmured.

"I suppose you are ready to patch him up in any way he desires?"

"Dear boy, it's his first pang."

"First rubbish. Do compose yourself, and don't begin your quivering."

"I suppose he felt the blow keenly. What did he say?"

"He announced to me, with an almost superhuman air of distress, that you thought of taking a wife. I congratulated him."

"But, my dear aunt," he said, "you don't know who it is. It's Coldcream."

"So I have heard," I replied. "A most excellent choice—a woman of shrewd business capacity. She only needs an income to be able to exercise a real talent for managing. I cannot imagine a better supervising partner for my brother."

"Then you seriously approve of it?" he asked me with blank surprise.

"Undoubtedly."

"But you do not consider me."

"Consider you?" I said. "You could not let your selfishness interfere with your father's happiness. You are young, and have your own path to make. It does not become you, Charles," I observed, "to be thinking only of yourself."

"I am not, I assure you," said the young hypocrite. "I am thinking of him. A man at his age, with responsibilities, is as liable to make mistakes, I suppose, as a young man. You must understand, Aunt, that we are very much attached to each other."

"He said that, did he?"

"Yes, but I did not tell him that it was just what you had said."

"No. That was not necessary."

"I reminded him that true affection is largely made up of self-sacrifice; that he would be getting married himself presently, and would probably take a woman who supported herself by her own talents, and who would not need your assistance."

"Do you think it was necessary to go as far as that?"

"Yes, I certainly do, and when I went that far he acted exactly as you did. He buttoned up his coat, took the middle of the floor, tried to look as if he wanted to hate me, and then collapsed. I didn't tell him that you were a pair, but you are."

"He certainly takes after me in some respects."

"Not in looks, Rufus."

"You think not?"

"Oh, he is like his mother—the handsome young cub, I wanted to get up and give him a good shaking as he stood there, but I had my laces on and couldn't afford to rumple my authority."

"Did you ascertain definitely just how far his passing infatuation has gone?" I asked this rather timidly, fearing that she might tell me.

"Head over heels, Rufus. It's what your friend the Major calls just the ordinary madness of youth—but fatal."

"Bless my soul, Petunia, you speak as if it were a hopeless case."

"Precisely. That's exactly the way I spoke to him about you, and he went off in the same way and asked me if it were a hopeless case. I told him it was, unless he got you away immediately. Rufus, you will have to get each other away as quickly as possible, if only for my sake."

And Petunia held her jewelled hand over her mouth, as if to suppress an unseemly impulse of humor.

"But the rascal will not go until the season is over," I said, "and everything else may be over by that time."

"Oh, to save you, I think he will consent to wrench himself a little. By the way, he expressed the same doubt about your consenting to go. You see you will both have to consent for each other's sakes. It's getting intricate, isn't it? If you should both go, it will be interesting to see which protects the other the best."

"You gave him some advice, did you not?"

"How could I help it? The handsome young profligate appealed to my woman's sensibilities in spite of myself."

"Excuse me, Petunia, profligate is rather an unnecessarily harsh word to apply to that boy."

"He looked so crestfallen at the prospect of the Coldcream gobbling all the resources—you don't object to gobbling, do you? it is such a comprehensive vulgarism—that I had to treat him confidentially, just as I do you."

"Heavens, Petunia, you did not betray to him that my idea of marrying was a mere ruse?"

"Not exactly. I said to him, 'Young man, these are difficult cases to handle. Men of your father's age are unreasonably susceptible. The only thing to do is to get him away from the illusions that affect the mature eye.'"

"What did the boy say?"

"He walked about a bit, tugged at his mustache, and said, 'Confound it; he wanted to go to Europe the other day, and I opposed it. Now he's got over it.'"

"Yes," I remarked, "the Coldcream probably talked him out of it, because she isn't ready to go herself. You know she has had a project for years of going to the Holy Land to live permanently, on account of the sweet oil there. Her brother is Consul at Beirut." "How terrible!" remarked your innocent.

"Petunia," I said, "I have received an invitation from my old friend and adviser, the Doctor, to bring the boy down there. If I could get him away and under new influences, I feel that it would be advantageous."

"It will never work. You must let him

get you away," replied Petunia. "You do not seem to see that it is most important that he should save you. These young fellows shy at the first intimation of being saved themselves."

That evening I came home rather late and suddenly. Charlie was there waiting for me. He had not been out. I fondly fancied that there was a slight shade of anxiety in his face, that Meredith could not quite dispel.

"What's the matter, Dad?" he asked. "You appear to be worried."

"Yes," I said. "Deuce take it, I received a letter from the Doctor, asking me to come down to his place in Pennsylvania, and spend a month—you remember the Doctor."

"Of course I do—a grand old man. Why don't you go?"

"I should like to, but, to tell the truth, it will interfere with some other private arrangements of mine just now. It's too bad, too, for nothing would please me better, and he expects me. Do you think this white tie becomes me as well as those black ones?"

"I shouldn't think you would let such an opportunity slip."

"Well, Comrade, I suppose I'm getting too old or too indolent to travel alone. That barber has cut my hair in a new style—he says it makes me look five years younger." Then I strode over to the mirror to admire myself.

Charlie laughed ironically. "I hope," he said, "that I shall be as chipper at your age as you are, and as ready to go off at a tangent."

"Why can't *you* run down there and explain matters?" I said. "I might join you for a few days, later, though I suppose if the Doctor got me there he would not let me get away."

"Let me see the letter, Dad."

This unexpected shot converted me into a gay deceiver literally. I began feeling in my pocket for it, saying, "What the deuce did I do with that letter?" But of course, having carefully burnt it up, I did not find it.

"It is one of his brief and imperative notes," I said. "I'll have to write him and beg off."

"Why, it was only a day or two ago that you wanted to run away somewhere, and now you funk at the first opportunity."

"Yes," I said, "but it will interfere with something else now. You don't want me to go, do you?"

"Yes—if it will interfere with something else."

This was candor with a vengeance, but I was too old to be caught off my guard by such a left-hander. We sat down and pretended to waive the whole matter. "By the way," I said, "have we got a Baedeker among our books?"

"Yes," he said, "there is an old one."

"Give it to me, please."

He handed me the guide-book, and I settled myself to study it with an air of great interest. He could not stand more than five minutes of this; then he said:

"Well, Dad, you're not good company to-night. I'm going to leave you."

"All right, my boy," I replied, keeping my eye on the page. "You run along. I'll leave the gas burning for you."

He put on his coat. I was a little afraid he would take me at my word, but he stood a moment, and then said:

"It seems to me that you are not as frank with me as you ought to be."

I looked at him over the page as I replied: "I do not see what could put that in your head. I wish to satisfy myself about some details in this book that I didn't wish to bore you with—"

"You are not disposed to make a visit to the Doctor, and at the same time you are studying the European routes. Is that quite candid?"

"My dear fellow, I am not going down to the Doctor's alone. There is no pleasure in that."

"But you think of going abroad in company on account of the pleasure. It seems to me that there might be a duty in not going."

I laid the book down as I said: "I hadn't thought of the matter in the light of a duty—duty to whom?"

"Well, to me, Dad. I think you owe it to me to take a reasonable care of your health and go slow."

"Go slow? What do you mean? There is no danger of my changing my habits. They are pretty well fixed."

"How about your tastes?"

"They were always quite liberal. There never was a time when I could not admire the sterling qualities of a thoroughbred woman. That is one of the tastes that improve with age."

"Do you know what I think?" he said.  
 "You need a change."

"Yes," I replied, "I have felt it for some time. I was going to speak to you about it."

"We shall not agree about the nature of the change. You need toning up by a vigorous masculine nature of your own kind—a man of large views, who understands you. You will pardon me, Dad, but you—well, the fact is, you understand me—this kind of life is apt to make you—well, just a little eccentric. You really ought to consult your old friend, the Doctor. If I have not the right to feel concerned about you, nobody has. Didn't he save your life once?"

"Yes, he did. But you do not think there is any need of his services to save it now, I hope. I never was in better condition in my life."

"Physically, yes. But the mind will get stagnant or capricious in one rut. You have changed, Dad, of late; there's no use in my denying it."

"No; look here, Comrade, you don't mean to insinuate that I am failing, do you?"

"I hope not," said my young Guardian, rather pathetically. "Why don't you ask your sister or the Doctor? I've heard you say more than once that a man cannot do at fifty-five what he did at twenty-five."

"Fifty-four, Comrade," I remarked.  
 "Try and be accurate."

"I don't think it's fair to push me into the attitude of a mentor. I have always looked to you for discretion and sobriety."

"Egad, that's fine," I said. "Shows how you differ from the young men of the time, and have absorbed my teachings. Go on; do you know, I rather like it."

"Oh, I can't advise you, Dad. But I am sure your old friend could. He would tell you that you need a change—perhaps he can furnish it. Your mind is too active to accept a petty round like this permanently. It disturbs the healthy activities. I am using your own words, sir. Why, you have bought six neckties in two days. How is that for fifty-four—to be accurate?"

"In a sense, perhaps, you are right," I said. "We have been thinking too much of ourselves. That's the very thing I want to correct."

"It sounds rather harsh," he replied, "to be told that I must think of somebody besides you. I have not been accustomed to it."

I had to hold myself down by the arms of the chair. To give way now to a natural impulse would ruin all. Besides, these young rascals have a way of working your sensibilities to their own ends that cannot be relied upon. He was watching me to see if a weak spot appeared. Presently he said:

"You want new faces and new environment with some of the old and best influences. Why not cut everything and take a new dash? I'm not thinking of myself, though I should really like to see the Doctor."

"But I couldn't think of dragging you away when the city is at its best."

"Yes, I know, but consider the joy it would give me to drag you away."

I threw the Baedeker on the table. "Confound you," I said, "I suppose you will have your own way. You always do."

"When will you go?"

"There's no hurry, is there?"

"Oh, yes, there is. If we mean it, let's have at it before somebody changes your mind."

As I fell into a condition of helpless acquiescence, I could see that there was a sly look of triumph in his face as he took off his coat again and bustled around the room. Perhaps there was a similar look in my face, as I thought I had got him back into leading strings, like the little fellow I had so often cajoled before, and I said musingly to myself, with Mother Goose's irony, as I watched him,

Goosey, goosey gander,  
 O whither would you wander?

But I daresay he was equally self-congratulatory, and was saying to himself: "I'll spike Coldcream's gun; confound her!"

(To be continued.)

# THE AVERAGE AMERICAN.

BY HENRY GANNETT.

Geographer of the Twelfth Census.

[While, of course, there is no such thing as a "typical" American, a nation containing an infinite number of widely differing types, all representative of particular localities, Dr. Gannett here portrays accurately, with the help of the last census, the *average* inhabitant of the United States. His opening statement may change the general conception of the phrase "an average man" !—ED.]

THE average adult American is a statistical octoroon. If the blood in the veins of all our people, white and black, were pooled and redistributed, each person would have about seven parts white and one part negro blood. The white strain in him, moreover, is by no means purely American. White strains of foreign origin, derived from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, Canada, Great Britain, and the countries of southern Europe, are collectively more powerful in his composition than is the negro strain. Thus going back only one generation, we find him to be a composite, the creation of widely differing bloods and nationalities. The peoples of the earth, from the Congo under the equator to the North Cape of Europe, have contributed, either immediately or remotely, to his composition. But with it all we find the Anglo-Saxon strain the dominant one. His political institutions, his laws, his social conditions, and his mental characteristics, his power of initiative, and his independence of thought and action are Anglo-Saxon, sharpened and intensified by fresh contact with nature under new and untried conditions. It is a strange and a gratifying thing to witness, in connection with this mixture of blood, the complete dominance of the Anglo-Saxon strain, and it argues well for its strength and vitality, as well as for the welfare of the country which he occupies and governs.

With this introduction of the *figurative* American, for he is to be a statistical creation, let us go on and study him in his environment. In order to tell the story fully, it must be explained that, while commonly the average condition under which he exists will be given, it will be found necessary in some matters to place him with the majority, and, in a few cases, with a plurality. The average age, the average size of family and of farm we can obtain, but there is no average occupation or average creed.

The average American is a man five feet eight inches in height, with a chest girth of thirty-six inches, and a weight of 150 pounds. He is nearly an inch taller than his English cousin, and more than an inch taller than his distant cousin, the German. He probably looks over the heads of all European peoples. In weight, however, he is exceeded by both Englishman and German, being of slimmer and lighter build, although he is probably as heavy as the average European.

His family consists of one wife and three children, a fourth child having died in infancy. His age is thirty-seven years, and he expects to live thirty years longer. His expectation of life is greater by a year or two than that of the representative of any other people, those who most nearly approach him being our kin, the English and Germans. His wife is thirty-five years of age, is five feet four inches in height, and weighs 126 pounds. She will live to the age of sixty-eight years, as her expectation of life is slightly greater than that of her husband. They were married ten years ago. The two older children are pursuing their studies in the public schools, which the youngest child has not yet entered. Both he and his wife received a common-school education, but did not continue their studies into the high school.

He is neither deaf, dumb, blind, nor insane, nor is he at all likely to acquire any of these peculiarities, in spite of the fears of some alarmists. He keeps out of jail, not merely by avoiding the commission of legal crimes, but by living a clean life.

His home is near Columbus, Ind., toward the southern part of the State, at an altitude of 800 feet above the sea. At this place the mean annual temperature is 53°, and the annual rainfall 41 inches. Here he owns a farm of 137 acres, 80 acres of which are under cultivation. The house is of two

stories, containing seven rooms, and there are barns and other outbuildings connected with the place. The house is comfortably, but plainly furnished, the only signs of luxury being stuffed furniture in the parlor and a parlor organ. The omnipresent bicycle, now an article of necessity rather than luxury, is not wanting. The farm has an estimated value of \$3,500, but carries a mortgage of \$500, on which five per cent. annual interest is paid. It is fairly well stocked, with three horses and mules, three cows, the cream from which is disposed of to a creamery in Columbus; six beef cattle, eight sheep, and the same number of hogs. The farm produced last year 100 bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of corn, 200 bushels of oats, 45 bushels of potatoes, and twelve tons of hay, besides minor crops. Our representative dwells in a region in which diversified farming is carried on, and is not dependent upon the chances of a single crop. His farm brings him in annually the sum of \$540, besides contributing largely to the support of his family. As a farmer, he is very successful, producing at least twice as much from his land as the farmer of any other nation does from his. This is owing in part to the fertility of the soil, and in part to its more thorough cultivation, but most of all to his use of machinery: His ploughing, harrowing, seeding, reaping, and threshing are all done by machine, thus saving a large part of the manual work, and enabling him to cultivate a large area at a slight expense for labor. Besides his farm, he has \$750 in railway stock and bonds, and, on deposit in a savings bank in Columbus, the sum of \$150. Elsewhere he possesses other property, including a house-lot in a suburban subdivision, the value of which at present it is not easy to estimate, as it was purchased several years ago, at inflated prices. His entire estate has an estimated value of \$5,000, and his annual income is, on an average, about \$750. His property is assessed at about 40 per cent. of its true value, and he pays taxes amounting to \$14.60, or 73 cents per \$100 of assessed valuation.

His family lives on a scale and a daily diet which would be regarded in Europe as lavish, such a one as can be afforded there only by the rich. His table is spread with abundance, not only with articles of domestic production, but of imported food stuffs. For example, his family consumes annually

1,250 pounds of wheat flour, and 600 pounds of oat and corn meal, 750 pounds of meat, or about two pounds per day; 750 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of butter, and 300 pounds of sugar. He is the greatest coffee drinker on earth, one pound a week being required for his family's consumption. Of tea, however, he uses little, five pounds per year sufficing for his needs. In these last two items he resembles closely the Germans, who use much coffee, but little tea, and differs widely from his English cousins, who use vast quantities of tea, but drink coffee sparingly. His table costs him \$16 per month. He eats three meals per day, taking his dinner at noon. He retires between nine and ten at night, and rises at six in the morning.

As to his vices, he is in a measure a slave to tobacco. He consumes twenty pounds of the narcotic weed a year, or one ounce per day, and although he has used it freely since he was grown, as did his father and grandfather before him, it does not appear that he has suffered any mental or physical deterioration in consequence of such indulgence. Though by no means an intemperate man, neither is he an advocate of total abstinence. Annually his family, which means in the main himself, consumes  $7\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of spirits and wine, and not less than 75 gallons of beer. This last item illustrates a characteristic acquired with his German strain of blood. He uses less spirits and more malt liquors than did his immediate ancestors.

Although his house is kept almost too warm, a temperature of 70° at least being maintained in cold weather, he consumes annually but three tons of coal and fourteen cords of wood, for both heating and cooking. This small consumption of fuel is made possible by the thorough construction of his house, and his practice of using double windows in the winter time.

Since gas and electric lights have not yet reached the rural districts, he is dependent upon oil for lighting, and annually consumes about 50 gallons of coal oil.

For clothing, his family expends annually about \$100. His clothing is ready made, as are the shoes of himself and other members of his family. His wife keeps no servant, but does the housework herself. She is his companion and business partner, and is the head of the house, as he is the head of the farm. Besides doing the work of

the household, the care of the poultry and much of the dairy work devolves upon her, with such help as the older children can afford.

Although he seldom attends church himself, he and his family are numbered among the adherents of a Protestant church, and his wife maintains the family reputation by frequent attendance, and sends the children to Sunday school.

While nominally his education ended when a boy, at the time at which he left the secondary school; in fact, it has been continued throughout life by reading and by intercourse with his neighbors. His interest in the work of the world is shown by the fact that he subscribes to a daily and a weekly newspaper and a monthly magazine. He uses the telegraph but little, sending but five telegrams a year. But, on the other hand, his family use the mails lavishly, sending 220 letters, 40 postal cards, and 60 packages annually, or an average of nearly one piece of mail matter per day. He is

probably the greatest traveller on earth, since each year he or some member of his family travels by rail not less than 1,000 miles, at an expense of \$20. He travels with little apprehension of danger, as he realizes that there is but one chance in 150,000 of being injured, and only one in 2,000,000 of being killed on the rail.

In politics he is a Republican, believing in expansion of our territory, protection to home industry, and maintenance of the gold standard, and his vote is cast in accordance with his convictions. In political matters he is sometimes deceived for a while, sometimes swayed unconsciously by his interests, but sober second thought generally leads him to a right decision.

This is a fairly correct portrait of the average American. That he is by no means the typical American will occur to every reader. But the typical American is an idea, a creature of the imagination, a being who necessarily changes with his creator, and hence his name is Legion.

## PEACE OF THE WOODS.

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

A MOON'S enthralled in a waveless lake  
Where mists arise and flow;  
A big buck bells from the trampled brake  
Where antlered heads are low;  
Around the pyre of a dying fire  
Are flung the forms of men  
Entranced deep in full-breath'd sleep—  
With morn they're born again.

The deerhound bays in the Northern Woods;  
The dreaming pines awake;  
The partridge whirrs, the squirrel skirrs,  
The big buck breasts the lake.  
The trout's a-flash at the plumèd fly,  
The quivering rod's a-gleam—  
But far from the Northern Woods am I,  
And far from the bowlderèd stream.

Peace of the Woods!—for them that may—  
And the lair of deer and trout  
Where "Bob White" pipes the matin lay  
And the howlet hoots, "Lights out!"  
Peace of the Woods and forest joys!—  
It's oh, that they were back—  
The pathless ways and the careless days  
Of Rifle and Rod and Pack.



## PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

### VI.—THE LANDSCAPE SUBJECT.

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY REFERENCE TO THE WORK OF EDWARD J. STEICHEN AND RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

**A**S a preliminary to the Landscape Subject in photography, let us briefly glance at the pedigree of landscape in painting, for the latter has developed along certain motives which are still in force, and belong as much to photography as to painting.

The landscape in art was first studied and used as a background to figures. So we find it in the works of the Italians, where the painter's motive was to furnish a decorative pattern of form and color behind the figure, to surround the figure with atmosphere, and to contrast its closeness and predominance with the subsidiary charm of vaguer distance; in fact, to set the figure in a concave space of light and atmosphere, somewhat as the sculptor puts his statue in a niche of architecture. It was not until the seventeenth century that landscape was

studied really for its own sake and assumed an independent importance. Then, immediately, from this single source of the dignity of landscape start two separate streams of motive: the naturalistic and the artificial. The former, which aims to depict nature as it really is, was the motive of the Dutch painters, preëminently of Hobbema; while the latter, which would represent nature as the painter conceived it was desirable it should be, was followed by the French painters, Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain. Poussin spent most of his life in Italy, and, being saturated with classical lore and the influence of grand architecture and of tower-crowned hills, painted the so-called heroic landscape, largely as backgrounds for his figure compositions of heroes. The reputation accorded to his work in France laid the foundation of the

classic or academic school of French landscape. Claude, his contemporary, while relying more upon the landscape than the figures, emulated this classic motive, building up imaginary scenes of great beauty but with only a partial reference to nature, bearing, indeed, about the same relation to it that Virgil's descriptions of scenery bear to Tennyson's. It is interesting to note, by the way, that when the reaction began in England against the old-fashioned gardens, which had gone to extravagance of artificiality in such features as the cutting or "pleaching" of trees and shrubs to imitate the forms of birds and animals, the landscape-gardeners who urged a return to nature actually set themselves to imitating the artificiality of Claude's landscapes! When landscape painting was begun in England, Constable followed Hobbema; while, later on, Turner, at the early part of his career, was influenced by Claude Lorrain. The French movement of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon painters was a revolt from the artificial formality of the classic landscape and a return to the nature-study of the Dutch; a recognition also of the charm of the simple, familiar country-side—the *pay-sage intime*—as compared with the heroic of man's imagination or the stupendous phenomena of nature's self. The latest movement—that of the *plein-airists* or open-air painters—is but a pushing of nature-study to closer intimacy, with a special desire to express the beauty of light and atmosphere.

To-day few painters indulge in the classic landscape unless as an accompaniment to mural decoration, yet the distinction in motive between nature as it is and what the painter imagines it might be still survives. Some draw upon their imagination for subjects and paint the landscape frankly out of their heads; others draw from nature, but with application of school and studio recipes for depicting the evanescent, elastic, and constantly varying aspects of nature; and even amongst those who loyally take her for their guide, philosopher, and friend, this distinction asserts itself as the result of their mental attitude towards nature. It has been the fashion both in literature and pictures to represent nature as corresponding very sympathetically with the vicissitudes and moods of humanity. Thus it is proper that the sun should smile upon the virtuous heroine, while the welkin gapes with lightning and rumbles thunderously

over the doomed head of the villain. This affectation of the Romanticists, beginning with Byron among writers and with Géricault among painters, is dying a lingering death in the obscurity of the bucolic-domestic drama. Yet the fact remains that, though nature is absolutely insensate—just as likely to be gay over a child's corpse as to drench a bridal party—we do find in her relentless routine of changes both an inspiration to emotion and a correspondence to our moods. Looking out to sea when a fresh breeze is ruffling the water and the little waves dance to one another and play ball with the sunshine, we must be in poor case if we do not feel an exhilaration, or when we stand in the rarefied air of the mountains, with spaciousness on all sides, above and beneath us; scarcely, either, can we miss the sweet allurements of nature settling to repose at sunset; and, if one's mind is ragged with worry or the heart torn with grief, I know no better tonic and solace than to walk on and on with rain and wind against one's face. After all, this inert thing, nature, is a perpetual source of sympathy and inspiration, having in it a latent poetry.

It was this that the Fontainebleau-Barbizon painters sought for, and accordingly painted poetic landscapes, as innumerable painters are doing to-day.

It would seem; however, that there are two ways of essaying the poetic landscape—one, in which the artist lets nature tell her own story; the other, in which he makes her the interpreter of his. Of the latter method Corot was a preëminent example, always true to the facts of nature, but choosing to depict those which harmonized with his own sweet tenderness of disposition. Diaz, on the other hand, like Monet to-day, and like our own deceased painter George Inness, seems to have found a sufficiency in nature. Having no antecedent emotion of his own, he painted nature objectively, but with such enthusiasm and loyalty to truth that he succeeds in grasping her latent poetry. There need be no question of which is the better way. The motive, reaching in each case a corresponding result, is dictated by the artist's individual temperament. But the point of importance to ourselves is that the picture, whether it reflects the feeling of the artist or embodies the impersonal poetry of nature, shall be able to affect us with some recognizable emotion; that it shall not be a bare



"PORTRAIT OF ALPHONSE MUCHA."

*By Edward J. Steichen.*

inventory of facts, but express something of the relation between those facts and our own lives.

At first sight it might seem that the photographer has no option as to motive; that he is obliged to record nature as it is, and that the camera, in its appetite for detail, will insist mainly upon the facts. This suspicion is certainly indorsed by the great majority of photographs, wherein excessive definition is the prevailing quality. On

the other hand, in the two previous chapters we have seen how the photographer can control the result during the process of printing, by elimination, addition, or even by complete alteration. So in his case also the distinction of motive intervenes—shall he adhere to the mere facts of the camera, or modify them; and, if the latter, shall it be in the direction of nature as it is or of nature as his fancy would imagine it?

I have continually used the expression

"nature as it is" for convenience' sake, with intentional, though, I hope, pardonable, inaccuracy; for we speak of nature as being so and so, when we really mean that it *appears* to be so and so to ourselves. But to each individual observer it manifests more or less variation of appearance, for each man sees only what he has the capacity for seeing—that is to say, his vision is affected on the one hand by the individual character of his pair of eyes, on the other by his power of observation, by the experience of what he has seen before, and by the likes and dislikes of his temperament, which lead him to look for certain things in preference to others. His physical apparatus for seeing is not an insensate machine, but an instrument delicately sensitive to conscious and unconscious modulations. Now the camera is not. It records what it sees mechanically and, more than that, with an eye whose way of seeing and record differ from our own. When, for example, we look at a tree, we cannot distinguish separately all the leaves in sight or take in at a glance the labyrinth of boughs and twigs; the latter compose into a general character of structure and direction, the foliage into a mass or arrangement of masses. Further, as we gaze over a distance the landscape recedes by easy stages, the eye readjusting its focus as the gaze travels forward. But the camera's focus is fixed; it is apt to give a surplus of definition in the foreground and to jump abruptly to vagueness in the background. The human way of seeing may be summed up as follows:

First, our eyes have a tendency to generalize; that is to say, to make selection and to arrange in masses.

Secondly, experience is constantly reinforcing our vision. We know that the meadow is covered with blades of grass and that the tree's mass is really an aggregation of infinite detail, and this experience makes up for the deficiencies of vision through the imagination.

Relying on these principles or habits of seeing, the landscape painter or photographer, if he follow the best traditions of art (those, in fact, which are truest to nature), generalizes the scene, making an abstract of its larger aspects and most characteristic features, and giving just enough suggestion of detail to stir the imagination to realize their existence. On the other hand, the painter or photographer

who niggles over details is losing the big in the little, interesting merely our eye and making no appeal to our imagination. Again, all of us, if we think about it, know that the landscape does not mass itself on one plane but on many, one behind the other, and that this is one of the sources of beauty in nature. For there is exhilaration in the sense of space, a certain mystery and enticement to the imagination in distance; moreover, the beauty of nature's coloring is largely influenced by the tender gradations of hue caused by the intervening screens of atmosphere. The painter renders these by infinitesimal differences of color, proceeding in orderly sequence from the front to the horizon. The photographer, limited to one color, attains the same result by varying its tones—in the platinotype print, for example, securing between the darkest black and the brightest light a modulated scale of delicately different grays. Upon the feeling and skill with which these "values" are adjusted will depend much of the effect on our imagination; we shall not be troubled by the absence of colors—they have been transposed into an abstract key of black and white, with enough suggestion of relative truth to nature to arouse in our imagination the sense of color; and I wonder whether it is not true that our enjoyment of nature depends less on color than upon the action of light? It may be otherwise with the glorious hues of autumn or of an Indian summer, but I am writing this in early spring, with a view from my window of a picture in tones of green framed in by the casement. Yesterday the sky was lowering, and in the dull light the grass and foliage, for all its fresh vitality, seemed inert. To-day the sunshine has awakened them to animation, but with difference of expression. The leaves of the maple glance, open-faced, to the sun; the elm's are peeping shyly from their buds; the chestnut's, still frond-like, cling together for company in the coziness of their woolly coverings, while the pine's are strong in color and vigor, as befits one who has weathered the winter and grown confident with experience; but on all these variations of green the light is playing differently—with broad welcome, coaxing tenderness, or the heartiness of old companionship—and there is a similar variety of expression in the shadows. I am reminded, too, that color is reflected light, that light is the source of life, and



"THE POOL, EVENING."

*By Edward J. Steichen.*

that the rendering of it in its endless manifestations is the absorbing motive of many great painters. So, perhaps, I am not far wrong in saying that light affects our imagination even more than color, and therefore that a good photograph, which

reaches its beauty through its interpretation of the manifold aspects of light, may yield us as much enjoyment as a painting—certainly far more than a poor painting, possibly as much as a good one. For we ought not to be like children, continually



By Edward J. Steichen.

"WILD CROCUS."

demanding literalness, forever asking *Why?* and expecting their elders to make all the explanation and to do all the thinking for them. We ought to have imagination enough to need only a hint and then be able to fill in for ourselves the full conception. Let us not forget, either, that a work of art, whether painting or photograph, is at best only an abstract interpretation of the actual thing—a legitimate make-believe which demands of us the willingness and capacity to realize through the deception the thing represented. You may have seen one of Whistler's Venetian etchings—the most abstract of records, merely a very few black lines and a great deal of white paper, which, however, supplemented by our own knowledge and imagination (I keep talking of imagination—what is it but the faculty of adapting what we *do* know to what we *might* know?), enables us to picture to ourselves the color and indwelling spirit of Venice. Equally we shall find that many photographs of landscape have this emotional suggestion; not all, certainly, any more than all etchings or all paintings; it is not a question of the medium employed, but the amount of feeling which the artist puts into his picture. And if you ask me what I mean by this much-used and not seldom abused word, "feeling," I will ven-

ture to define it (at any rate, for our present purpose) as that quality in a picture which starts some fibre in ourselves vibrating with memory, hope, or longing, with some emotion sad or pleasurable, as a piano string vibrates in sympathy with a note of the human voice.

The accompanying reproductions of landscapes by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., and Edward J. Steichen illustrate in a general way the differences of motive that we have been considering; Mr. Eickemeyer being inclined to view nature objectively, while Mr. Steichen sees in it a subject either for the realizing of some artistic problem or for the expression of some emotional suggestion, or both. For he is to the marrow an artist; one can detect it in all his prints; some of them one may not care for as pictures—probably they were only experiments, very likely inadequate in expressing what he strove to reach, but, even so, artistically interesting and bearing in consequence an impress of distinction. This is a quality more easy to feel than to explain. Broadly speaking, it is the antithesis of the obvious; getting closer home, it is seeing nature through a vision that transposes the facts into an abstract of form, color, light, and atmosphere, and this with such vividness and



By Edward J. Steichen

"THE BROOK IN WINTER."

power of expression that the result is in a greater or less degree a new thing—a creation. His faculty of expression is not limited to photography, since he is an excellent draughtsman in a variety of mediums and has had an oil painting admitted to the recent Paris Salon. It is, therefore, interesting to know that he has recourse to

as a tail-piece), although that is readily within the scope of oil-paint and etching, whereas delicacy of tone is much more difficult to obtain—in painting, because the variety of hues tends to confuse the issue; and in etching, because the process permits the introduction of only a few of the planes, so that tenderly proceeding gradation is



*By Edward J. Steichen.*

"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS—LANDSCAPE ARRANGEMENT."

photography, because he finds that in some cases he can reach by means of it better results than in any other way. In his hands it is not a makeshift, but a separate source of power. One would like to question him as to what those cases are. A general pondering of the subject and particular study of his prints leads one to the conclusion that it is when delicacy of tone is desired as a prevailing quality. Perhaps also richness of tone (note his portrait of Mucha and "The Rose," the latter reproduced here

well-nigh impossible; while in a platinotype print the range of grays between the darkest and the lightest parts is susceptible of almost unlimited subtlety. Perhaps also photography attracts him in another direction—in the readiness with which it can be made to express the flatness of objects. It was mentioned in a previous chapter that the greater diffusion of light out of doors tends to flatten objects—that is, to reduce the appearance of bulk which they assume in the partial light of the studio, where the



"THE ROAD TO THE GREAT HOUSE."

*By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

shadows, more insistent by reason of concentration, throw the forms up in strong relief. Through all these landscapes of Mr. Steichen's there is appreciable the enjoyment which he feels in this flat pattern of form; although, observe, it is not a flattening of the objects against the front of the

picture, but an extension of the principle that they count as masses, silhouetted against what is beyond. If you ask why an artist should find enjoyment in this, I may conjecture that it is because it adds another feature of abstraction to the already abstract conception of the landscape, and



"RETURN FROM THE FIELDS."

*By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

thereby increases his sense of mastery over his medium, in that by means so opposed to the facts of nature he can suggest an impression of nature's appearance. It is worth remembering that the Japanese, whose art is the most abstract that we know of, founded upon generations of tradition and brought to the finest point of eloquent

suggestiveness, include amongst their resources this of flatness.

Possibly a characteristic example, combining these two qualities of flatness and tonal delicacy, is "The Pool, Evening." One utters a prayer for the safe delivery of this delicately subtle print from the perils of the half-tone process! The latter will at least



AN EXAMPLE OF PURE LANDSCAPE.

*By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

reproduce the flat massing of dark and darkening light, just the features that would first arrest one's attention if confronted with the actual scene; but will it render the ebbing pulsations of light upon the water or the mysterious penetrability of the shadowed wood beyond? These, again,

are the features which, if we lingered around the spot, we should gradually observe; noticing later the charming disorder of leaves that float on the placid surface, so unobtrusive although they are in the foreground, and by degrees yielding to the spell of sweet solemnity that pervades the scene.



*By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.*

"Its blown snows, flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white save where some dark ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back."

Do we regret the absence of various hues of color? The picture is full of the *sense* of color, and the very reticence of the black and white permits a freer movement to our imagination.

This is one of those prints which emphasizes the wide gap there is between the average photograph and genuinely artistic work. Perhaps, if I were an expert operator, I might undertake to tell you "how it was done;" that the negative was over-exposed or under-exposed, or the camera focused on the background, or that some other shrewd technical device had been adopted—pecking trivially around the big qualities of the picture and making believe that I or any other "expert operator," using such and such a camera and such and such a negative, lens, or stop, and printing according to such and such a process, could have produced a similar result. Fortunately for my own enjoyment and, I hope, for yours, I am only a sympathetic observer of other men's work, and concerned a great deal more with the pictorial result than with the technicalities of process. As to the latter, however, I am inclined to smile incredulously and invite the "expert operator" to repeat them; in which case I fancy there would still be some little discrepancy in the result, for he seems to have overlooked the personal ingredient, the thimbleful of artistic yeast that raises the lumpish dough. The real difference between this print and the average photograph is the same as that between some paintings and the majority of them; the difference, indeed, between mere technical accomplishment and the same quickened into vital expression by the spirit of the artist—the difference, in a word, between craftsmanship and art. I set this print and some others of Mr. Steichen's alongside as many landscape pictures by other photographers (the latter what you would call handsome but very literal interpretations of nature), and invited a child of twelve, who is devoted to country life, to tell me which she liked the best. After some little while she selected this print of "The Pool," and when I asked her why, replied: "Because it is so real." Apparently the literalness of some of the other prints had not conveyed an equal suggestion of reality.

Of the other landscapes by Mr. Steichen reproduced here, that which comes nearest in quality and interest to the one we have been considering is "The Judgment of Paris

Landscape Arrangement." This "Landscape Arrangement," as the name would imply, is rather a study of composition, of forms and spaces, and of varieties of light and tone than a picture with emotional significance. A "Decorative Landscape Study," which, however, I have been unable to reproduce in this article, is an essay of a similar character, but carried to a farther point of generalization, until the whole has been reduced to a flat pattern of forms and spaces in a very limited range of tone. The motive is not a realization of nature, but an abstract of its possibilities in the direction of ornamental pattern. The expanse of meadow in "Wild Crocus," the level line near the top of the picture, the soft silhouette of trees and hill against the quiet sky, and the smooth masses of slightly contrasted tone may be compared with the more stirring contrasts of line and color in "The Brook in Winter"—the one so reposeful, the other suggestive of unsatisfied yearning.

In all these prints, though they permit only a limited estimate of the range of Mr. Steichen's ability, there is visible the impress of a true artist. Whether they have much or little or no emotional significance, they are always distinguished by individuality. It is not the obvious but what is concealed behind it that he tries to reach, and his search is not only stimulated by a virile personality, but guided and controlled by artistic temperament and training.

The prints by Mr. Eickemeyer include two examples of pure landscape and three of landscape with figures; or, to describe the latter more correctly, two of landscapes with figures and one of a figure with landscape. For when the figure is used in conjunction with landscape we shall always find a predominance of one or the other. Thus in Millet's famous pictures of "The Angelus" and "The Sower," and many others, the artist has had in mind the study of a human subject to which the landscape is a background, but not in the old Italian way. It is part of the grandeur of Millet's pictures that the landscape is intimately associated with the figures; they belong to it, are almost products of it, as Troyon's cattle are of the pastures in which they feed. Several of the Dutch painters, such as Israels, Blommers, and Mauve, in their studies of peasant life have reproduced this relation of fact and sentiment between

man and beast and their surroundings. Their pictures are faithful records of the pathos or simple contentment of the country life; that quiet fulfilling of nature's seasons and human routine of labor out of which grows a harmony that is the poetry of country life. Mr. Eickemeyer has, perhaps, come nearest to the realization of this poetry in "The Return from the Fields." The subject is at any rate well-meant if not thoroughly convincing. The figure is feelingly rendered, the type and character of the old woman very true—by the way, the childlike nature of the country darkies makes them very adaptable models—and there is some relation between the tangled luxuriance of the apparently uncultivated ground and the shiftlessness so characteristic of the negro. I feel, however, a doubt about the way in which she is holding the basket. Could she, or at any rate would she, carry it that way for any considerable distance? It is difficult to escape the feeling of pose; and then the attention paid to the figure and foreground has resulted in a blur of landscape beyond, which fails to connect the back of the picture with the foreground. In "The Road to the Great House," and "The Day's Work Done," shown at the beginning of this paper, the figures play a comparatively subordinate part, though in each case they are connected by sentiment with the subject; more satisfactorily in the former one, for in the latter picture the "values" are again wrong. The distance between the man and the cottage is unexplained, so that they are out of scale with each other, and if he is to get inside it, it will have to be by



By Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

"THE LONELY PATH."

crawling on his hands and knees. These criticisms suggest the difficulty which besets the photographer who attempts to depict the figure in landscape. It is, at least, twofold—consisting, first, in getting spontaneity into the figure, and then in placing it correctly in relation to the distance behind it; but it is a fascinating branch of the art, worthy of satisfactory solution.

I remarked above that Mr. Eickemeyer's landscapes—and I was thinking then of those without figures—are examples of the objective motive, which is satisfied to record nature as it presents itself. This is not entirely true, for a careful study of these prints shows that the landscape means much to him and that he is trying to express his feeling. On the other hand, either his impression is not strong enough or his resources of personal expression are inadequate, for he does not succeed in

making one realize any very great degree of personality. The subjects are charming scenes, but represented, after all, much as anybody might have represented them. One does not realize the hall-mark of an individuality distinctively artistic. They represent the rather obvious, expressed with somewhat more than usual skill.

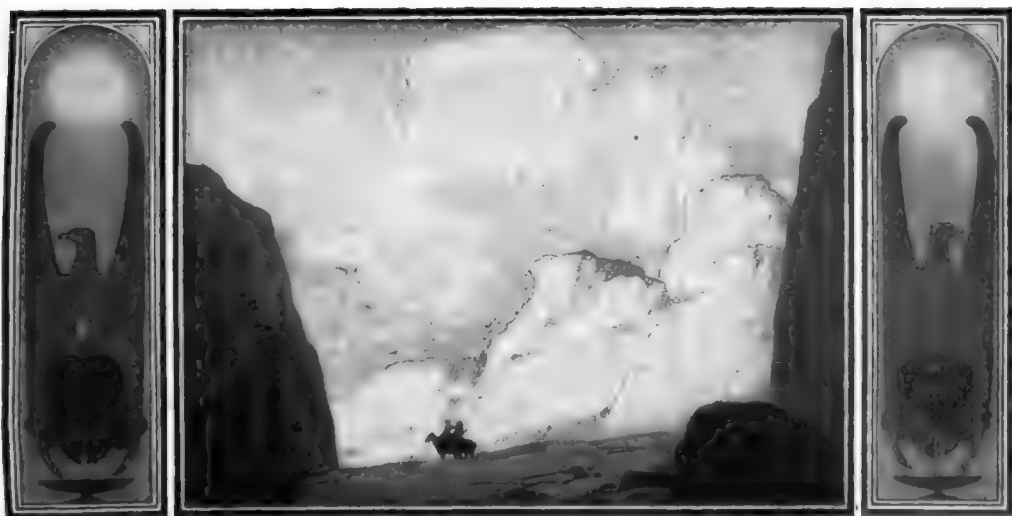
In this ramble over the broad field of landscape a few points stand out with particular distinctness. To make a beautiful picture of landscape, or to appreciate it, something more is needed than a taste for the picturesque: there must be a real love of nature, which leads to close study of it and a growing companionship with its moods and changes. Nature must mean something to our innermost life. When the artist has entered into nature and allowed it to enter

into him, his work, however simple, becomes impregnated with a sincerity that is unmistakable to any careful observer, just as the half-hearted motive of him who is merely trying to take pretty pictures can be at once detected. It is this sincerity that leads the artist to eschew the trivial and seek for the large qualities in a landscape; to feel so deeply the meaning of these that he can communicate the feeling to us and, so, recreate the emotion we might have received if ourselves in the presence of the scene. For the lover of nature can never be satisfied with a mere record of the physical facts; to him there is, as it were, a soul within them, and he looks in pictures for its interpretation. It would not be far wrong to say that landscape art is the real religious art of the present age.



*By Edward J. Steichen.*

"THE ROSE."



## THE PRICE OF THE STAR.

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WALTER TAYLOR.

IN the old geographies there was a picture of a woman in white draperies floating in the air with a telegraph wire uncoiling from her hand. Over the plains behind her steamed a railroad train, and the lately discovered prairies were dotted with farms and villages. In front the Indians and the buffalo fled before her, and on her forehead burned a great white star. Below the picture was the legend, "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

It was some deep inspiration which embodied the westward progress of civilization in that floating woman. The plains behind her bore witness in a little sod-walled home, and many a lower mound, sod-heaped in the creeping buffalo grass.

Of all the men who went into the untracked West for gold or adventure, some found the first and many the last, and all drank its wide freedom as an intoxicating wine. It was a good land to them; turning the sand of its streams and the grass of its hills into coin for their sakes, and its dark pines and gray sage into laurel.

But the women who for love's sake followed or went with the foremost, it was theirs to pay in blood the price of the star, and be for the most part forgotten.

From the grim, drouth-scourged plains of the Kansas that once was, the Kansas of blizzard and grasshoppers and Indian raids, westward to the very sea the new empire took its toll. If waving corn and the smoke of cities sprang up in the track of the white man, they sprang from a soil fertilized with the hearts of women and little children. Well may the land be rich; for rich in love and loyalty and fine patience were the lives it has taken into its bosom.

Once the West ended with New Mexico and began again with California. Between lay a mountain-walled, desert-hedged *terra incognita*—Apache Land, Arizona. Then some one whispered "gold," and she of the star floated up across the horizon.

Crook and his stubborn troopers chased the Apaches to lair, and in their strongholds set adobe lookouts—Camp Verde, Camp Apache, Camp McDowell, and a dozen more—each with its handful of men in blue.

Reluctantly the Indians turned southward from their last retreat in the Mogollons, the beautiful Indian Garden. Over all these dark, sombre mountains, under their forest cloak, are the scars of old fires; brown rifted lava streams, deep cañons black and smooth where the fiery flow dropped down, and



"KNELT IN DUMB AGONY BESIDE HER."

craters, from the bubbled funnel a yard across, to the deep, dark Indian Garden, where the little snow-fed lake at its bottom lies a thousand feet below the sun.

Tall pines and mountain grass cover the park around the lake, and the beetling walls of the dead volcano are green with spice-wood, elderberries, and the sour red squawberries. Blackberries, wild currants, and thorny gooseberries hang in the clefts; mescal and prickly pear dot the pumice slopes and cinder beds, and in the grass below wild strawberries redden in their season. There are fish in the lake, deer, quail, and wild turkeys in the mountains above, and wild geese and ducks dip down for a grateful rest in their bi-yearly journeyings.

An Indian paradise, reached only by one rude trail, down which the wiry ponies scrambled riderless and in single file. Here the Tonto Apaches hid their women and children while they fought with the Navajos to the east, or harried the weaker Supais and Hualpais to the northward; and here they came with their booty, or retreated when hard pressed, and drank tizwin and feasted on baked mescal till the flurry was over and it was safe to venture out.

Their wickiups still stood in clusters under the pines when a man and woman rode over the mountain rim, and halting their horses at the head of the trail looked down. The girl, she was little more, laughed and rose in the saddle, bracing herself with one hand on the shoulder of her taller companion as she peered over the edge.

"This must be the jumping-off place, Jont. You said we were going to heaven." And she dropped back into her seat, still laughing.

"It's the jumping-off place right enough, Sis, and I guess you'll think it's heaven when we get to the bottom," said the tall fellow, slipping out of his saddle and holding his arms up to her. "Come along, Honey; there hasn't been anything bigger than a bear over this trail since we chased the Tontos out last fall, and I reckon it's pretty rough. Put Doll's bridle over the saddle-horn, and let her follow me and old Gray, and you come behind so the rocks won't roll on you. Forward, march! We're going home. Feels good to get on the ground again, don't it?"

The boyish figure swung down the trail with the easy stride of one used to roads where silence and a sure foot are the price

of life. His buckskin shirt and moccasins contrasted sharply with the army-blue trousers and broad sombrero, and the heavy army belt with its brace of pistols that hung at his waist. He was not a soldier, yet for all his youth he had the look of a man who had faced danger and could command.

Back at the post he was known as the best scout of his years in the Southwest—Crook's right-hand man, "as straight as the day is long, and a better trailer than Picacho." Picacho, the Apache renegade of surpassing cunning, who wrote his name in blood across many a page of Arizona history; Picacho, who boasted that he could trail the breath of a white man if he never touched foot to the ground.

At the foot of the trail the girl ran on ahead, peeping into the empty wickiups. "See, Jont, all the houses we want, all ready to move in. I'll have to have a house-cleaning first, though; the Tontos aren't very tidy housekeepers, I think."

The moist earth around the abandoned wickiups was rooted up in ridges, as if a drove of hogs had fed there, and the tule-grass beds and strips of bark that the Indians had left were heaped in ridgy wallows such as hogs love to bed in in winter. A startled "Woof! Woof!" came from the farthest door, and something black and shaggy tumbled out into the bushes.

"Don't, Jont. Don't shoot!" cried the girl, catching his arm. "See, it's a mother!" Two wee brown cubs falling over each other in awkward baby fright followed their mother into the brush.

"They look just like little tricks learning to walk. See that littlest one fall over. I'd as soon you'd kill a baby; and you wouldn't do that, not even an Indian baby."

"No, Sis; but there's plenty that would. Come on, now, and let's get supper, and then I'll show you the ledge; it's right over behind that big malpai dike. Wasn't one of the boys but me thought of prospecting in here."

"Seems 'most too bad to drive the Tontos out of such a home," said the girl, leaning back against the roots of a pine, through whose branches the wind purred a gentle song. The camp-fire crackled and shot up long strips of darker flame here and there as a resinous knot caught in the blaze or the man pelted it with dry cones. The stars seemed like bright, far-away eyes watching above the old crater, and the lake lap-lapped a faint whisper on its shore.

"Well, I don't know, Honey; I can't never forget how them Apaches got maw and little sister. Sis wasn't only a baby; I can see now how she used to catch her fingers in her bits of curls and shake her head at me when we was playing. They hadn't left ary curl when we found her, and her little hands was all over red. That's how-come I grewed up on the trail."

Just behind the big black reef of lava that sheltered the wickiups a ragged backbone of quartz cropped out through the later flow. Every scout and soldier was a prospector in those days, and many are the tales still told of ledges of wonderful richness discovered by scouting parties and hastily concealed till safer times made it possible to return and work them.

With his own keen sight and a knowledge gathered from the miners, Jont had noticed the stringers of float even as he took shelter behind the ledge and fired on the flying Tontos. He managed to bring away a piece or two, and it was the glittering dust in the horn-spoon, where he worked them down, that lured him back with his young bride to seek a fortune in the old Indian camp.

The first summer they lived under the pines, and Jont worked till he was lost to sight in a tunnel in the hillside. The girl wandered up and down, making friends with the deer and rabbits, and finding great thickets of thorny gooseberries torn down where the bear-mother fed her cubs.

With the first snowfall they went back to the post, "back to civilization," as they called the cluster of adobe huts clinging like a little gray hawk to the sand-hills under the shadow of Squaw Peak.

The next year Jont built a tiny log cabin and went deeper into the ledge. Now and then he packed old Gray with ore-sacks, and leaving the girl and the rifle in the lonely valley, took Doll and went over the mountains to the post.

"I saw the General himself this time, Sis," he said, as she watched him unsaddle after the last trip. "He says you're the pluckiest woman in America. He wanted me to take old Victorio's trail, but I told him I was a married man now."

"Oh, Jont, how did he look? I'd like to see him again! Maybe if——"

"Yes, Honey, we'll do it. He's just the same old Crook; same old slouch hat and pepper-and-salt suit; same old smile, too.

He knows; he looked mighty solemn, and made me promise to bring you in the next trip, sure. That Denver expert says the ore's all right. If it is you're going to have a silk dress the first thing, and a new bonnet, and rings for every finger."

"I want a dishpan more than I do a silk dress. Think of it! Here we've been keeping house 'most two years, and nothing to wash dishes in but the frying-pan."

"It is pretty bad; but, anyway, Honey, there ain't many to wash, and a dishpan is a mighty unhandy thing to lug in a hundred miles on a pack-horse. When we sell the mine we'll go and live where dishpans grow, and a rosebush in the front yard. Maw always wanted one so bad. We'll get out of here next month anyway."

The girl was singing as she raked down the coals on the hearth, and set the Dutch oven in a red nest of them, with another pile on the lid.

Jont was late, so late that she ran up the path to the tunnel calling, for the blackberry pie would be spoiled. She peered into the entrance, blinded a moment by the sunlight outside. Somewhere back of the darkness the very whisper of a moan reached her, and she hurried in. As her eyes grew used to the dusk she saw, blocking the way, a great gray slide from the hanging wall, and under it, face forward, hands reached out as if to meet her, lay Jont, white and still.

She did not faint; she never thought of screaming; but her face went white as his own, and her lips took the straight line they had held that other day when a band of fleeing settlers sought refuge in a little way post, only to find it a charred ruin and its keeper prone on the red-stained sand. "My God! what shall we do?" cried a frightened woman, huddling her children in her arms. "Do?" said this white slip of a girl, handling her carbine with a cool skill that sent one brown pursuer reeling from his horse. "Get under cover and fight!"

The line was still in her lips hours later when Jont lay swathed and bandaged in the cabin. "Look at your hands, Honey," he said weakly, and all at once she saw that they were as bruised and torn as his own.

The great October snow of 187— came literally "like a thief in the night." The squirrels that heaped their snug tree-hollows with acorns, and rifled the piñon cones for nuts as early as August, may have known; the first warning to their human companions

came when they woke one morning and found long, slender snow-drifts across the floor, slowly rising as the powdery flakes sifted through the cracks and whirled around the unchinked corners.

Outside the air was one white, palpitating mass. The tall pines stood up ghostly, with limbs bending and needles swept downward under deep cloaks of ermine.

The two in the cabin looked at each other, each choking down the unnamed fear. "And to-day we were to start! Never mind," said the girl bravely; "we can go to-morrow, and your leg will be stronger."

To-morrow it was to-morrow still. Faster and faster, as still and soft as down from the angels' wings the white mass descended. It crept log by log up the cabin; it hemmed the lake in a strange white wall; and Doll and Gray huddled against the house with a dumb appeal for human companionship. Jont pulled himself out on his crutches and cut bundles of quaking-aspen boughs for them to browse on, and soothed them with petting and the old words of the trail.

Day after day they said "To-morrow," and still the old crater seemed like a whirlpool in an ocean of snow. The wind swept down and beat and drifted, and above its howling rose a tiny cry, sharp and keen, from the corner where the girl lay white as the snow that sifted in across her.

Jont knelt in dumb agony beside her, fighting with unskilled hands for the life ebbing so fast. "There, there," she whispered, putting up a weak hand to touch his cheek; "you mustn't take on so; maybe it had to be. And I'd rather go from here where we've been so happy."

How long it was he never knew, but at last that small, insistent cry aroused him. He unclasped the stiffening fingers from his

own, and drew the covers straight around her. She seemed smiling, like one in a happy dream.

Doll came at his call, rubbing a soft nose against his arm, and peering curiously into the cabin as he smoothed the blankets and set the long-unused side-saddle on her back, thinking all the while of the girl, and how she stood up in it that first day with her hand on his shoulder.

In the hollow of the saddle he made a nest of blankets folded over and over the now sleeping child, and lashed them fast. Then he saddled old Gray, and taking up the rifle went out and barred the door without looking back.

At the foot of the trail he dropped Doll's rein on her neck, and looked pleadingly into her dark, gentle eyes. "Doll," he whispered, "you *must* do it."

He fancied she understood, for she bent her head smelling for the buried track, and set her feet as carefully as a mother bearing a sick child, while he crawled ahead up the trail, breaking a way and hacking the snow into steps with his hunting-knife.

It was long after taps of the second day that the guard, pacing his snowy beat in front of the commander's quarters, saw a tired horse floundering up the river trail. "Who goes there?" he called sharply. "A scout for Crook," answered a voice from the darkness, so wild and hoarse that the men within, sitting late around the fire, heard and hurried to the door.

In the streaming light a frost-crustured horse reeled up to the porch, and a gaunt figure, leaning forward, dropped a whimpering bundle into the arms of the Gray Chief himself. "A message for Crook," he said, and tumbled headlong like a bar of lead into the snow.



# A CASTLE ON THE BRANDYWINE.

## A TRAPPING STORY.

BY CHARLES MAJOR,

Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower."

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY BAKER-BAKER.



CHRISTMAS morning the boys awakened early and crept from beneath their warm bearskins in eager anticipation of gifts from Santa Claus. Of course they had long before learned who Santa Claus was, but they loved the story, and in the wisdom of their innocence clung to an illusion which brought them happiness.

The sun had risen upon a scene such as winter only can produce. Surely Aladdin had come to Blue River upon the wings of the Christmas storm, had rubbed his lamp, and lo! the humble cabin was in the heart of a fairyland such as was never conceived by the mind of a genie. Snow lay upon the ground like a soft carpet of white velvet ten inches thick. The boughs of the trees were festooned with a foliage that spring cannot rival. Even the locust trees, which in their pride of blossom cry out in June-time for our admiration, seemed to say, "See what we can do in winter;" and the sycamores and beech drooped their branches, as if to call attention to their winter flowers given by that rarest of artists, Jack Frost.

The boys quickly donned their heavy buckskin clothing and moccasins, and climbed down the pole to the room where their father and mother were sleeping. Jim awakened his parents with a cry of "Christmas Gift," but Balser's attention was attracted to a barrel standing by the fireplace, which his father had brought from Brookville, and into which the boys had not been permitted to look the night before. Balser had a shrewd suspicion of what the barrel contained, and his delight knew no bounds when he found, as he had hoped, that it was filled with steel traps of the size used to catch beavers, coons, and foxes.

Since he had owned a gun, Balser's great

desire had been to possess a number of traps. As I have already told you, the pelts of animals taken in winter are of great value, and our little hero longed to begin life on his own account as a hunter and trapper.

I might tell you of the joyous Christmas morning in the humble cabin when the gifts which Mr. Brent had brought from Brookville were distributed. I might tell you of the new gown for mother, of the bright red mufflers, of the shoes for Sunday wear, and the "store" caps for the boys, to be used upon holiday occasions. I might tell you of the candies and nuts, and of the rarest of all the gifts, an orange for each member of the family, for that fruit had never before been seen upon Blue River. But I must take you to the castle on Brandywine.

You may wonder how there came to be a castle in the wilderness on Brandywine, but I am sure, when you learn about it, you will declare that it was fairer than any castle ever built of mortar and stone, and that the adventures which befell our little heroes were as glorious as ever fell to the lot of spurred and belted knight.

Immediately after breakfast, when the chores had all been finished, Balser and Jim started down the river to visit Liney and Tom. Balser carried with him two Christmas presents for his friends—a steel trap for Tom, and the orange which his father had brought him from Brookville for Liney.

I might also tell you of Tom's delight when he received the trap, and of Liney's smile of pleasure, worth all the oranges in the world, when she received her present; and I might tell you how she divided the orange into pieces, and gave one to each of the family, and how, after it had all been eaten, tears came to her bright eyes when she learned that Balser had not tasted the fruit. I might tell you much more that

would be interesting, and show you how good and true and gentle were these honest, simple folk, but I must drop it all and begin my story.

Balser told Tom about the traps, and a trapping expedition was quickly agreed upon between the boys.

The next day Tom went to visit Balser, and for three or four days the boys were busily engaged in making two sleds upon which to carry provisions for their campaign. The sleds when finished were each about two feet broad and six feet long. They were made of elm, and were very strong, and were so light that when loaded the boys could easily draw them over the snow. By the time the sleds were finished the snow was hard, and everything was ready for the moving of the expedition.

First, the traps were packed. Then provisions, consisting of sweet potatoes, a great lump of maple sugar, a dozen loaves of white bread, two or three gourds full of butter, a side of bacon, a bag of meal, a large piece of bear meat for the dogs, and a number of other articles and simple utensils such as the boys would need in cooking, were loaded upon the sleds. They took with them no meat other than bacon, and the bear meat for the dogs, for they knew they could make traps from the boughs of trees in which they could catch quail and pheasants, and were sure to be able, in an hour's hunting, to provide enough venison to supply their wants for a much longer time than they would remain in camp. There were also wild turkeys to be killed, and fish to be caught through openings which the boys would make in the ice of the creek.

Over the loaded sleds they spread woolly bearskins to be used for beds and covering during the cold nights, and they also took with them a number of tanned deerskins, with which to carpet the floor of their castle and to close its doors and windows. Tom took with him his wonderful hatchet,



EN ROUTE FOR THE CASTLE.

an axe, and his father's rifle. Axe, hatchets, and knives had been sharpened, and bullets had been moulded in such vast numbers that one would have thought the boys were going to war. Powder horns were filled, and a can of that precious article was placed carefully upon each of the sleds.

Bright and early one morning Balser, Tom, and Jim, and last, but by no means least, Tige and Prince, crossed

Blue River, and started in a northwestern direction toward a point on Brandywine where a number of beaver dams were known to exist, ten miles distant from the Brent cabin.

Tom and Tige drew one of the sleds, and Balser and Prince drew the other. During the first part of the trip, Jim would now and then lend a helping hand, but toward the latter end of the journey he said he thought it would be better for him to ride upon one of the sleds to keep the load from falling off. Balser and Tom, however, did not agree with him, nor did the dogs, so Jim walked behind and grumbled, and had his grumbling for his pains, as is usually the case with grumblers.

Two or three hours before sunset the boys reached Brandywine, a babbling little creek in springtime, winding its crooked rippling way through overhanging boughs of water-elm, sycamore, and willows, but, at the time of our heroes' expedition, frozen over with the mail of winter. It is in small creeks, such as Brandywine, that beavers love to make their dams.

Our little caravan upon reaching Brandywine at once took to the ice and started up stream along its winding course.

Jim had grown tired. "I don't believe you fellows know where you're going," said he. "I don't see any place to camp."

"You'll see it pretty quickly," said Balser; and when they turned a bend in the creek they beheld a huge sycamore springing

from a little valley that led down to the water's edge.

"There's our home," said Balser.

The sycamore was hollow, and at its roots was an opening for a doorway.

Upon beholding the tree Jim gave a cry of delight, and was for entering their new home at once, but Balser held him back and sent in the dogs as an exploring advance guard. Soon the dogs came out and informed the boys that everything within the tree was all right, and Balser and Tom and Jim stooped low and entered upon the possession of their castle on Brandywine.

The first task was to sweep out the dust and dry leaves. This the boys did with bundles of twigs rudely fashioned into brooms. The dry leaves and small tufts of black hair gave evidence all too strongly that the castle which the boys had captured was the home of some baron bear who had incautiously left his stronghold unguarded. Jim spoke of this fact with unpleasant emphasis, and was ready to "bet" that the bear would come back when they were all asleep, and would take possession of his castle and devour the intruders.

"What will you bet?" said Tom.

"I didn't say I would bet anything. I just said I'd bet, and you'll see I'm right," returned Jim.

Balser and Tom well knew that Jim's prophecy might easily come true, but they had faith in the watchfulness of their sentinels, Tige and Prince, and the moon being at its full, they hoped rather than feared that his bearship might return, and were confident that, in case he did, his danger would be greater than theirs.

After the castle floor had been carefully swept, the boys carried in the deer-skins and spread them on the ground for a carpet. The bearskins were then taken in, and the beds were made;

traps, guns, and provisions were stored away, and the sleds were drawn around to one side of the door and placed, leaning against the tree.

The boys were hungry, and Jim insisted that supper should be prepared at once; but Tom, having made several trips around the tree, remarked mysteriously that he had a plan of his own. He said there was a great deal of work to be done before sundown, and that supper could be eaten after dark when they could not work. Tom was right, for the night gave promise of bitter cold.

Limpy did not tell his plans at once, but soon they were developed.

The hollow in the tree in which the boys had made their home was almost circular in form. It was at least ten or eleven feet in diameter, and extended up into the tree twenty or thirty feet. Springing from the same root, and a part of the parent tree, grew two large sprouts or branches, which at a little distance looked like separate trees. They were, however, each connected with the larger tree, and the three formed one.

"What on earth are you pounding at that tree for?" asked Jim, while Tom was striking one of the smaller trees with the butt end of the hatchet, and listening intently as if he expected to hear a response.

Tom did not reply to Jim, but in a moment entered the main tree with axe in hand, and soon Balser and Jim heard him chopping.

The two boys at once followed Tom, to learn what their eccentric companion was doing. Tom did not respond to their questions, but after he had chopped vigorously for a few minutes the result of his work gave them an answer, for he soon cut an opening into the smaller tree, which was also hollow. Tom had dis-



THE CASTLE ON THE BRANDYWINE.

covered the hollow by striking the tree with his hatchet. In fact, Tom was a genius after his own peculiar pattern.

The newly discovered hollow proved to be three or four feet in diameter, and, like that in the larger tree, extended to a considerable height. After Tom had made the opening between the trees, he sat upon the ground, and with his hatchet hewed it to an oval shape, two feet high and two feet broad.

Jim could not imagine why Tom had taken so much trouble to add another room to their house, which was already large enough. But when Tom, having finished the opening upon the inside, went out and began to climb the smaller tree with the help of a few low, growing branches, the youngest member of the expedition became fully convinced in his own mind that the second in command was out of his head entirely. When Tom, having climbed to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, began to chop with his hatchet, Jim remarked, in most emphatic language, that he thought "a fellow who would chop at a sycamore tree just for the sake of making chips, when he might be eating his supper, was too big a fool to live."

Tom did not respond to Jim's sarcasm, but persevered in his chopping until he had made an opening at the point to which he had climbed. Balser had quickly guessed the object of Tom's mighty labors, but he did not enlighten Jim. He had gone to other work, and by the time Tom had made the opening from the outside of the smaller tree, had collected a pile of firewood, and had carried several loads of it into the castle. Then Tom came down, and Jim quickly followed him into the large tree, for by that time his mysterious movements were full of interest to the little fellow.

Now what do you suppose was Tom's object in wasting so much time and energy with his axe and hatchet?

A fireplace.

You will at once understand that the opening which Tom had cut in the tree at the height of twelve or fifteen feet was for the purpose of making a chimney through which the smoke might escape.

The boys kindled a fire, and in a few minutes there was a cheery blaze in their fireplace that lighted up the room and made "everything look just like home," Jim said.

Then Jim went outside and gave a great

hurrah of delight when he saw the smoke issuing from the chimney that ingenious Tom had made with his hatchet.

Jim watched the smoke for a few moments, and then walked around the tree to survey the premises. The result of his survey was the discovery of a hollow in the third tree of their castle, and when he informed Balser and Tom of the important fact, it was agreed that the room which Jim had found should be prepared for Tige and Prince. The dogs were not fastidious, and a sleeping-place was soon made for them entirely to their satisfaction.

Meantime the fire was blazing and crackling in the fireplace, and the boys began to prepare supper. They had not had time to kill game, so they fried a few pieces of bacon and a dozen eggs, of which they had brought a good supply, and roasted a few sweet potatoes in the ashes. Then they made an opening in the ice from which they drew a bucketful of sparkling ice-water, and when all was ready they sat down to supper, served with the rarest of all dressings, appetite sauce, and at least one of the party, Jim, was happy as a boy could be.

The dogs then received their supper of bear meat.

The members of the expedition, from the commanding officer Balser to the high privates Tige and Prince, were very tired after their hard day's work, and when Tom and Balser showed the dogs their sleeping-place, they curled up close to each other and soon were in the land of dog dreams.

By the time supper was finished night had fallen, and while Tom and Balser were engaged in stretching a deerskin across the door to exclude the cold air, Jim crept between the bearskins and soon was sound asleep, dreaming no doubt of suppers and dinners and breakfasts, and scolding in his dreams like the veritable little grumbler that he was. A great bed of embers had accumulated in the fireplace, and upon them Balser placed a hickory knot for the purpose of retaining fire till morning, and then he covered the fire with ashes.

After all was ready Balser and Tom crept in between the bearskins, and lying spoon-fashion, one on each side of Jim, lost no time in making a rapid, happy journey to the land of Nod.

Tom slept next to the wall; next to Tom lay Jim, and next to Jim was Balser. The boys were lying with their feet to the fire,



"BALSER HESITATED TO FIRE, FEARING THAT HE MIGHT KILL TOM OR ONE OF THE DOGS."

and upon the opposite side of the room was the doorway closed by the deerskin, of which I have already told you.

Of course they went to bed "all standing," as sailors say when they lie down to sleep with their clothing on, for the weather was cold, and the buckskin clothing and moccasins were soft and pleasant to sleep in, and would materially assist the bearskins in keeping the boys warm.

It must have been a pretty sight in the last flickering light of the smouldering fire to see the three boys huddled closely together covered by the bearskins. I have no doubt had you seen them upon that night they would have appeared to you like a sleeping bear. In fact, before the night was over they did appear to—but I must not go ahead of my story.

The swift-winged hours of darkness sped like moments to the sleeping boys. The smouldering coals in the fireplace were black and lustreless. The night wind softly moaned through the branches of the sycamore, and sighed as it swept the bare limbs of the willows and the rustling tops of the underbrush. Jack Frost was silently at work, and the cold, clear air seemed to

glitter in the moonlight. It was an hour past midnight. Had the boys been awake and listening, or had Tige and Prince been attending to their duties as sentinels, they would have heard a crisp noise of footsteps, as the icy surface of the snow cracked, and as dead twigs broke beneath a heavy weight. Ah, could the boys but awaken! Could the dogs be aroused but for one instant from their deep lethargy of slumber!

Balser! Tom! Jim! Tige! Prince! Awaken! Awaken!

On comes the heavy footfall, cautiously. As it approaches the castle a few hurried steps are taken, and the black, awkward form lifts his head and sniffs the air for signs of danger.

The baron has returned to claim his own, and Jim's prophecy, at least in part, has come true. The tracks upon the snow left by the boys and dogs, and the sleds leaning against the tree, excite the bear's suspicion, and he stands like a statue for five minutes trying to make up his mind whether or not he shall enter his old domain. The memory of his cozy home tempts him, and he cautiously walks to the doorway of his house. The deerskin stretched across the

opening surprises him, and he carefully examines it with the aid of his chief counsellor, his nose. Then he thrusts it aside with his head and enters.

He sees the boys on the opposite side of the tree, and doubtless fancies that his mate has gotten home before him, so he complacently lies down beside the bearskins, and soon he, too, is in the land of bear dreams.

When a bear sleeps he snores, and the first loud snort from the baron's nostrils aroused Balser. At first Balser's mind was in confusion, and he thought that he was at home. In a moment, however, he remembered where he was, and waited in the darkness for a repetition of the sound that had awakened him. Soon it came again, and Balser in his drowsiness fancied that Tom had changed his place and was lying beside him, though never in all his life had he heard such sounds proceed from Limpy's nose. So he reached out his hand, and at once was undeceived, for he touched the bear, and at last Balser was awake. The boy's hair seemed to stand erect upon his head, and his blood grew cold in his veins as he realized the terrible situation. All was darkness. The guns, hatchets, and knives were upon the opposite side of the tree, and to reach them or to reach the doorway Balser would have to climb over the bear. Cold as the night was, perspiration sprang from every pore of his skin, and terror took possession of him such as he had never before known. It seemed a long time that he lay there, but it could not have been more than a few seconds until the bear gave forth another snort, and Tom raised up from his side of the bed and said: "Balser, for goodness' sake stop snoring. The noise you make would bring a dead man to life."

Tom's voice aroused the bear, and it immediately rose upon its haunches with a deep growl that seemed to shake the tree. Then Jim awakened and began to scream. At the same instant Tige and Prince entered the tree, and a fight at once ensued between the bear and dogs. The bear was as badly frightened as the boys, and when it and the dogs ran about the room the boys were thrown to the ground and trampled upon.

The beast, in his desperate effort to escape, ran into the fireplace and scattered the coals and ashes. As he could not escape through the fireplace, he backed into the room, and again made the rounds of the tree with the dogs at his heels. Again the

boys were knocked about as if they were ninepins. They made an effort to reach the door, but all I have told you about took place so quickly, and the darkness was so intense, that they failed to escape. Meantime the fight between the dogs and the bear went on furiously, and the barking, yelping, growling, and snarling made a noise that was deafening. Balser lifted Jim to his arms and tried to save him from injury, but his efforts were of small avail, for with each plunge of the bear the boys were thrown to the ground or dashed against the tree, until it seemed that there was not a spot upon their bodies that was not bruised and scratched. At last, after a minute or two of awful struggle and turmoil—a minute or two that seemed hours to the boys—the bear made his exit through the door followed closely by Tige and Prince, who clung to him with a persistency not to be shaken off.

You may be sure that the boys lost no time in making their exit, also. Their first thoughts, of course, were of each other, and when Balser learned that Jim and Tom had received no serious injury, he quickly turned his head in the direction whence the bear and dogs had gone, and saw them at a point in the bend of the creek not fifty yards away. The bear had come to bay, and the dogs were in front of him, at a safe distance, barking furiously. Then Balser's courage returned, and he hastily went into the tree, brought out his carbine, and hurried toward the scene of conflict. The moon was at its full, and the snow upon the trees and upon the ground helped to make the night almost as light as day. The bear was sitting erect upon his haunches hurling defiant growls at the dogs, and when Balser approached him, the brute presented his breast as a fair mark. Tom also fetched his gun and followed closely at Balser's heels. The attention of the bear was so occupied with the dogs that he gave no heed to the boys, and they easily approached him to within a distance of five or six yards. Tom and Balser stood for a moment or two with their guns ready to fire, and Balser said: "Tom, you shoot first. I'll watch carefully, and hold my fire until the bear makes a rush, should you fail to kill him."

Much to Balser's surprise, Tom quickly and fearlessly took three or four steps toward the bear, and when he lifted his father's long gun to fire, the end of it was within three yards of the bear's breast.

Balser held his ground, much frightened at Tom's reckless bravery, but did not dare to speak. When Tom fired, the bear gave forth a fearful growl, and sprang like a wildcat right upon the boy. Tom fell to the ground upon his back, and the bear stood over him. The dogs quickly made an attack, and Balser hesitated to fire, fearing that he might kill Tom or one of the dogs. Then came Jim, who rushed past Balser toward Tom and the bear, and if Jim's courage had ever before been doubted, all such doubts were upon that night removed forever. The little fellow carried in his hand Tom's hatchet, and without fear or hesitancy he ran to the bear and began to strike him with all his little might. Meantime poor, prostrate Tom was crying piteously for help, and now that Jim was added to the group, it seemed impossible for Balser to fire at the bear. But no time was to be lost. If Balser did not shoot, Tom certainly would be killed in less than ten seconds. So without stopping to take thought, and upon the impulse of one of those rare intuitions under the influence of which persons move so accurately, Balser lifted his gun to his shoulder. He could see the bear's head plainly as it swayed from side to side, just over Tom's throat, and it seemed that he could not miss his aim. Almost without looking, he pulled the trigger. He felt the rebound of the gun and heard the report breaking the heavy silence of the night. Then he dropped the gun upon the snow, and covered his face with his hands, fearing to see the result of his shot. He stood for a moment trembling. The dogs had stopped barking; the bear had stopped growling; Jim had ceased to cry out; Tom had ceased his call for help, and the deep silence rested upon Balser's heart like a load of lead. He could not take his hands from his face. After a moment he felt Jim's little hand upon his arm, and Tom said, as he drew himself from beneath the bear: "Balser, there's no man or boy living but you could have made that shot in the moonlight."

Then Balser knew that he had killed the bear, and he sank upon the snow and wept as if his heart would break.

Notwithstanding the intense cold, the excitement of battle had made the boys unconscious of it, and Tom and Jim stood by Balser's side as he sat upon the snow, and they did not feel the sting of the night.

Poor little Jim, who was so given to grumbling, much to the surprise of his companions fell upon his knees and said: "Don't cry, Balser, don't cry," although the tears were falling over the little fellow's own cheeks. "Don't cry any more, Balser, the bear is dead all over. I heard the bullet whiz past my ears, and I heard it strike the bear's head just as plain as you can hear that owl hoot; and then I knew that you had saved Tom and me, because nobody can shoot as well as you can."

The little fellow's tenderness and his pride in Balser seemed all the sweeter, because it sprang from his childish gruffness.

Tom and Jim helped Balser to his feet, and they went over to the spot where the bear was lying stone dead with Balser's bullet in his brain. The dogs were sniffing at the dead bear, and the monster brute lay upon the snow in the moonlight, and looked like a huge incarnate fiend.

After examining him for a moment the boys slowly walked back to the tree. When they had entered they raked the coals together, put on an armful of wood, called in the dogs to share their comfort, hung up the deerskin at the door, drew the bear-skins in front of the fire, and sat down to talk and think, since there was no sleep left in their eyes for the rest of that night.

After a long silence Jim said: "I told you he'd come back."

"But he didn't eat us," replied Tom, determined that Jim should not be right in everything.

"He'd have eaten you, Limpy Fox, if Balser hadn't been the best shot in the world."

"That's what he would," answered Tom, half inclined to cry.

"Nonsense," said Balser, "anybody could have done it."

"Well, I reckon not," said Jim. "Me and Tom and the dogs and the bear was as thick as six in a bed, and honest, Balser, I think you had to shoot around a curve to miss us all but the bear."

After a few minutes Jim said: "Golly! wasn't that an awful fight we had in here before the bear got out?"

"Yes, it was," returned Balser seriously.

"Well, I'd rather think it was," continued Jim. "Honestly, fellows, I ran around this here room so fast for awhile, that—that I could see my own back, most of the time."

Balser and Tom laughed, and Tom said: "Jim, if you keep on improving you'll be a bigger liar than that fellow in the Bible before you're half his age."

Then the boys lapsed into silence, and the dogs lay stretched before the fire till the welcome sun began to climb the hill of the sky and spread his blessed tints of gray and blue and pink and red, followed by the glorious flood of day.

After breakfast the boys skinned the bear and cut his carcass into small pieces—that is, such portions of it as they cared to keep. They hung the bearskin and meat upon the branches of their castle beyond the reach of wolves and foxes, and they gave to Tige and Prince each a piece of meat that made their sides stand out with fulness.

The saving of the bear meat and skin consumed most of the morning, and at noon the boys took a loin steak from the bear and broiled it upon the coals for dinner. After dinner they began the real work of the expedition by preparing to set the traps.

When all was ready they started up the creek, each boy carrying a load of traps over his shoulder. At a distance of a little more than half a mile from the castle they found a beaver dam stretching across the creek, and at the water's edge near each end of the dam they saw numberless tracks made by the little animals whose precious pelts they were so anxious to obtain.

I should like to tell you of the marvellous home of that wonderful little animal the beaver, and of his curious habits and instincts; how he chops wood and digs into the ground and plasters his home, under the water, with mud, using his tail for shovel and trowel. But all that you may learn from any book on natural history, and I assure you it will be found interesting reading.

The boys placed five or six traps upon the beaver paths on each side of the creek, and then continued their journey up stream

until they found a little opening in the ice down to which, from the bank above, ran a well-beaten path, telling plainly of the many kinds of animals that had been going there to drink. There they set a few traps and baited them with small pieces of bear meat, and then they returned home, intending to visit the traps next morning at an early hour and hoping to reap a rich harvest of pelts.

When the boys reached home it lacked little more than an hour of sunset; but the young fellows had recovered from the excitement of the night before, which had somewhat destroyed their appetites for breakfast and dinner, and by the time they had returned from setting their traps those

same appetites were asserting themselves with a vigor that showed plainly enough a fixed determination to make up for lost time.

"How would a wild turkey or a venison steak taste for supper?" asked Balser.

Jim simply looked up at him with a greedy, hungry expression, and exclaimed the one word—"Taste?"

"Well, I'll go down the creek a little way and see

what I can find. You fellows stay here and build a fire, so that we can have a fine bed of coals when I return."

Balser shouldered his gun and went down the creek to find his supper. He did not take the dogs, for he hoped to kill a wild turkey, and dogs are apt to bark in the pursuit of squirrels and rabbits, thereby frightening the turkey, which is a shy and wary bird.

When the boy had travelled quite a long distance down stream, he began to fear that, after all, he should be compelled to content himself with a rabbit or two for supper. So he turned homeward and scanned the woods carefully for the humble game, that he might not go home entirely empty-handed.

Upon his journey down the creek, rabbits



"ESPIED A DOE AND A PAWN STANDING UPON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE CREEK."

had sprung up on every side of him, but now that he wanted a pair for supper they all had mysteriously disappeared, and he feared that he and the boys and the dogs would be compelled to content themselves with bear meat.

When the boy was within a few hundred yards of home, and had almost despaired of obtaining even a rabbit, he espied a doe and a fawn, standing upon the opposite side of the creek at a distance of sixty or seventy yards, watching him intently with their great brown eyes, so full of fatal curiosity. Balser imitated the cry of the fawn, and held the attention of the doe until he was enabled to lessen the distance by fifteen or twenty yards. Then he shot the fawn, knowing that if he did so, its mother, the doe, would run for a short distance and would return to the fawn. In the meantime Balser would load his gun and would kill the doe when she returned. And so it happened that the doe and the fawn each fell a victim to our hunter's skill. Balser threw the fawn over his shoulder and carried it to the castle; then the boys took one of the sleds and fetched home the doe.

They hung the doe high up on the branches of the sycamore, and cut the fawn into small pieces, which they put upon the ice of the creek and covered with snow, that the meat might quickly cool. The bed of coals was ready, and the boys were ready, too, you may be sure.

Soon the fawn meat cooled, and soon each boy was devouring a savory piece that had been broiled upon the coals.

After supper the boys again built a fire and sat before it talking of the events of the day, and wondering how many beavers, foxes, coons, and muskrats they would find in their traps next morning.

As the fire died down drowsiness stole over our trappers, who were in the habit of going to bed soon after sunset, and they again crept in between the bearskins with

Jim in the middle. They, however, took the precaution to keep Tige and Prince in the same room with them, and the boys slept that night without fear of intrusion.

Next morning bright and early the boys hurried up the creek to examine their traps, and greatly to their joy found five beavers and several minks, coons, and muskrats safely captured. Near one of the traps was the foot of a fox, which its possessor had bitten off in the night when he learned that he could not free it from the cruel steel.

The boys killed the animals they had caught by striking them on the head with a heavy club, which method of inflicting death did not damage the pelts as a sharp instrument or bullet would have done. After resetting the traps, our hunters placed the game upon the sled and hurried home to their castle, where the pelts were carefully removed, stretched upon forked sticks, and hung up to dry.

Our heroes remained in camp for ten or twelve days, and each morning brought them a fine supply of fur. They awakened each morning with the sun, and ate their breakfast of broiled venison, fish, or quail, with now and then a rabbit. Upon one occasion they had the breast of a wild turkey. They sought the traps, took the game, prepared the pelts, ate their dinners and suppers of broiled meats and baked sweet potatoes, and slumbered cozily beneath their warm bearskins till morning.

One day Balser noticed that the snow was melting and was falling from the trees. He and his companions had taken enough pelts to make a heavy load upon each of the sleds. They feared that the weather might suddenly grow warm and that the snow might disappear. So they leisurely packed the pelts and their belongings, and next morning started for home on Blue River, the richest, happiest boys in the settlement.



THE "PIRUT."



A. B. APPLETON, "PIRUT."

BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

ABBOTT B. APPLETON went to the fair  
(Sing hey! for the wind among his whisk-  
ers),  
Saw curious "dewin's" while he was down  
there  
'Mongst the gamblers, the sports, and the  
friskers.  
He carried his bills in a wallet laid flat—  
An old-fashioned calf-skin as black as your hat;  
He was feeling so well he was easy to touch—  
Then he hadn't as much; no, there wasn't as  
much.  
He noticed a crowd 'round a pleasant-faced  
man  
Whose business seemed based on a curious  
plan;  
He asked for a quarter from each in the crowd,  
Put the coin in his hat, and he forthwith al-  
lowed  
That simply to advertise he would restore  
His quarter to each, adding three quarters  
more.  
Now Abbott B. Appleton he did invest—  
Anxious to share in these spoils with the rest.  
Man asked for ten dollars, and Abbott, said he:  
"Why, sartin! And then we'll git thutty  
back free."





But the man who was running the charity game  
Informed him it didn't work always the same,  
And Abbott B. Appleton got for his ten  
A smile—and the man didn't play it again.  
Then Abbott, in order to make himself  
square,

Got after the rest of the snides at the fair.  
He hunted the pea, but he never could tell  
When "the darned little critter" was under  
the shell.

He shot at a peg with the big, swinging ball,  
Five dollars a shot—didn't hit it at all.  
And he finally found himself "gone all to  
smash,"

With wisdom, a lot—and two dollars in cash.

Abbott B. Appleton cursed at the fair  
(Sing fie! for a man who 'tended meetin'),  
And he said to himself, "Gaul swat it, I  
swear

Them games is just rigged up for beatin'.  
I thought they was honest down here in this  
town;

I swow if I hadn't I wouldn't come down;  
But if cheatin's their caper I guess there's  
idees

That folks up in Augerville have, if ye please.  
I'm a pretty straight man when they use me  
all square,

But I'm pirut myself at a Pirut-town fair.  
I won't pick their pockets to git back that  
dough,

But I reckon I'll giv' 'em an Augerville  
show."

Abbott B. Appleton "barked" at the fair  
(Sing sakes! how the people they did  
gather),

And his cross-the-lot voice it did bellow  
and blare

Till it seemed that his lungs were of  
leather.

He said that he had there inside of his pen  
Most singular fowl ever heard of by men:

"The Giant Americanized Cock-a-too,"





With his feathers, some red and some white,  
and some blue.  
He promised if ever its like lived before  
He'd give back their money right there at the  
door.  
Then he vowed that the sight of the age was  
within.  
" 'Twill never," he shouted, " be seen here  
agin.  
'Tis an infant white annercononda, jest brought  
From the African wilds, where it lately was  
caught.  
The only one ever heern tell of before,  
All wild and untamed, from that far foreign  
shore."



Abbott B. Appleton raked in the tin.  
(Sing chink! for the money that he salted.)  
Then he opened the gates and he let 'em all  
in,  
And then—well, then Abbott defaulted.  
It was time that he did, for the people had  
found  
Just a scared Brahma hen squatting there  
on the ground;  
Her plumage was decked, in a way to sur-  
prise,  
With turkey-tail streamers all colored with  
dyes;  
And above, on a placard, this sign in plain  
sight:  
"There's nothin' else like her. I trimmed  
her last night."  
In a little cracked flask was an angle-worm  
curled—  
"Young annercononda, sole one in the  
world."  
And another sign stated, "He's small, I sup-  
pose,  
But if he hain't big enough, wait till he  
grows."  
And Abbott B. Appleton, speeding afar,  
Was counting his roll in a hurrying car,  
Saying still, "As a general rule I'm all  
square,  
But I'm pirut myself at a Pirut-town fair."





## THE BIGGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD—THE SIMPLON.

A NEW WAY INTO SOUTHERN EUROPE; BORING BY RAIL THROUGH TWELVE AND ONE-HALF MILES OF MOUNTAIN ROCK.

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

THE ancients believed that if they sailed over the seas far enough they would tumble off. By the same reasoning, if they bored into the earth deep enough they would come upon the devil. So they did not dig railroad tunnels in those days. The same superstitious fear will even grapple hold of a modern, if, for instance, he is on a construction train and goes bumping along minute after minute into the awful subterranean night of the Simplon. He feels himself drawn the more out of the world because the more into it. He cannot see anything, for all is black and terrible. His soul is an atom lost in the infinity of unlit space. Clammy drippings touch his flesh, and only then does he know that he is still incarnate. He speeds on and on into the

dreadful nowhere, and, in a quiver of panic almost, he realizes that terror of the supernatural can be the most natural of man's weaknesses. He shudders involuntarily, for must they not plunge into some lurid depth of the inferno! Else, where can they go? He strains his eyes against the darkness and hopes for the quick glad burst into the valleys where the sun shines. But the Simplon, this longest of all the tunnels in the world, has no outlet as yet. So the train stops at last, and he is left there under the mountain.

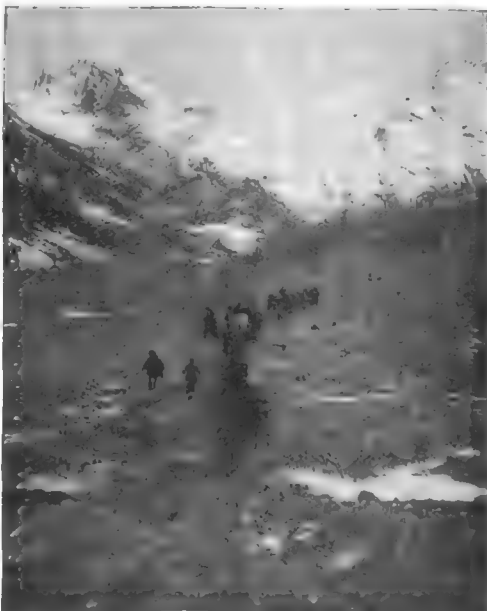
Now, as to why the Simplon should be dug at all, the situation is this: Like certain armies of the past, there are some railway trains which just must get into Italy; and then, with the logic of a Hannibal, they



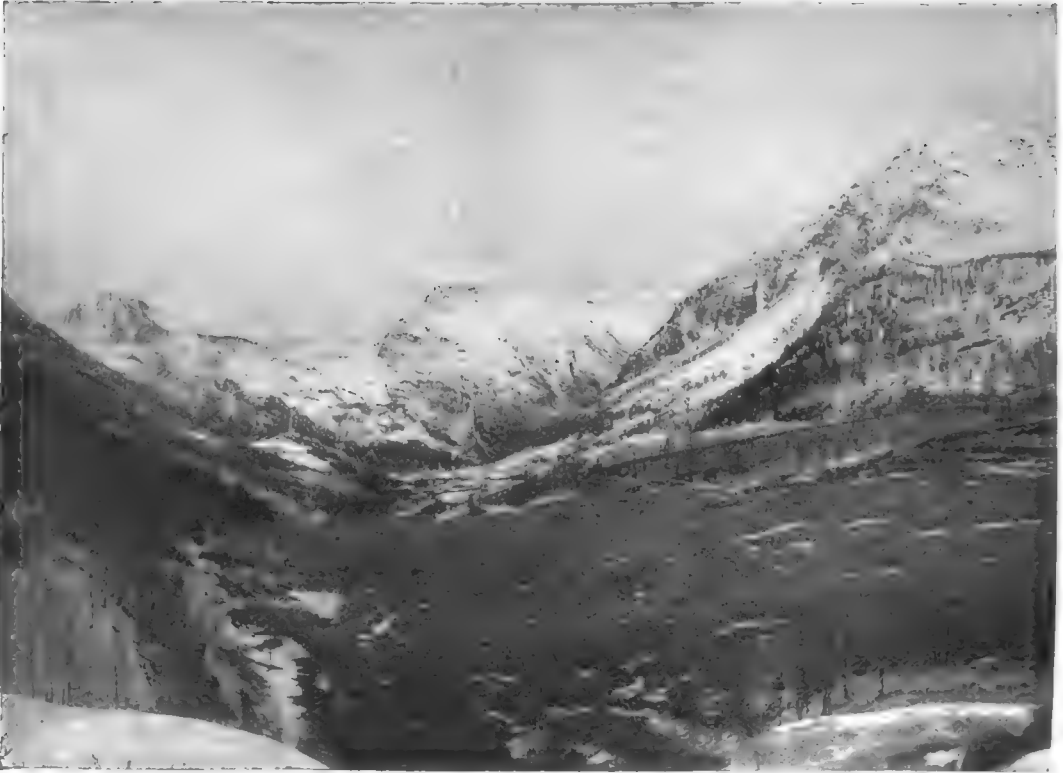
THREE MOUNTED DRILLING MACHINES NEARLY THREE MILES INTO THE MOUNTAIN. THE ENGINEER IN THE FOREGROUND WAS THE WRITER'S GUIDE.

must get out again. Take the trains of the Jura-Simplon system for example. They leave Lake Geneva behind and go rolling steadily up the valley of the Rhône, finding their way among the mountains as best they can. But the mountains come closer and closer, and at last hem in the path altogether. This happens at Brig, an Alpine village of Cæsaric legends. Only twenty kilometers away, twelve miles and a half, lies Italy. But these are twenty kilometers of a towering, tumbling mass of mountain rock. And yet exactly here is the one point in commercial strategy for the mutual invasion of Northern Europe and the Latin peninsula. How to operate from this point, though, is a harder question. There is, of course, the wild and famous Simplon Pass between Brig and Iselle, which the seventy guardsmen of the Stockalpers used to defend in the old days. Poets have had a great deal to say about this Pass and the ride by stage and sledge from the rugged majesty of Switzerland into the luxuriant peace and beauty of Italy. There too the mountains play their tragedies of glacier and avalanche. In 1597 the village of Simplon was destroyed, and almost again

only last March, when a vast fall of ice crashed from a suspended glacier over the Simplon route and the Krumbach torrent.



SCENE ON THE SIMPLON PASS AFTER THE AVALANCHE.



PANORAMA OF THE SIMPLON PASS, SHOWING

The sliding mass was five miles long, nearly a mile wide, and twenty-five yards thick—millions of cubic feet of ice, meaning loss inestimable to forests, pasturage, and country. Yes, the Simplon Pass is something grand in all its aspects, and the traveller will lose a scenic treat when the tunnel is built. However, it can be spared, for in Switzerland there is still more scenery than hotels. And, besides, freight and pocket-books have no eyes, and the tunnel will save for both, for it costs less to travel for twenty minutes than for nine hours, and this will be the difference between the tunnel and the Simplon Pass.

For many years now the railroad has stopped short at Brig, while men looked at the twelve and a half miles of mountain and figured how to do away with it. Some wanted to go right on up with the rails. Others would have gone half-way up and then dug. There were several scores of plans, but finally the most costly and most daring, and yet the simplest, was chosen—namely, to go right through. So this last and permanent plan is an evolution from

fifty years of surveying, drafting, calculating, correcting. The men who did it are lost in the powerful corporation for which they worked, the Jura-Simplon. In 1891 the plan was submitted to the Swiss government, and then the Swiss government talked it over with the Italian government. Both accepted the proposition, granted concessions, and in 1896 ratified a treaty for having the tunnel between them. It was one side of that paradox of nations—to get to one another and to keep one another out. Next came the question of money. The cost of a single-track tunnel with a parallel ventilating tunnel would be seventy million francs (about fourteen million dollars). Sixty millions of this was loaned by a syndicate of Canton banks on  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. bonds guaranteed by the Swiss Confederation. The Confederation also gave a subsidy of four and a half million francs, and Italy granted an annual subsidy of sixty-six thousand liras (\$12,540). Swiss parties subscribed 10,500,000 francs more, and Italian parties four million liras.

At once the Jura-Simplon let out the con-



THE ENTIRE SCENE OF THE AVALANCHE.

tract for building the tunnel to Brandt, Brandau et Cie., who are known as the *Entreprise du Tunnel du Simplon*. There is a touch of the heroic in this agreement. It is a contract to overcome nature and man and fate. Only a war involving Switzerland or Italy, or an epidemic, or a strike not the fault of the *Entreprise* can affect the time-limit of the bargain. All other unforeseen difficulties and catastrophes whatsoever do not count. The gigantic hole must be delivered five and a half years after commencing. The penalty for delay will be one thousand dollars a day, with a bonus of as much for each day ahead of time. The tunnel is to be 19,730 metres long (twelve and one-quarter miles), and there must be a smaller tunnel for ventilation, parallel to the first at a distance of seventeen metres (or eighteen and a half yards). Under a future contract the *Entreprise* will make the second tunnel the same size as the first for a return-track. Work began in November of 1898. It should be finished May 13, 1904.

To look at the two dirty sordid caves in

the rock, dusty and stifling like an agitated coal-bin, the ordinary man would consider a dozen of millions of dollars an exorbitant price. Quite likely he would not invest. But if he is carried away inside he will be impressed just the same. And if he is of large mind, he will know that his mind is too small to appreciate this colossal undertaking. Despite the ugly grime, he will recall the beauty of a poem, that one about the "Man and the Mountain." In it the Man, "little creature—bold and vain," gets back at the scornful Mountain right valiantly:

"Great and awful as thou art,  
Thou art but little to my heart.

"Thou'rt but a grain  
In the great ocean of my brain.

"But learn thy place in Nature's plan—  
The slave and minister of Man!"

So now the Man is teaching that very thing to the Mountain in those two holes in the ground. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable example of the schooling and humiliating of mountainhood. One of the Faculty, Mr. Gschlacht, a supervising en-

gineer, showed me how the lesson was already half achieved. We left our clothes behind, but put on others, including overalls and tremendous boots. A train of little cars was just going back for another load of rocky *débris*. It stopped a moment under the long shed that stretches from the

night. Back of us a square of golden light had replaced the square of black, and then vanished as the train swerved around a curve. In a sort of helplessness one would look about on all sides and up and down for one ray in that black chill, and the realization would come on him suddenly

that after all man is but a sad "little creature" of light. How infinitely does he depend upon the sun!

The wheels rumbled on eagerly. There was something ghoulish in their merry haste, as though they were Charon's carriers and joyous over their freight. We re-lighted our lamps and held them out. In the dim flickering the rocky walls glistened with sweat. On the engine the greenish glow of a brakeman's lantern suggested vague mysteries of the depths. A coil of smoke hung low over our heads like a torpid dragon. Minute after minute passed, and we were still swiftly carried on, with naught of landmark, seemingly without rails, always farther into the night. It was quite too much like the measurelessness of time and space, where a soul would cringe.

At last there was a glimmer of light, and then we passed begrimed visages in dark relief against the wall. The lamps of this little party of laborers were soon engulfed in the darkness behind. On we went. The engine whistled, and directly

there sounded an answering screech. It was as though two demons had found each other in the caverns and were glad. The train stopped, and we clambered down and waded through water under the three thousand feet of mountain towards a still, yellow eye. There we found a kind of monster of black, weird coils which emitted

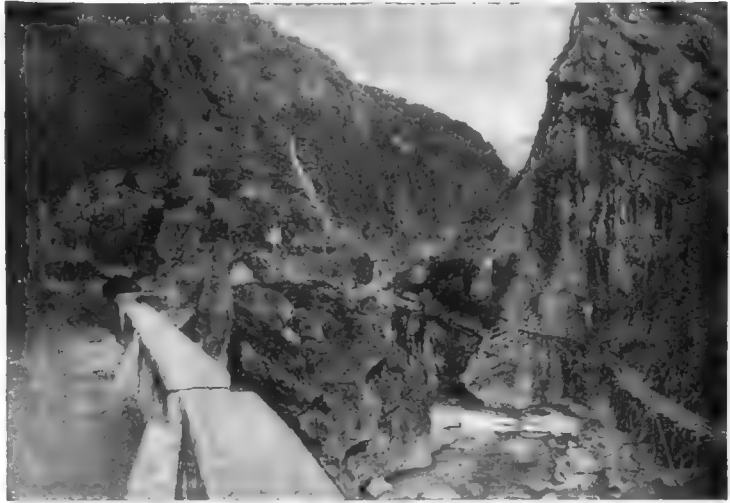


THE VILLAGE OF BRIG. THE ROUND BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE OBSERVATORY; DIRECTLY OVER THIS, IN THE DISTANCE, THE OPENING OF THE MAIN TUNNEL, AND TO THE LEFT OF THE LATTER THE OPENING OF THE TUNNEL OF DIRECTION.

mouth of the tunnel, and we lighted our oil lamps and climbed on. An electric bell tingled in the shed, a message from the gnomes of the mountain to come ahead. The engine plunged fearlessly into the square of darkness, and each little car scurried after. A puff of chilling air smothered our lamps, and we were in the

a dry, cold breath. It was simply a compressed-air locomotive waiting for us on a side-track. We climbed upon a car, our new train backed through a cross-tunnel into the secondary or parallel tunnel, and then on ahead we went again deeper into the mountain.

Here the roof was low, and there were no reassuring walls of masonry. Rugged boulders jutted out overhead. Suppose one should loosen and drop. Sometimes that happens. In the yards outside, the *Entreprise* had built a hospital and a morgue. One remembered those two institutions now, when he was under the jagged boulders. The journey was certainly becoming uncanny. Still there were more lights than before. Five or six glittered far ahead. Their dim reflection against the walls gave the impression of vague space, and one thought that at that point the tunnel would open into the night of the world without—into some switch-yards perhaps. But the tunnel did not open. It was a mirage of the darkness. We had only to hold forth our lamps to behold a panorama of wonderful crystal formations. Sometimes there was a ruddy splotch of rock, as though a thing of blood had been crushed there. Here were treasures for the geologist ready laid bare which he could never have reached with just his little hammer. Or what gold seeker, even, would dig such a hole? Yet, there are traces of gold in the wild Gorge of Gonda above, and it would be pretty and curious should the mountain



ISELLE, ITALY. PORTION OF THE CONSTRUCTION RAILWAY BETWEEN ISELLE AND THE TUNNEL.

be holding the purse to pay for the digging. Now and again we felt a cold blast of air rushing down from some dark cavity in the roof. We were, in fact, under still another tunnel, a vast conduit through which the air is pumped. Later its rocky floor will be torn out to make the second tunnel as high as the first.

When the train had gone as far as was then possible, we got out and walked—that is, stumbled and groped and waded—ever so gingerly. The heat was intense, despite occasional douches from some spring bursting through the rock. One was very moist



AT ISELLE. GOING TO WORK.



ISELLE. IN THE CAÑON OF DIVERIA.

and dirty and lost. Sunlight and decency seemed so far away, and the thought of a clean hand on a white clean sheet of paper ever again was mockery. We climbed over scantling work between sweating men who labored with picks. We squirmed between a car and the wet wall. Ghostly currents of air rushed on us and put out our lamps. The great iron door of a cross-gallery would open and shut with a boom, and there would be a second of horrid roaring as the air sucked through one tunnel into the other. Now and then a huge beast would loom up in vague, big outline, and we would crouch against the wall. After all, it was only a poor horse dragging a car of rock. Suddenly there were lanterns hurrying and a voice of warning :

*"Una colpa !"*

We turned back into the first cross-gallery.

"How far off is it ?"

"Six or seven hundred yards."

Oh, in that case it could hardly jar down the mountain where we were—perhaps not. One was not sure.

"It isn't a heavy blast this time," the engineer added.

The laborers in this portion of the tunnel silently gathered in the cavern. All of them were stripped to the waist. Some were naked, except for a loin cloth. The tawn of their bodies shone in the yellow flickering of their lamps. Their features were heavily molded. Their chests and shoulders were massive. They might have been despoiled Roman soldiery or trireme slaves. In the dark play of lights and shadows, in the stillness before a terrific explosion, they were heroic figures—classic rather than romantic. Yet they were just laborers : sweat and danger and sixty cents a day. None of them spoke, and their

eyes were large and dull. It was at once the majesty and the hopelessness of labor.

"You might open your mouth," suggested the engineer. "It won't seem so loud then."

Six or seven hundred yards away, and this precaution against the waves of sound ! We were going to have something more than a celebration.

A smothering, deafening crash beat into our ears—a paralysis of hearing for a second. A fearful gust of wind roared down the cavern, and every light went out. A moment of absolute stillness and of absolute night followed. And then a voice :

*"Mon chapeau !"*

The soft felt hat, tight on the man's head, had been whisked off into the darkness, into the next man's face.

A second voice answered :



ISELLE, ITALY. THE QUARRY IN THE VALLEY OF ROVALE. THE MOUNTAIN STREAM OF DIVERIA IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH THE PIZZO ROVALE, OVER EIGHT THOUSAND FEET HIGH, RISING IN THE DISTANCE.



ISELLE, ITALY. TRAIN OF LABORERS READY FOR THE JOURNEY INTO THE TUNNEL THROUGH THE MAIN GALLERY. AT THE LEFT, IN THE BACKGROUND, ARE THE VENTILATOR ENGINE-HOUSES, AND TO THE RIGHT OF THESE THE WORK-DEPOT. FAR TO THE RIGHT ARE THE LABORERS' BATH-HOUSES.



AT BRIG, SWITZERLAND. CLOTHES DRYING BY STEAM.

*"Ecco, signore."*

Such was the greeting between Switzerland and Italy there under Monte Leone.

Some one struck a match and lighted his lamp. Other wicks were held to the flame, and the blazes multiplied as by magic. The Italians went silently back to their work.

"That was only a light charge," said the engineer.

We crossed again into the first tunnel and kept on towards the end. By now the heat was an equal factor with the gloom in this region's likeness to the portals of Hades. Our clothes were as wet from our bodies as from the drippings above. We came into the heavy glow of many lamps, and stopped, for we had overtaken the patient travellers who are making this little trip into Italy. There was a sound of muffled grinding. It was in the solid rock. Here there were two drills, like machine-guns with their muzzles thrust into the very end of the tunnel. They were fastened across a large water-pipe, and the whole arrangement was on a truck, so that it could be rolled back easily out of the range of the blasting. The drill itself is a yard and a half long, and about as thick as a man's forearm. In the end there are three con-

centric teeth that turn and cut with a saw-like grinding. A half-dozen men tended



INTERIOR OF OBSERVATORY AT BRIG. THE INSTRUMENT (SPY-GLASS) IS DIRECTED IN A STRAIGHT LINE TOWARD THE TUNNEL OF DIRECTION.

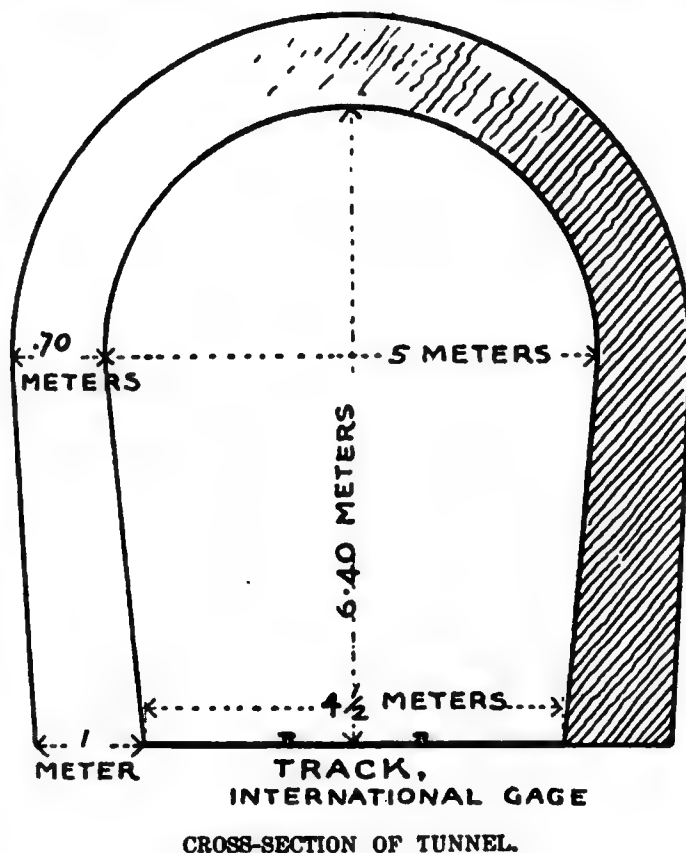
the machines with the alert intensity of artillerymen behind a battery. One kept his hand on the long brass tube incasing the drill shaft, and he was ever watchful lest the terrible friction should crystallize the steel. To keep down this heat, water flows constantly through the tube. In only fifteen minutes this drill bores its full length of a yard and a half into the hardest stone. The power that does the work is a stream of water. This water comes through a pipe from near the clear, glacier source of the Rhône. But, that water should be pushed against so small a surface as the butt of the drill, with power enough for so marvelous a task, is one of the wonders of this tunnel-digging. The force concentrated against that shaft of steel means the pressure of ninety atmospheres and over. Far outside there is a turbine wheel on the bank of the turbulent Rhône, which gives the strength of 2,400 horses to four engines, and each of the engines pumps three litres of water (or 3.168 quarts) a second against this drill in the earth.

Naturally, therefore, a long while is needed to make such a journey between Switzerland and Italy. But the three thousand men on each side, travelling night and day in a direct line towards each other, are as sure as the tortoise in his race. They are opening the path for the fleet hare. They make nine little holes and charge each with three kilograms (about six pounds seven ounces) of dynamite. At first they tried liquid-air cartridges, but abandoned them on account of difficulties of manufacture and the fumes from the explosion. The dynamite splinters the rock out cleanly to the depth of the holes. Then the *débris* is hauled away and dumped by an electric crane beyond the mouth of the tunnel. Some five hundred cars are taken out during every twenty-four hours.

This means that the excursion moves about seven and a half yards a day. It started almost two and a half years ago. The last official report, April 1st, showed a progress of 4,693 metres (nearly three miles) from the Swiss side, and 3,610 metres from the Italian side, or 8,303 metres in all (over five miles). The average daily rate was 6.36 metres (about seven yards) and 5.26 metres. The delay in Italy is due to the greater difficulties encountered there. However, the work is well up with the programme, and within three years a train will leave Brig, Switzerland, be lost for twenty minutes, and come out at Iselle, Italy. That little

ride will cost fourteen million dollars.

We turned from the drills and went back to the parallel tunnel, to see what the recent blast had done there. The passage was still dense, grayish with the fumes of the explosion of a half-hour before, even though large pipes of a powerful suction had been drawing them off all the time. We made our way through the thickened darkness and came at last to the end. Here there was a chaos of crumbled rock and a gang of men shovel-



ling it into a car. The engineer took out his thermometer and whirled it for a moment by a string—41 degrees Centigrade. That means 105.8 degrees Fahrenheit. And yet the thermometer only told part of the story, for there was the smoke and the sticky humidity. As the heat increases one degree Centigrade for every hundred feet, it will soon become absolutely unbearable. Accordingly the Enterprise will try to reduce the temperature to the 25 degree maximum demanded by the contract. This will be done by pumping in very dry air that has been chilled by the ammonia process. For ventilating there are already two monster engines, which pump fifty cubic metres of air a second into

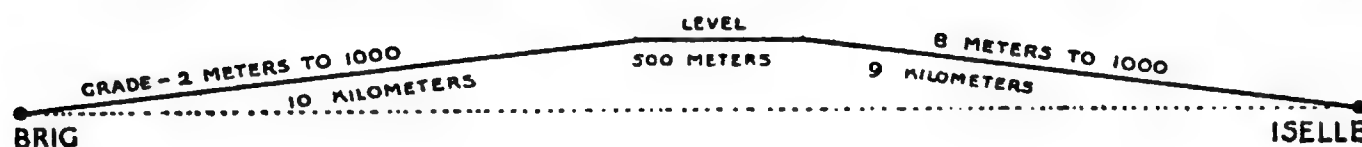
the parallel tunnel. This current makes the circuit within, and comes out from the mouth of the main tunnel in lazy, swirling gusts freighted with dust and smoke. When both tunnels are finished, there will be a movable door in the entrance of each, and the ventilators will pump in the air through a canal opening beyond the door. The doors will be opened for the passage of trains and closed immediately after.

It is quite apparent that to dig a tunnel from two sides and make both ends meet is a delicate problem. Should they happen not to meet, it would be an expensive wan-

hundred metres or 109 yards inside. It is called the locating tunnel, and faithfully follows the imaginary straight line. The main tunnel finishes its curve at this hundred-metre point, and thence continues along the straight line to the corresponding curve at the other end, where again the straight line is completed by a second locating tunnel, B' to A'.

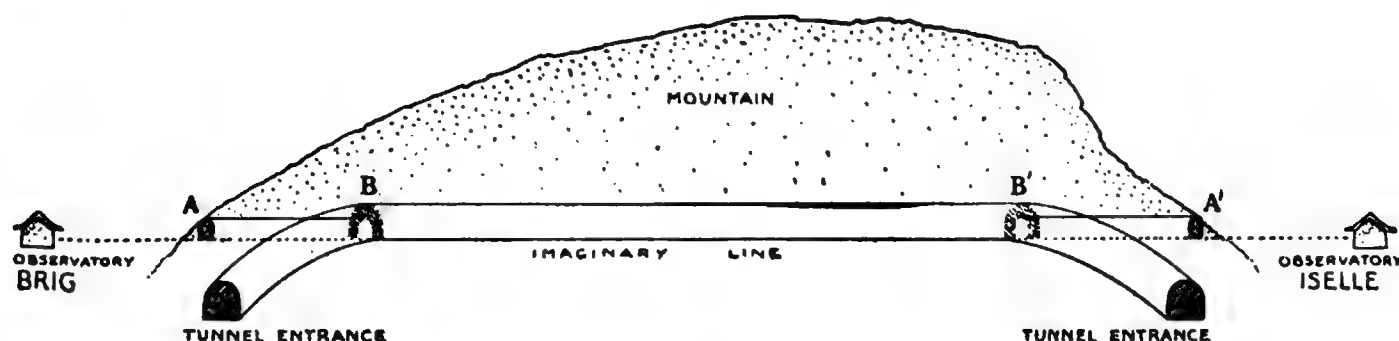
The grades in the tunnel will be slight, as follows:

The base wall will be entirely of stone, and the arch for the most part of cement bricks. The stone comes from quarries



dering in the mountain to find them and get them together. But fortunately there is a guide as true and unbendable as mathematics. This is an imaginary straight line between two points. One point is a little observatory-shed on the bank of the Rhône, with a spy-glass pointing horizontally towards Italy. The other point is a similar little observatory on the bank of the Doveria in Italy, with a glass towards Switzerland. Between the two points rises the Simplon mountain-mass. But the straight line goes through just the same, for it is only

near by, and the sand from the river-bed. The cement is made on the spot. The manufacture of the cement bricks and also cement piping for drawing off the water of the tunnel is an industry in itself, as is also the never-ending sharpening of drills in the shops. Besides the different engines and pumps, all drawing power from the Rhône, there is an electric-light plant. It has cost something like two million dollars to get ready on the outside for the digging on the inside, to say nothing of relief funds for the sick and wounded and for the families



an imaginary straight line. It is, however, steadily turning into a reality—that is, the tunnel. And if it were not for the grade of the tunnel, then some day the observatory in Switzerland could look through the mountain at the observatory in Italy. It will be objected, however, that we went around a curve in the tunnel. In fact, there are two curves, but they do not affect the straight-line proposition, as the chart above will show.

Now, then, from A to B there is a small tunnel which joins the main tunnel some

of the killed. But the most entertaining of all are the bath-houses, for each man must pass under a shower before he can go home and out into the world again. The principle is the same as the cold *douche* after a Turkish bath. He must also leave his working-clothes behind him. The large hot-air room, where these garments are dried, appeals to one from the comical side, though exactly why it should is as elusive as the comical itself. However, there you are in the room, and it is empty. Then you look up, and all the scenery of varied ward-



BRIG, SWITZERLAND. SHOWING THE WAY WATER IS BROUGHT FROM THE UPPER VALLEY OF THE RHÔNE FOR THE POWER TO BE USED FOR THE DRILLING MACHINES IN THE TUNNEL.

robe is above your head. It is a queer array of shirts and shoes and hats and pantaloons in suspension. This odd ceiling is chock full of personality, and the floor is as bare as a deserted house. Each outfit hangs by its own string, and the free end of the string is locked to a pulley on the wall. Each man has a key to his own string.

A significant ending of this description of the largest tunnel in the world would be some mention of the precautions that will be taken to end the tunnel itself. Some five or six thousand men will have worked night and day for five years and a half at a cost of seventy million francs—and after that, destruction? Yet such will always be a possibility, and that, too, the possibility of a second. The openings of the

tunnel on either side will look like the great doors of some mediæval fortress. And they will be fortresses in all reality. There is Italy, a new kingdom assuming the arrogance of a power. Then there is little Switzerland and her fighting legends of the ages. She is, moreover, in the European fashion, for with a swagger that is charming she appropriates money for big guns. Now suppose these two lusty

belligerents should fall out. They would rush like a whooping plague through that tunnel and invade each other? Indeed they would not. In the little fortress at each end there will be a man and a button. The man will press the button and bring down the mountain. When the smoke lifts there will not be any tunnel any more.



THE BRANDT HYDRAULIC BORING-MACHINES IN THE REPAIR-SHOPS AT BRIG, SHOWING CLEARLY THE SAW-LIKE TEETH AT THE END OF THE STEEL SHAFT.



## THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME.

By J. P. MOWBRAY ("J. P. M."),

Author of "A Journey to Nature."

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### IN WHICH THE TEMPTER ENTERS.

LUCY greeted her old friend, Kate Ellis, with genuine heartiness, mingled with much trepidation, and John welcomed Wesley with a great show of cordiality. But the visitors were uninterested in the explanations that ensued. Kate was fashionably attired, and Wesley was fitted out in the latest watering-place suit. Indeed their mere appearance was sufficient to put some kind of new responsibility upon their hosts to keep up with it.

"Now, you must put up with everything as you find it, dear," began Lucy. "Every-

thing is torn to pieces, but I'm so glad you came. You know we are just plain country folk now."

"Gracious," said Kate, "how do you stand it?"

"Oh, I always loved the country, you know. Just come round and see the view from the rear of the house. All our treasures are out of doors. Whatever brought you up so unexpectedly?"

"Wes wanted to see John on a matter of business—it's really important—the greatest piece of luck. Can't we go in and sit down?"

"I want you to see the view first," replied Lucy. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," said Kate, without looking at it.



"THAT'S THE MAHWAH RIVER DOWN THERE."

"Lovely. You see, Wes has got hold of a splendid business chance, and he wants John to join him. There's a fortune in it."

"You don't mean it," exclaimed Lucy. "That's the Mahwah River down there. I'll take you down and show you the meadow when you get your things off."

"Charming," said Kate. "I don't think we'll have time to enjoy it. Don't you find it lonesome?"

"You know I always wanted a home of my own. We are going to enlarge the house. Wouldn't you like to see the garden?"

"I suppose you keep cows and pigs and things. Heavens, Lucy Dennison, I always thought you were meant to shine in the best circles, and not become a dairymaid—and you would, too, if John were not so narrow."

"Narrow! Oh, come, now—everybody who knows John says he is a yard wide."

"I know," said Kate, "and all wool. But you are silk, my dear, and made for society. What are you going to do when you get tired of this? Why, you will be utterly ruined for society. Haven't you thought of that?"

"I'm afraid I have not," said Lucy laughingly. "John will not let me get tired of it."

"You put me out of all patience; whatever has come over you? I believe your husband has hypnotized you. I wish you would give me a glass of ice-water. Can't we go in? I don't want to be ruined by freckles."

"I will give you a nice glass of cool well water," replied Lucy. "How would you like a glass of fresh milk?"

"Milk will do. I don't suppose you have any Vichy, have you? How absurd I am!"

When they were inside and the milk had been placed before her, Kate lifted her veil, took an occasional sip, and continued:

"Now I do hope that you will not be silly. Wes has got hold of the biggest kind of a chance, and he wants John to go in with him."

"Speculation?" cried Lucy. "He'll never get John into it."

"Speculation—nonsense. It's a capitalized company with millions behind it. Syndicate, my dear. Everything is syndicates nowadays. They have offered Wes five thousand a year and a percentage."

"Good gracious!" said Lucy. "You don't like the milk, do you?"

"To tell you the truth, dear, I'm not used to drinking it clear. It's awfully foolish, but, do you know, clear milk is so cowy. But as I was saying, Wes and I have about made up our minds to launch out. We've scratched along until we're tired of it. What's the use? One might as well get some comfort out of life while it lasts. Wes has got a whole line of customers in the West at his call, and the new company knows it; so has John. Anyway we're going in for ourselves this time. I've about made up my mind that I can't get

along decently on a beggarly two thousand a year. No more can you, dear."

"But it's so sure," said Lucy.

"Yes, slow and sure, and that's just what I'm tired of. A woman likes something a little faster, even if it isn't so dead open and shut. Wes and I are going to take care of Number One, and that's what you must do. Let me tell you—I've been looking at a house in Forty-second Street—four story and basement, stone front, high stoop, only three thousand a year—sixteen rooms, salon parlor, steam heated, back stairs for servants, conservatory addition. Can't you go back with me? I want you to look at it. It's near all the theatres, the opera house, and the hotels. Put on your things and come on down with me. I'll tell you all about it."

"Why, you're not going straight back, I hope."

"Yes, we must. Wes has got his hands full. He only came up to get John into it, and I came with him to take you back. Don't be foolish. I want you to see that dining-room. I can seat thirty people in it."

"How nice," said Lucy. "But three thousand a year, Kate—my!"

"If John knows when he is well off and we took it together, the rent wouldn't be so much, and as for the furnishing, Wes has made all the arrangements. You know it isn't customary to pay cash now for furnishing—the syndicates do it for you."

Lucy tried to be purringly evasive. "What a handsome dress that is," she said.

"Don't you like the sleeve? It's bolero. I thought it would catch you."

"Yes, there's nothing so pretty as a bell sleeve with an edging of lace below the elbow, is there—and puffs at the wrist?"

"I'll show you my bolero figured dining-robe when you come down. It cost me eighty-five dollars. Heavens, Lucy, you see Wes *must* branch out somewhere if we are to keep up with the times. How do the trains run on that horrid railroad of yours?"

Meanwhile John was fondly pointing out to Wesley the matchless opportunities which the place afforded for improvements. "I've got a cistern there forty feet long," said John, pointing to the long surface of raw earth that was spread over his subterranean achievement.



"YOU'LL BE TIRED OF THIS THING UP HERE BEFORE WINTER."

Wes looked at it wonderingly. "What's it for?" he asked.

"Water," said John triumphantly. "Planned and built it myself."

"Can't we go in where it is cool and sit down? I want to talk to you."

"Let me show you the place first."

"Fine place," said Wes. "Let's go under those trees."

When they were seated under the cedars, Wes began at once. "I've got the biggest kind of a thing in tow, old fellow," he said, "and I want you in with me."

"Is it the new company that I heard of—some kind of a coöperative scheme?"

"I don't know what you've heard, but I'm on the inside. Capital three millions. They propose to do business farther up town, and combine the wholesale and retail departments. They have offered me five thousand a year and five per cent. commission on out-of-town customers."

"Then you're going to leave our house?"

"Well, I'm going to look out for myself. Cramp is in the company, and what he says, goes. He asked me if I thought you would join them if you got a good offer. That's what I'm here for."

John shook his head. "I don't think I'm in a position now to take any new chances," he said. "Besides, our firm has always treated me so handsomely."

"Oh, don't give me that. You've got all those Minnesota buyers at your back, and now is the time to turn your advantage to some account. It will be worth five or six thousand a year to you, and I thought that if you and I took a house together, we could bag a lot of those Western fellows socially without trotting round to the hotels. Besides, the women will have a chance to see life as it is. Kate was looking at a house in Forty-second Street yesterday. I spoke to Cramp about it and he said it was a good game. You'll be tired of this thing up here before winter. I'll bet a supper Lucy is tired of it now."

"Oh, you're dead wrong on that point," said John. "Let's take a walk over the grounds. I want to show you the garden."

"I'll tell you how it is, old man," Wesley said, without heeding the invitation. "You and I must snatch our chance when it comes our way, and there's a pot of money to be blown in on this scheme, and we might as well have some of it."

"Does Kate approve of it?"

"Approve of it? Why, she's red hot for it. Kate wasn't built on the twenty-four-hundred-a-year gauge. You leave Lucy to her; she'll talk her round. If you'll come down with me to-night and stay over, I'll introduce you to Cramp to-morrow. We can have a little dinner at the Holland House—you'll like Cramp—and then we can go to the Casino."

"It's no use, Wes," said John; "I'm all tied up here and I can't think of it."

"Cramp will talk you out of that strain

in fifteen minutes. Good Lord, man, you ought to think of your wife and boy."

"I'll talk to Lucy about it. There's plenty of time. You are going to stay to dinner of course."

"Dinner? No. We've got to jump back. Kate and I are going to a reception of the Buyers' Club, and we want you to come with us. Come on, old chap. You will meet all the new men and we'll get you back into the swim."

John only shook his head, and vainly tried to press his hospitality upon his friend. But the humble natural advantages of his home somehow appeared to dwindle in the presence of this company, and when they went hurriedly away, John took a long breath of relief, as if a distressing weight had been removed, and he and his wife looked at each other in silence a moment. Then John said:

"What did you say to Kate?"

"Why, what could I say, except that I supposed she would have a gay time of it."

"So she will, my dear, while it lasts."

"And you don't think it will last?"

"No; nothing ever lasts very long with Kate."

"I suppose," said Lucy, "that Wes would tell you that when nothing is risked nothing is gained."

"But that cheap remark wouldn't influence you any more than it does me."

"Well," said Lucy, "Kate will have a lot of fun, I dare say. I should just like to see for once how it felt to spend money instead of saving it."

"Some other person's money?" queried John.

"You told Wes that you wouldn't entertain the idea?"

"I gave him to understand that you wouldn't consent to it, and that I always consulted you."

"My," said Lucy, thinking of the four-story house and the salon parlor. "How disappointed Kate will be."

"But you are not disappointed, are you?"

"No," she replied hesitatingly. "I wasn't made to shine in the same circle with Kate. Did you notice her dress? She said it cost her eighty-five dollars."

"Then I'll wager it isn't paid for."

"It must be fun to have everything you want without worrying about paying for it. Maybe Wes will make a fortune and not kill himself with hard work. Isn't that the

way fortunes are made nowadays, dear? Think of five thousand a year, John."

"It sounded to me like five thousand birds in the bush."

"You always were so timid, dear."

"Have you come to that conclusion?"

"I? Oh, no. That is what Kate said."

"Oh, she said that, did she? Confound her impudence. I believe she upset your mind with that eighty-five-dollar dress."

"Well, you must acknowledge, dear, that it was perfectly stunning. I tried my best to influence her mind with my one bird in hand, but it didn't work at all."

"Oh, a woman doesn't understand a bird in hand," said John testily. "All she cares for is a bird in her hat. I don't see why they don't wear cats on their bonnets—it would be more appropriate."

"How mean you can be, John," said Lucy. "What's the cat got to do with it? You are almost as bad as your cat-lawyer."

"Oh, of course. A man who has a steady purpose and sticks to it must be insane. In my opinion, Kate is a cat, and you are bewildered by her fur."

"You forget that she is an old friend of mine."

"No, I don't. I wish I could. If she'd stay away I might."

"Stay away? Do you want to cut off the only friend I've got? Perhaps you don't wish me to visit Kate."

"Oh, you want to visit her now, don't you?"

"Good Heavens, John, do you object to that?"

"She asked you to come down and look at the house."

"Was it a crime?"

"And you want to go."

"If I did, I suppose you would put your foot down. Don't go too far, John; a woman is different from a cistern."

This allusion to his pet hole in the ground stung him a little, and he gave way to a retort. "It's a pity," he said, "that she is. She might be made to store up something if she wasn't."

Then it was Lucy's turn. "You'll find," she said with a sob, "that a woman can't be made part of your irrigation plant," and then, with a woman's contradictory nature, she began to cry.

"When you are in a better humor," said John, as he walked away, "perhaps you will take another view of it."

In the well-regulated affairs of ordinary married mortals such occurrences as these are called spats. They correspond to what in lovers' affairs are called tiffs, only they resemble the former as the rain resembles the mist. They are of no more apparent use to the domestic system than the vermiform appendix appears to be to the corporal system, but they are as prevalent and as annoying. Perhaps in a larger view of humanity they may be seen to play the part of March winds and stir up the lethargic impulses of life. Who knows?

John strode off with a fine evanescent indignation, and his wife went in to her mother wiping her eyes.

As he passed the back porch on his way to his workshop, he saw Medusa lying, in all her plenitude of equable superiority, in the twilight. As he approached she gave him a calm look of Oriental contempt and went toward the house, saying with all the silent eloquence of feline felicity, "Keep your distance, miserable man; you ought to see that we belong to different orders of life."

Such a trivial occurrence could not in itself have stirred up inhuman reflections in John's mind, but it probably came at a time when the mind was predisposed to relieve itself by some kind of irrational action, and he instinctively picked up a brick to heave at the animal. He was just about to throw it when his mother-in-law appeared at the door, caught up Medusa with affectionate tenderness, and disappeared. The consciousness that in another second the brick would have landed squarely upon the benign person of that old lady, producing a wreck that was inconceivably terrible, only added to John's baffled irritation. He threw down the missile and stalked moodily to the workshop. There he found Mart down on his knees nursing the bull-terrier pup that Sprague had sent him. Mart's hands were dabbled with blood, and in one of them he held a small bottle of vaseline.

"What are you up to?" asked John a little severely, as if Mart offered a good target for his unexpressed discomfiture.

"Just patching up the pup's nose," said Mart. "The little chap followed me up to the house, and the cat tore a piece out of his smeller."

"Oh, she did. I suppose we'll have to kill the pup to accommodate that d——d cat."

Mart smiled. "No, sir," he said; "if we take good care of him, I think it will be

the other way. Cats is a good deal like women, sir; they can't measure up what they can't see. He'll bite her in two some day. Look at the jaw of him. That's a good dog, sir. It would have paid the cat to have made friends with him. But he's a baby, sir, and he don't know what kind of world he's got into yet."

This conversation put John into a better humor, and later in the evening, when he and Lucy came together again, they began to set their stunsails and shake out their top hamper, as a sailor would say, as if there was a dead calm in view.

"What hurt me, John," said Lucy, "was your unfeeling insinuation that I had lost all interest in our home, just because I wanted to go down and see how Kate's foolish experiment works. You know she's an old friend, and I couldn't help taking some interest in her welfare."

"And it was so unlike you, Lucy," said John, "to think that I would object to your going down. And then you spoke disrespectfully of the cistern."

"Well, John dear, I never would, I am sure, if you hadn't lugged the cat into it. If Kate should have a house in the city next winter, it would be very convenient for us if we wanted to run down and stay over, and we might want to when the cold weather sets in. I just thought I'd like to see what the women are going to wear this fall."

"And you were mean enough to think I'd object to it—that's what hurt me," said John.

"Oh, I never did," said Lucy. "You misunderstood me. You always do fly off in that manner. I should think you knew me well enough to trust me out of your sight."

"Of course I do," said John. "I would trust you anywhere. But my great comfort is that nobody else will."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I refer to the confounded tradesmen. The trouble with Kate is that all the tradesmen do trust her."

At this point he suppressed the conversation with gentle violence, and utterly prevented his wife's mouth, which had budded to a retort, from bursting into a reply.

A few days later, and Lucy accompanied him to the city. He came back without her. He noticed how absurdly lonesome the place looked, and he wondered if this was what the newspapers called "a new

departure." Some misgivings he had that were not easily overcome, though he struggled very hard to dispel them. "I'll make hay while the sun shines," he remarked to himself encouragingly. "Appearances go a great ways with women. I must on with my work and get this place into inviting shape." He thought of how poor a show his old stone house made to his city visitors; how disdainfully Kate had swept her eye over the solid and squat structure, and how carefully Wes had avoided all reference to it. But this only piqued his pride a little, and if some one had offered him ten thousand a year at that moment to abandon his scheme, he would have rejected it with scorn. "No, sir," he said; "I'll show them all that I've got the right idea. Hold fast is the better dog—by thunder, I'll go down to the shed and look at my pup's jaw."

It was at this stage in John's domestic career that the project of making a country home entered upon its determinative course. It had not been plain sailing altogether, and he felt that he had not received the sympathy to which he was entitled. Now that he was alone with his work, the results looked meagre enough by the side of the stupendous thought and toil they had exacted. He had spent months of prodigious labor and nothing was visible to the eye. His greatest feat of all was buried in the ground, as if he had been making a grave. Might it not be that he was making a mistake, committing indeed the folly that so many men commit when they retire with a chimera to the country? Then, if he was wrong, Wes would be right, and might not the fellows like Wes, who made up their minds to get all there is out of life while it passes, be really the fortunate if not the successful fellows? He looked at his unfinished stone fence along the front of the property. It had a pretentious irony at times as if it were overstrained. He knew very well that the passers-by who saw the property in its discouraging aspects made supercilious remarks, and said, "What do you suppose that fellow is trying to do with that old place?" He had seen the ironical smiles and their good-natured incredulity. Nobody believed in him. Even Mr. Swart-hout was complacently waiting to take the property back when the wild experiment had exhausted itself.

These are the discouragements that no

ordinary man escapes who has set himself a task to perform. But it is worth recording that the ordinary man capable of setting himself a worthy task that involves his purely masculine qualities, is usually supplied with a dogged determination that has to be reckoned with. The ordinary man does not like to be beaten even by events. John did not use that word; he had an idiom of his own. He looked at the stubborn chaos about him, thought of the incredulity of his friends, and said, "Well, I've gone into the fight, and I'm not going to be licked."

Sometimes the phraseology of the ordinary man means so much that it is not wise to translate it into a politer currency. This feeling of aggressive grip approaches to heroism, especially when there are limited resources of friends and money, but it is a heroism very much like the poet's or the soldier's, apt to be posthumous in its celebration.

John went to Mr. Braddock. Why he went there it would be impossible to say. He did not know himself. He caught that lawyer walking up and down in his office with a red carnation in one hand and a white carnation in the other, sniffing at them alternately with meditative beaminess.

"I thought, perhaps," said John, "you could tell me of a good reliable builder, a carpenter who is out of a job. I want to consult him about altering my house. The fact is, I want associate counsel of a practical kind."

Mr. Braddock broke out with a placid refulgence as he sniffed at the white carnation. "Do you think," he asked, "that the color of a flower is in any way determinative of its odor? I fancy that this white pink, which does not catch the eye like the red pink, has a subtler fragrance. What do you think?"

"I'm in a good deal of a quandary with respect to my improvements," continued John, "and I wish to consult with a thoroughgoing mechanic. You might know of a man who is disengaged, and reasonable, somebody of experience who wants work."

Mr. Braddock walked to the door of his office. "Benton," he said, "what's Ridabok doing?"

"Nothing, I guess," answered the voice of Benton.

"The odor of flowers," resumed Mr.

Braddock, "is an interesting study, entirely on the side of temperament. How's Medusa?"

"Is Mr. Ridabok a carpenter?" asked John.

"Mr. Ridabok," replied Mr. Braddock, with an inscrutable smile, "is a white carnation. You're not looking for color, are you? He doesn't catch the eye, but he has more temperament than most of them; puts you in mind of a bunch of sweet william growing in the corner of an old garden. It always looks as if the garden was trying to get away from it."

"Is he a good workman? That's what I want to know."

"Yes, that's his misfortune."

"Why misfortune?"

"Because I don't think we care for good workmen nowadays. You see, he's built half the old houses in this place, and it costs more to pull them down than it's worth. These old fellows, Mr. Dennison, never made any provision for pulling down. They built houses as if they expected a man's children to live in them, and when the children came to tear them to pieces it didn't pay. You'll find that old house of yours underpinned with locust and laid down on sills of oak hewn out with a broad-axe and double mortised. The old fools had no conception of a millennium."

"I don't propose to tear down the old house. I want to improve it a little in my own way, and I want a man who will do just what I tell him and work by the week. I'll furnish the ideas and the money. He is to furnish the labor and the skill. You see, I wish to avoid a contractor and an architect. I want to take my own time, stop when I please, and do as I like generally. If I can get hold of a good man who wants to work and is content to work my way, I might give him a job for half a year. Is Mr. Ridabok the sort of chap I am looking for?"

"Mr. Ridabok is very unfortunate. In the first place, he insists on getting old, and that is unpardonable. What can you do with a man who gets to be fifty-five without knowing it, and will have the rheumatism occasionally without paying any attention to it. No adaptability; insists on mortising his studding instead of nailing it; don't believe in patent siding or Mansard roofs."

"I should say," remarked John, "that

he might have some reliable, old-fashioned notions."

"Just so," said Mr. Braddock. "A regular orthodox old hard-shell builder. Those old fellows seemed to build as if they had eternity in view. You take their work to pieces, and you're sure to come across some old lumber that will not give an inch. It's like one of those old home-made copy-books that our mothers used to stitch together for us, with 'Honesty is the Best Policy' written large at the top. You don't want to bother with that kind of a man, do you? You are young and from the city."

"Yes," said John; "I rather like the description."

Mr. Braddock sniffed for a moment.

"Suppose you stop here to-night and pick him up? I'll have him wait for you."

At that moment May Braddock came into the office, and to John's surprise was accompanied by Mr. Sprague.

"Halloo, Dennison; going to the city? I'll go with you," said Sprague. "How's the pup?"

"There's our train coming now," said John. "Come along."

"Have you got that list of commissions?" asked Mr. Braddock. "Don't forget that new cat-food."

"I will attend to them all," said Sprague, blushing, as he followed John out the door, "if I don't get the par-e-sis in the city."

"One moment, Mr. Sprague," called May Braddock, and as Sprague and John stopped, she said: "Par-e-sis, if you please, Mr. Sprague."

When they were on the train John expressed some surprise at seeing Sprague up there. "Oh, I've commuted," said Sprague.

"You don't say so," said John.

And that night, when John wrote a letter to his wife, telling her that her mother was well and was "doing up" blackberries, tomatoes, onions, ground cherries, pickles, and catsup, he added a postscript of startling import, as follows:

"P.S.—Sprague has commuted."

(To be continued.)

## THE SOCIAL VALUE OF GOLF.

BY E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Mammon," etc.

MANY writers, the wit and power of whose satirical and entertaining pens the present essayist makes no effort to emulate, have in their irresponsible manner made golf, considered as a sport, the subject of much airy and amusing misrepresentation. Satirists have, of course, no conscience; they know not what they do, but what they do is this: They bid one picture to one's self a bare and gloomy stretch of foreshore, sparsely covered with bents, but otherwise presenting a featureless expanse of loose sand. A northerly gale is supposed to be blowing, and torrents of sleet lash this unattractive landscape. Onto this inspiriting scene there issue from a crude tin shed, hereafter known as the club-house, two elderly and choleric gentlemen in red coats under large umbrellas, followed by undersized urchins who are weighed down beneath bags of incredible

golf-clubs. The two elderly gentlemen, both lying like Ananias about their respective achievements on other classical links, proceed to drive balls in widely divergent directions into large sand-bunkers. Thereafter they see each other no more, till, unwillingly converging, they meet on the first green and vehemently quarrel about stymies. On the second tee each asks the other with labored politeness not to move while he is addressing his ball—and they again part company. This programme, so we are given to understand, is gone through eighteen times with various stormy interludes, and the round is finished. They return to the club-house, not on speaking terms. In the afternoon they perform variations on the same theme, but each part is doubled, as they play a foursome. Thus is concluded that which is popularly known as a day's golf.

Now, in the face of so diverting a gospel as this, it might seem at first sight to be a mere counsel of despair to take a brief for golf as a social pursuit. Two persons, or at the most four, if one does not reckon the caddies, whose chief business, indeed, is to be absolutely silent and generally motionless, can be of the party, and since golf implies primarily the opposition of one player to one player, and not two to two, it must be considered in its strict sense. It is, indeed, possible by an effort of imagination to conceive of a series of eighteen holes being contested by six players all equally engaged, or, indeed, for that matter by sixty. But such a proceeding could not be construed into golf. Golf, the social claims of which it is my present business to uphold, shall mean the grim, tough struggle of one man against another man, or, grimmer and tougher, I am told, the struggle of one woman against another woman. Now this speech for the defence falls naturally into two parts; the case concerns itself in the first instance with the social benefits given and received by the game while yet in progress; the second, with the contribution it subsequently makes to general gayety when the club-house is reached for lunch after the morning round, and more particularly, when one arrives at home, after the second round, in the evening.

Now in the first case the social possibilities of the game are clearly limited to the intercourse between the two players, about which the satirist quoted above is so lashing. He represents both players driving into bunkers remotely situated from each other. A bunker, by the way, he defines as follows: "A bunker is a sandpit which you dig on the seashore. You drive your ball into it, and then say"—here the quotation ends. But—though it may seem hardly worth while to take the satirist seriously—it is impossible to conceive anything less like the ordinary procedure on the first tee. Two good balls may be driven, in which case it is almost certain that each player will say to the other, "Good shot." Again, two bad balls may be driven, in which case each will silently congratulate himself on not being worse than the other. Or, again, a good ball and a bad ball may be driven, and here the owner of the good ball will quite certainly be in an excellent temper, while that of the bad one will be full of Vardonic determination to make a bril-

liant recovery, otherwise he is a poor creature. Thus they start.

Now golf, of all games in the world, except perhaps tennis, is most capable of adjustment in the matter of handicap, and there is no other sport at which a first-rate and a no-rate player can be indulged in so equal a contest. It only requires a glance any week, at medal-returns, to see this. Thus it happens that the majority of all the matches played on every link under the sun (or under the rain, if the satirist will have it so) are not decided till within a few holes from home; hope, therefore, springs eternal, till about the fifteenth on the average. Thus, any one who plays golf at all, completes at least three-quarters of his round with a strenuous faith to bear him company: he is full of sanguineness—posthumous it may indeed prove to be, but the illusion is complete. And this strenuous hope is the authentic mother of enjoyment and expansive spirits. He cannot expand to his caddie, but his partner reaps, and at the same time confers, the full measure of his joy. Lost holes, provided the match is not a mere runaway, weigh but light in the mind of the golfer, compared to the prospective brilliance of that which is coming. A long putt here, a dead approach there—he has done it lots of times—will, to his exalted mood, wipe off two of his deficit. They are as good as made: it remains only to make them. The match is, generally speaking, never hopeless until towards the end, and then only for one of the couple. Meantime the foot goes light on the springy grass, the air is brisk to the nostril, and, above all, there is a fresh opportunity granted at every stroke to retrieve a past error. Here is good ground for an elevation of spirit, and this elevation, I repeat, is poured into the bosom of his opponent.

Socially speaking, has not a round of golf in his case been more often than not a success? Does he not find that in most cases he retains an agreeable recollection of the intercourse held with his adversary between the strokes, and does he not, without undue modesty or conceit, imagine that his adversary may be reasonably expected to say the same for him? Awful and unimaginable things, it is true, have taken place on golf-links; I have once myself, having holed out, heard my opponent tell his caddie to ask me not to move while he was putting, and this when we were within three yards

of each other. Here, clearly, was the finger of the fiend, but such fiends as he—or I—are, I dare to hope, uncommon on the links. And as a final appeal as regards this question, I ask the intelligent jury: Did any of them ever know a man who failed to unbend during lunch, or started on his second round in an evil temper? Indeed, he is very rare. But who has not known the man who, having shot badly all morning, has preserved a silence during that repast, and started after lunch with an outlook on the world and his fellow-man which Satan might do well to emulate?

All forms of sport are inseparable from the desire of personal excellence; every one who thinks it worth while to play a game at all thinks it worth an effort to distinguish himself at that game. Otherwise, if we looked on exercise merely as a means of health, we should follow the example of Mr. Gladstone, and make fagots of the forest trees, or have a small treadmill erected in our bedrooms in case the weather should be wet. And with this desire for personal excellence must come a feeling which is akin, though only distantly, to jealousy. Golf is not exempt from this, but I believe that in golf the mortification of losing is more transient than in most other games; golfers, in fact, who are off their game are less morose, and thus more companionable, than, for instance, the shot who cannot, for the time being, hit a haystack.

Socially, however, a game is good or bad not so much when we consider it in progress as when it is over. Socially, also, all games and sports segregate the players from the unemployed, and give them something to do. This sounds unsocial; theoretically it may be so, but practically all social functions of the country-life order are impossible without it. There are no twenty people in the world, I venture to say, who would willingly spend a week in the country in the same house, unless there was something for them to do. The day of drives in landaus to points of interest in the neighborhood is past; past, too, is the Macaulay-age when a house-party would breakfast together and continue to talk, also together, until lunch. No hostess could now expect to fill her house on such terms, nor, it may be added, would she wish to, even if she could.

Now the physical fatigue of a big shoot is immense compared with that entailed by

the ordinary two rounds of golf, and the golfer without any question is far more socially inclined than the shooter. Both, no doubt, tend to easy chairs after dinner, but the shooter is far more inclined to torpor and sleep, while the hunting man goes further and snores. But, as a rule, the laborious day leaves the golfer exercised, not tired; he has breathed for long hours the vivifying air, that pleasant and harmless intoxicant, but his ears have been undeafened by salvoes of artillery; a gentle exhilaration has stirred him all day, disposing him now to an amiable and convivial attitude. Nor does he, as far as I am aware, show much tendency to play his match over again before the fire, for the benefit of the circle. In his mind, it is true, he may linger pleasantly over certain approaches or drives, but he is not usually guilty of an exhaustive account of his two rounds, as is the hunting man not infrequently over the incidents of the run. Here the cynic will find a ready explanation: he has fozzled so often. But this reason does not seem to me adequate, and the truth may be more justly sought in the fact that the game produces in most players—I leave out of the question the maniac who absently swings the poker while addressing the edge of the hearth-rug—a cheerful and tolerant after-effect, disposing him to wander amiably through other paths of intercourse. Later, it is true, in the smoking-room, the thoughts of the morrow may drive the enthusiast to dwell at some length on the events of the day. I have even heard an otherwise sane individual say: "Now we'll play it over again. Let's see, you had the honor on the first tee, and were rather short." And stroke by stroke this appalling couple dragged round the full eighteen holes, some of which, as far as I remember, ran into double figures.

Two good things sometimes combine and form one bad one. Such is the game called a mixed-foursome, in which a man and a woman, playing alternate strokes, are pitted against a man and a woman. In the average mixed-foursome, two admirable ingredients, female society and golf, form, to me at least, an undesirable compound. For the average man and the average woman, though no doubt by handicapping they can be brought on a level, have an essential disparity between them; and because I hold this view, heretical it may be, of the mixed-

foursome, my transcendent honesty forbids me to put forward its claims as bearing on the social value of golf, for the same reason as I refuse to advocate the general establishment of sixtysomes, on the ground that it is not golf. Nor would I claim that golf, apart from the correct striking of balls, is food for the artistic sense, that most social of gifts. As a matter of fact, the true golfer does not think about the view, at any rate his conscious self does not, for his conscious self is entirely occupied with one concern, his stroke. It is true, of course, that golf, like fishing—and the fisherman is, as a class, the most charming of companions—conducts one into fine and inspiring places, long stretches of velvet turf with glimpses of the sea, or inland on to heathery commons and the great and open downs. But in fishing there are enforced periods of inaction: the sun is too bright on the water, or one has to walk from pool to pool—and here the fisherman sleeps, while the man who takes delight in running water awakes. But it is not so at golf, the chase is incessant; except when a ball is lost, it is always ready for you. And thus the eventual social gain of having drunk in charming impressions does not seem to me a strong claim, and I hasten to discount it for fear the opposition should tear it to tatters in cross-examination.

We must not, however, leave out of account the noble army of those who, till golf was discovered by pioneering Englishmen on the dour Scotch shores, did practically nothing, but who now go singing all day long in the cheerful pursuit and belaborment of gutta-percha. There are myriads of men who for financial reasons could not indulge in shooting and hunting; myriads, too, of those whose day for such diversions has gone by. All these are again rejuvenated and employed, with a gain of gayety to the world which it is impossible to estimate. Where hitherto on country-house visits they have tried their hostess to the verge of distraction, in her hospitable desire to provide *some* amusement for them—say a drive in a landau or a stroll to the dairy, and I know not what other inglorious quest—they now eagerly betake themselves to the links. And in the evening what a different face they wear! In place of the slow walk or the sedentary landau, which induces a bilious somnolence in even the most robust, having been congenially employed all day,

and reasonably tired, they now return with the zest of homing pigeons to the hearth, and that companionship of which they have so long voluntarily deprived themselves. Instead of the jaundiced outlook, all is rose; dinner tastes of the sweetness of earnings, and the whole world has charms.

It is by this criterion, by the application of the test of subsequent fitness for social intercourse, that the social value of a game must be judged. While in progress all games and sports are largely selfish. But the main point is this: success at each or any is naturally productive of a kindly spirit, while in golf the moroseness which attends defeat or ill-success is less long-lived than at most. Furthermore, games being now necessary to the happiness of the male section—at any rate—of a country-house party, toward evening golf is conducive of a higher social excellence than any other. Certainly, there is something in the nature of the game which suits our temperament: there is required for it that tempered strength in which the Saxons in England and America delight and excel, that accurate judgment and sense of absolutely perfect discretion which it shares in common with all good games. It is, moreover, sufficient in itself, and does not require the external aid of betting to make it attractive, which, in these days where money looms so large in most sports, is a most excellent thing. This is instructive: it is supposed that the Anglo-Saxon will back his opinion or his forearm to any extent, and the French, for instance, who understand us certainly as little as we understand them, have the rooted conviction that the base of our sports is betting. Yet the other night only, and I think the story is typical, I was on the way upstairs with a man of the party, who had been playing golf all day, and bridge most of the night, for a week. Five nights out of the six he had won at bridge, five days out of the six he had lost at golf. "Doing badly," he said to me, and explained: "Oh, yes, I have won five dollars or so at bridge every night, but I have lost seventy-five cents at golf every day." Yet he was a keen bridge-player.

With this I leave the case to the judgment of the intelligent reader, which, it may be unnecessary to add, has been fitly defined as the judgment of those who agree with one's self.



## O'HARA THE STRATEGIST.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

"TH' throuble with you young fellies," remarked Daniel O'Hara, speaking generally, but at the same time referring specifically to Joe Corrigan, "is that ye haven't th' injinooity iv ye-er ancistors, an' thin ye're lazy, ye are so. Whin ye fa-all in love with a gir-rl, ye think that's th' ind iv it.

"Here I am," says you to th' gir-rl, shtickin' out ye-er chist an' lukkin' as gr-rand as ye know how fr to be. 'How do ye like me?'

"Ye're not quite accordin' to th' plans an' spicifications I ha-ave dhrawn in me hear-rt fr a husband," says th' gir-rl to you. 'I'd like ye betther if ye was raymodelled here an' there.'

"An' thin what do ye do? Why, ye lazy divil, ye go awa-ay an' sigh an' ta-alk iv ye'er har-rd luck instid iv ray-visin' ye-erself to meet th' dema-and. If ye're not shtupid ye're lazy, that's what ye are. Ye ma-ake me think iv Clancy, him with th' two-dollar watch. 'Twas iv a Sunday I see him lyin' in th' pa-ark at two in th' afterthnoon.

"What are ye doin'?' says I to him.

"I'm wondherin'," says he to me, 'what time iv da-ay it is.'

"Why don't ye luk at ye-er wa-atch?' I says.

"Well," says he, 'I'm thinkin',' he says, 'they's a big clock about here some pla-ace that shtrikes th' hour, an' 'tis a bit iv throuble fr to get at me wa-atch.'

"Ye're wr-rong," says I to him. 'It shtrikes only at twilve an' six.'

"Six'll do me," says th' lazy ma-an; an' ye make me think iv him, ye do fr a fact."

"What would you have me do?" asked Joe Corrigan, the disconsolate lover. "You like me and your wife likes me, but your daughter scorns my honest love."

"Nivir a bit iv it," answered O'Hara quickly. "Ye're a fine, promisin' la-ad, an' ye-er love is all r-right, if ye only had some frills on it. Oho! I know th' wa-ay iv th' gir-rls, an' 'tis all along iv eddycation an' prograss. Afther they ha-ave a lib'ry ca-ard fr a year, 'tis all up with th' la-ad that has no r-romance in his sht. She likes ye, Joe, but she's lukkin' fr a bit iv r-romance fr to ma-ake ye fit into her hear-rt r-right an' proper. Why don't ye give it to her?"

"It isn't in me," answered the young man bitterly. "If it had been, I probably wouldn't be so well able to care for a wife now. I've had no time for romance. I'm a hard-working, prossaic, matter-of fact fellow, and that's all there is to it."

"Listen to th' la-ad," commented O'Hara reflectively. "Whin I was young 'twas not th' wa-ay we talked. We was injane-yus in thim da-ays, an' we aimed fr to give th' gir-rls whatever they liked.

"Oh, me!" sighs wan iv th' dhreamin' kind, 'I niver can love anny wan but a hero.'

"An' did th' felly that was afther her spind his time sighin' fr because he wasn't made fr a hero? Niver a bit. Th' very next county fair day he sails in with a shillaly an' was br-rought home in a ca-art, but they was talkin' iv th' gr-reat fight he put up fr tin years afther, an' th' gir-rl married him as soon as th' doc-thors had shtitched him up. He was a peace-lovin' la-ad, too, but he ray-vised himself to suit th' wan he was afther. An'—whisper now—d'ye know th' good woman herself wanst tol' me she'd niver marry anny wan but a poet."

"Do you mean Mrs. O'Hara?"

"Th' sa-ame."

"But you couldn't write poetry to save your life."

"Thru' fr you, but she niver knew it. She was afther po'thry, an' I give it to her—hot an' shtrong an' plinty iv it. An' th' day we was married I threw away th' book."

"What book?"

"Th' book I tuk it from, an' I never wrote anny since. I tol' her I c'u'd write only wan kind, an' 'twu'd not be proper fr a married ma-an to write that wa-ay. Ye see, Joe, th' la-ads in th' ol' counthry was injane-yus, an' they made thimselves over fr to suit th' gir-rls. Why don't ye thry it with Ellen?"

"If you approve of me as a son-in-law, why don't you use your influence with her?" demanded Joe.

"There ye go!" exclaimed O'Hara in disgust.

"Don't ye know annything at all about gir-rls? D'ye want me fr to roon th' only cha-ance ye ha-ave? Suppose I says to Ellen, 'As ye-er father,' I says, 'I want fr ye to marry that fine la-ad, Joe Corrigan,' an' where does th' r-romance come in thin? Tell me that, ye foolish ma-an—where does th' r-romance come in thin? Why, in marryin' some other felly, iv coorse. I can see it all now. 'I like him,' says she, 'but 'tis not settled in me mind that I wa-ant fr to marry him.'

"'Tis enough," says I wa-ay iv reply, 'that I wa-ant ye sh'u'd do it, an' 'tis ye-er juty to obey without a wor-rd. Th' ol' ma-an knows what's bist fr ye.'

"Thin she thinks iv th' crool parints in th' shtories she's r-read, an' 'tis all off. Iverything fits into th' r-romance. I'm th' crool parint, she's th' poor hear-rt-broken gir-rl, ye're th' shmooth an' shmilin' villin that's a-harryin' iv her, an' some other felly is th' thru' lover—anny wan that ta-alks r-right will do. Oho! if I had it in fr ye, Joe—if I wanted fr to put ye out iv th' ga-ame—I'd be th' crool tyrint an' ordher her fr to marry ye to wanst. 'Tis th' wa-ay iv th' wimmin. Whin I wa-ant th' good woman to ha-ave a betther dinner than common iv a Sunday I tell her she's spindin' too much iv th' coin an' is probly r-runnin' in dibt at th' gr-rocer's. Thin, to show me how little I know iv th' matther, an' to show her contimpt fr me cr-riti-

cism an' judgmint, she ma-akes an exthry shpread. Ye'll know more whin y'ere married, me la-ad; but I'm not layin' it up ferninat ye, an' I'm willin' f'r to help ye."

Then O'Hara lowered his voice to a whisper and unfolded a great plan.

"What d'ye think iv it?" he asked proudly when the details had been explained.

Joe Corrigan shook his head doubtfully.

"It doesn't impress me favorably," he answered.

"Tis because ye don't know th' wimmin," asserted O'Hara. "Ye've been thryin' ye-er own wa-ay, an' ye tell me th' bist ye've got is th' wor-rst iv it. Now I've it to th' ol' ma-an."

So they entered upon the campaign that was born of O'Hara's experience with women, and in it O'Hara himself played no unimportant part. Corrigan rather startled his fair one by sending her some love verses—which brought from her the comment that she "never knew it was in him"—but O'Hara was the really active conspirator. He treated the young man with such extreme coldness that Ellen was finally moved to ask the cause.

"I always thought you liked him," she said.

"Divil ta-ake him!" returned O'Hara, "he's like all th' rist iv thim. I had an idee he was a la-ad iv since—a shstraight-away felly with none iv th' fool thricks—but he'll be losin' his job soon."

"Why?" asked Ellen.

"I hear-rd from his boss," answered O'Hara, lying cheerfully in what he believed to be a good cause, "an' he-says the la-ad's lost his gr-rip. He's niver thinkin' iv his wor-rk anny more, but is mopin' an' shcribbling on bits iv pa-aper an' sighin' like a leak in a gaspipe. Only a bit ago he was tol' f'r to wr-rite a war-rm letther to a ma-an that's been owin' f'r a bill iv goods, an' what d'ye think he sint him? Why, instid iv th' war-rm letther he sint him some war-rm po'thry he'd been wr-ritin', an' iv coorse th' boss was tearin' mad."

Then O'Hara posted off to Corrigan and told him to wake up.

"Where'd ye get that bit iv po'thry ye sint her?" he asked sarcastically. "It sounds like ye shtole it from th' ice-house. Why don't ye r-round up something that's war-rm?"

The love verses grew more fervent, and Ellen became more interested, while O'Hara waxed more sarcastic in referring to the young people of the present day, and especially to Ellen's romantic fancies. He was careful not to overdo it, however. It was only occasionally that he made any direct reference to Corrigan, but he had a good deal to say on the subject of romance in general.

"I ha-ave a gr-reat pla-an," he told Ellen one day. "Ye must have ye-er r-romance, but 'tis no use takin' a wor-rthliss la-ad along with it. I'll get ye a fine, sinsible ma-an, an' thin if I can fix it with Father Kelly we'll have a weddin' that's so full iv r-romance it'll shpill over. Instid iv comin' in on th' ar-rm iv ye'er father, which is th' ol', foolish wa-ay, ye can come down a r-rope ladder, while th' groom shneaks in a side door, an' while th' good ma-an is makin' ye wan I'll be poundin' on th' floor with a shtick—clippity-clip, clippity-clip—like a hor-rse comin' down th' pike. Oho! 'twill never be said I ray-fused r-romance to a gir-rl iv mine—if only she'll ta-ake a sinsible ma-an."

In this strain did O'Hara rail at romance, while Corrigan grew steadily in favor. In truth the young man rather liked his part after he had become accustomed to it, and he found it less and less difficult to

play with each passing day. To some details of the plan, however, he seriously objected. There was the little fairy tale to the effect that Joe's position was in jeopardy because of his constant day-dreaming. As a matter of fact, he did do a little dreaming, but not enough to lessen his usefulness to his employer; and when O'Hara outlined one of his *coups* the young man openly revolted.

"Why, that would be deliberate, premeditated deceit," he protested.

"Go shlow, go shlow," cautioned O'Hara. "In thrade 'twu'd be fraud, iv coorse, but in love an' war 'tis strathegy. 'Twas all up an' ye was done f'r whin ye come to me, an' now ye're winnin'. Am I th' cap-t'in or am I not? Am I th' strathegist iv this thing or is it some wan ilse? Ye do as I say or we quit."

Naturally Corrigan had to acquiesce, and, under instructions, he called to see Ellen one day when he should have been at work.

"I couldn't help it," he said. "My mind isn't on my work, and I stole away. I just had to see you, Ellen."

The girl was flattered, but she ordered him back to his work.

"I can't work," he insisted. "My thoughts are elsewhere, my heart is elsewhere, and—and I might as well be elsewhere, too."

"But you must—for my sake," she said. "Go back before you are missed."

"For your sake?" he repeated.

"For my sake," she said again softly.

"Oh, Ellen," he began, "I could work if——"

"Go back," she interrupted, "and if there is anything that I can do to— But go back now," she said abruptly.

Now in a mild way this was romantic. It might not be the romance of the old days, but she told herself it was a fair modern imitation. Then there was the unrelenting father—not very unrelenting, perhaps, but still as unrelenting as could be expected under the changed conditions. While he had formerly favored the young man, she was sure now that he never would consent to such a marriage. She began to treat her father coldly; to look at him reproachfully; to show him in many ways that, to say the least, she thought him inconsiderate and unkind, not to say positively cruel.

And O'Hara chuckled.

"Oh, thim gir-rls!" he exclaimed. "Ye must give thim what they wa-ant."

Thus it very naturally happened that Ellen agreed to become Mrs. Joe Corrigan.

"But when?" she asked.

"Now, this very night!" cried Joe.

She hesitated. Perhaps she wanted to be urged; it's very pleasant to be urged sometimes.

"The sooner I get my heart and myself under the same roof, the better it will be for me," he urged, and that certainly was a very nice way of putting it.

"Have you spoken to father?" she asked maliciously.

"What's the use?" he demanded. "Can't you see how things are? And they're getting worse every day. Don't torture me, Ellen! Don't ask me to wait! Why should there be any delay when you are mine now by rights? You have given yourself to me, haven't you?"

Any young man who has ever been through it will tell you that it is very easy when you once get started.

Ellen's demeanor toward her father changed most

unaccountably after Corrigan had left that evening. She was extremely affectionate, as frequently happens when girls are planning a shock for the old people. And O'Hara seemed to derive a great deal of pleasure from her caresses.

"Ye're not afraid iv burglars, are ye, Ellen?" he asked as she was about to retire.

"Of course not," she answered. "Why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, ye see," he explained, "there do be something th' matther with ye-er windy, an' I've been fixin' it from th' outside, an' I lift th' ladder shtandin' there fernast it. I'll take it awa-ay in th' mornin'."

As she went up-stairs it seemed to her she heard him chuckle, and as she came down the ladder at two o'clock in the morning she was almost certain she heard another chuckle.

"No girl is graceful on a ladder," she said indig-

nantly to Corrigan, who was waiting for her, "but if you laugh at me I'll go straight back."

"I didn't laugh," he protested.

"Well, somebody did," she asserted. "We'd better hurry. Where's the carriage?"

"At the corner," answered Corrigan.

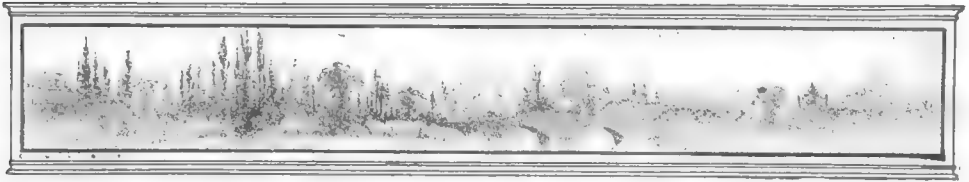
Ten minutes later Mrs. O'Hara was awakened by the sound of suppressed laughter, and with difficulty she discerned O'Hara, fully dressed, swaying back and forth on a chair and holding his sides.

"What are ye laughin' at?" she demanded.

"Oh, thim gir-rls, thim gir-rls," he said. "They're th' sa-ame th' wor-ld over all th' time, an' it takes a strathegist fr to manage thim. Ellen's r-run awa-ay."

"Who with?" asked Mrs. O'Hara anxiously, although she could have guessed.

"Th' finest la-ad in th' war-ld," answered O'Hara.



## HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME BY WORK AT HOME.

**E**VERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print, from now on, all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money by home-work. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of unskilled workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for what they might make were they but shown how to go about it.

We start this month with an account of the women's exchanges and with some narratives of the actual experiences of women who have supported themselves in unusual ways. An announcement of prizes for the best ideas along this line will be found on page 384.

#### THE NEW YORK EXCHANGES FOR WOMEN'S WORK.

BY KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL.

When one hears that a family of little children has been clothed all winter by the sale of corned-beef hash alone, one is apt to laugh with a touch of unbelief. There is, however, but one general qualification necessary for the sale of any article through the various exchanges for women's work, be it corned-beef hash or pies, needlework, painting or weaving, and that is that it shall be good. In this instance the hash was remarkably good.

In 1878 Mrs. William G. Choate put an idea of hers into practice, with an "exchange," consisting of a table three feet square, with a few standard fancy articles. The outcome of that experiment is an institution with a business of about eighty thousand dollars a year. And from this "New York Exchange for Women's Work" have sprung about ninety others all over the country. Three of these (exclusive of those con-

nected with the Young Women's Christian Associations) are in New York City, each one being entirely separate and independent. Mrs. Choate, the founder, has devoted her life to the furtherance of this great idea, and has helped many exchanges in different towns to gain a foothold, in many cases even personally superintending their début. London, Paris, Berlin, and Glasgow have followed the example, and now have flourishing exchanges.

#### THE GENERAL WORKINGS OF AN EXCHANGE.

All of the exchanges in this country are worked on the same general plan, and not one of them is entirely self-supporting, with the possible exception of one or two in the Middle and Western States, which have developed large general restaurants, buying food outside as well as from consignors to the exchange. The New York City exchanges, although partially self-supporting, have large expenses to meet, and the managers depend upon subscriptions and donations to meet deficits.

Each exchange is controlled by a board of managers, with president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and as many more officers as necessity dictates. The board of managers is divided into executive and standing committees, subdivided into committees assigned to the charge of the various departments, among which may be mentioned the membership committee, having charge of all names proposed for membership, and the records of members of the association, etc.; the auditing committee, whose duty is to examine the books, accounts, and vouchers of the treasurer, and to make annual reports; the advertising committee, which has charge of all printing of reports, etc.; the house committee, entrusted with all questions referring to rent, repairs, supplies, etc.; approval committee, divided into sub-committees on needlework, art, domestic articles, etc., to inspect the quality of articles consigned, and to decide if they are salable.

The exchanges forming a part of the Young Women's Christian Associations are the only ones *requiring* no fee or tickets from a member or manager, and in them, by payment of one dollar per year, the percentage deducted for selling is reduced to seven per cent. Each consignor's need is, however, investigated before sales are allowed. The fees required by the other exchanges range from two dollars for the privilege of putting one woman's work on sale for one year, to five dollars for the work of three women.

A commission of ten per cent. is charged on sales made by all exchanges; in the case of the West End Exchange, however, the charge is increased to fifteen per cent. when sales exceed ten dollars, and reduced to seven per cent. to members of the Young Women's Christian Association on payment of yearly fee, as mentioned above.

All handiwork when submitted to the exchanges must have the mail or express charges prepaid, and may come from any part of the world. Many consignors send from South America, Canada, Mexico, and foreign countries, even including Armenia; the Young Women's Christian Association exchanges, however, receive consignments only from women residing within thirty miles of the city. Each exchange has its own special rules governing the submitting of work, but in every case the owner must place her own price on the articles submitted, and adhere strictly to the printed rules of the association. When articles are not accepted for sale, the reasons are explicitly stated, and helpful suggestions made by the committee in charge, which enable the intending consignor to make her work more worthy of acceptance. When an article is accepted by the committee, however, the sale is in no way guaranteed. The work is sold at the price named by the consignor, if within reason, and payment made at certain stated times. The time of entry of different articles, and the time of their retention, if unsold, is according to the regulations of the several associations.

The expenses of running an exchange are large, the greatest item in each case, of course, being for salaries and rent. The employees of the exchanges are all gentlewomen who are actually in need of employment. In addition to salaries, there are the general expenses of any retail business house, and include insurance, fuel, gas, postage, stationery, repairs, delivery, packing boxes, etc.

The exchanges offer good opportunities for those who have little money to spare in helping others, but have their mite to contribute in some worthy way.

The payment of five or six dollars a year will secure from one to three tickets, which can be given to some needy woman, who cannot otherwise avail herself of the privileges of the exchange, since even the small yearly fee required from consignors means a vast amount to the woman who has to earn it, ten cents in her pocket being as ten dollars in the purse of her more fortunate neighbor.

#### A FEW INTERESTING FIGURES.

The magnitude of the work done by exchanges, and the proportionate help given to the consignors of goods, is astonishing.

The New York Exchange for Woman's Work reports that the sale of consigned articles amounted during the past year to \$55,591.99, which, less the ten per cent. commission charged, means that \$49,990.39 was paid out to needy women in return for their labor on wares consigned. Of the total sales mentioned above, \$25,008.27 is the amount received for miscellaneous articles, needle, brush, and pen work, etc.; \$15,166.03 represents the sale of bread, cake, etc.; \$1,865.91, jellies and preserves, and \$13,551.78 is the return from special orders of all kinds.

It is also interesting to note that since the exchange was started by Mrs. Choate in 1878, there has been paid out to consignors the sum of \$979,983.16, which means the saving from starvation of many gently-bred women who were unfitted for business life. It means also the preserving of self-respect in many a family, and the rescue from suicide of many a woman who has been driven nearly insane by the torture of having no money to meet the steady demand for a dependent family.

The Madison Avenue Depository and Exchange for Woman's Work, incorporated in 1887, pays out a proportionately large amount to consignors, and the West End Exchange and Industrial Union, incorporated in 1896, has in its five years gained an enviable reputation for selling good work and paying yearly consignors sums in advance of the amounts paid by other exchanges after such a brief existence. The Harlem Exchange is the least of the four of New York, but does the same good work. This exchange closes, however, in summer, while the rest are open all the year round.

#### A WORD ABOUT PRICES.

Only a general idea can be given of the different articles for sale and the prices charged for them, and the tables on next page are not offered as price-lists. In the "domestic" departments are sold edibles only, and such articles as bread, cakes, pies, candy, etc., must be strictly fresh, and unsold articles are usually returned to the consignor. It takes but a very short time, however, for a domestic consignor to estimate exactly the quantity of her wares that will be disposed of, and one becomes so expert at judging that there are seldom any returns.

To give a summary of prices paid for useful and fancy articles is almost impossible, as they comprise nearly everything known to the hand of woman, for all purposes, ranging from wash clothes and valentines at ten cents each, to decorated screens and china fish-sets at one hundred dollars.

The exchanges also do considerable business in wearing apparel, principally for infants, from baby's bands at thirty cents to hand-made dresses at twenty dollars each.

|                                            |        |                                                         |                          |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|---------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Preserves, brandied and canned fruit, from | \$0.45 | to                                                      | \$1.00 per pint.         |
| Jellies, from                              | .18    | to                                                      | .50 per tumbler.         |
| or from                                    | 2.16   | to                                                      | 3.50 per dozen tumblers. |
| Home-made wines, from                      | .10    | to                                                      | 1.25 per bottle.         |
| Pickles and table sauces, from             | .25    | to                                                      | 1.00 per pint.           |
| Large cakes, from                          | .25    | to                                                      | 1.40 each.               |
| Small cakes and cookies, from              | .12    | to                                                      | .60 per dozen.           |
| Pies, etc., from                           | .25    | to                                                      | 1.00 each.               |
| Tarts, etc., from                          | .06    | to                                                      | .15 each.                |
| Puddings and desserts, from                | .15    | up                                                      |                          |
| Sandwiches, from                           | .40    | to                                                      | 1.50 per dozen.          |
| Various luncheon and tea dishes, from      | .05    | each for fishballs ; to \$6.00 and up for boned turkey. |                          |
| Broths and beverages, from                 | .45    | to                                                      | \$2.00 per quart.        |
| Bread, from                                | .05    | to                                                      | .15 per loaf.            |
| Rolls, etc., from                          | .08    | to                                                      | .35 per dozen.           |
| Candy, etc., from                          | .01    | each to                                                 | 1.00 per pound.          |

### THE PERSONAL SIDE OF THE EXCHANGES.

The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, at present occupying a house on the northwest corner of Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue, has found many ways of adding to the usefulness of its original plan. The wares are arranged very attractively in the large rooms, and each department is under the efficient management of ladies who are paid regular salaries and keep regular hours.

The usefulness of the exchange is furthered by the addition of a lunch and tea room, through which many of the consigned edibles are sold. Orders are received for the making of children's clothing, and any article which can be made by the hand of woman. The Information and Employment Bureau can guide you to any desired work or workers, and takes care to put the right person in the right place, whether gentlewoman or maid. Church fairs and festivals are furnished with sandwiches and cake. Special attention is devoted to the sale of real-estate. A department for the sale of old furniture, laces, etc., has been established. A specialty of clever german-favors is made. Lunches are put up for travellers. In the order department a customer may leave an order for anything desired, and it will be accomplished; among the past orders may be mentioned the revising of visiting lists, indelible-ink marking, the mending of gentlemen's underwear, typewriting or longhand writing, work for charitable societies, and the furnishing of apartments.

A committee on suggestions meets weekly, and its purpose is to give advice and encouragement to the consignor whose work is not acceptable, and if possible to turn her talents into the right channel. In this connection it has been thought best to specialize work, advising one woman to devote her time entirely to *one* article, which, when known to the buying public, may create steady employment. One consignor to this exchange is in this manner becoming famous for her *ink*.

The Madison Avenue Depository and Exchange for Woman's Work, at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, is purely an exchange, and has no lunch-room or employment bureau, but devotes much attention to the needlework orders and the housekeeping department. Buttonholes by the dozen are made from three to five cents each, collarless shirts are repaired for twenty-five cents, and the darning of stockings is done by the hour. Sewing on children's clothes is charged for at the rate of a dollar and a half per day, and children's clothing of

all sorts is hand or machine-made to order at very reasonable rates. This exchange, as well as the others, makes a specialty of "summer sales" at seaside and mountain resorts under the patronage of the managers, and in this way disposes of a vast number of articles that would otherwise remain unsold during the dull summer months. The managers have found it necessary to make money by some outside means in addition to donations, and have issued a very attractive and successful calendar, the proceeds of the sale going into the funds of the exchange. The employees, as in the other exchanges, are gentlewomen who must earn their own living.

The West End Exchange, at Seventy-fourth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, reports for its fifth year sales amounting to over ten thousand dollars, exclusive of the thriving employment department, which has brought in an additional thousand. This exchange is helped frequently by entertainments, and by the sale of donated articles, notably tea and handkerchiefs. Last spring a "rummage" sale was held in the poorer west side district, which netted the exchange a good sum. Every member and friend was asked for a donation of old clothing, furniture, etc., and a low price fixed to enable the poor people to buy bargains. This is the only New York organization that makes a practice of entering consignors for less than a year.

The exchanges connected with the Young Women's Christian Association are governed by much the same rules as the others, except that they handle no edibles, the consignors must live within thirty miles of the city, and any one actually in need, no matter what her position in life, is allowed to consign if the work passes examination. Orders are taken for all sorts of fancy and plain sewing, a specialty being children's clothing, which is made on the premises. The employment and information bureau are not part of the exchange department, but a part of the great whole itself.

There are also several private exchanges, which act simply as agents for the sale of fancy work, and charge a commission of twenty-five per cent. for so doing, requiring no yearly fee for entrance. These concerns, of course, aim to be self-supporting and money-making for the proprietor, and are not describable with the great "self-helping charities."

### TAKING THE HELPING HAND.

Many flourishing and remunerative little businesses have sprung up from the seed of advice sown by the

ladies in charge of the exchanges, who have suggested methods of money-making to despondent consignors and applicants. Among a large number of these a few interesting ones may be mentioned:

There is in Orange, New Jersey, a flourishing mushroom farm, conducted by a Miss Torrey, who applied to the exchange for suggestions. She furnishes mushrooms to and through the exchange and also to private customers; she has given lessons in the growing of mushrooms, has written a book about them, and is an expert on the subject.

Another New Jersey woman, Miss Jett of Morristown, makes it her life-work and pleasure to care for pet dogs and cats when the owners are abroad.

Several women in the Adirondacks are, by suggestion, supporting themselves by gathering the "real" pine-needles for pillows, and sending to the exchanges. Others have started establishments to weave rugs; and one young woman has gained an enviable reputation for the blending of beautiful colors in her weaving. Two bedridden women are supporting themselves by making little "useful bags" and "peppermint stick" sachets, having orders for large quantities, often amounting to fifty or sixty dollars at one time.

With such opportunities for the woman who seeks a way to dispose of her handiwork, or the discovery of talents which she is only dimly conscious she possesses, every woman who has to provide for herself or others should be strong of heart until her proper niche in the working world is found.

## A NOVEL OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

### A "PRIVATE LIBRARIAN."

BY ELIZABETH JAMISON.

**L**OOKING for work is a most radical cure for self-conceit. If taken in too large doses it sometimes produces other effects not so desirable, the most serious of which is a morbid self-depreciation.

Since it was necessary for me to live in New York City, and to earn every cent that two people would need in order to live there, I came straight from college, with no capital except enthusiasm, and with no trade or specialty. I was determined not to teach. Naturally I had my fill of work-hunting, and when I finally succeeded in obtaining a position I made a threat, "If I am ever out of work again I will *not* look for another position. I will go into journalism."

Now the high profession of journalism must have a guardian angel who attempts at least to keep the reckless and unqualified from the spreading of news; for when I was ready to carry out my threat and had written two "specials," which proved "good news" to the city editor, a piece of work actually looked me up.

It came through the telephone from a friend who knew how I was situated.

"Will you—" buzz, snap, whizz, something was the matter with the wire.

"Yes!" I shouted back and started at once for her office, without the remotest idea of what I was to do.

At the publishing house where my friend was, I learned that a house decorator had telephoned down for a *man* to go to a house which was being newly decorated and furnished, to unpack and arrange in the new book-cases three thousand books according to catalogue. No man was at liberty, so I had been sent

for. I went at once to the decorator's. He was out, but I might talk to him by telephone. I did.

"I am afraid you can't do the work," he said. "I want a man, some of the books are very heavy."

"I'd like to try it," I said; "I'm pretty strong."

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty cents an hour."

"When can you begin?"

"This minute!" I fairly shouted back.

After a few instructions I went to my new occupation. The library was full of packing-boxes. The house was full of workmen. I got a hammer and went to work taking off the box-covers. If there chanced to be a workman near he did it for me, but many a one I did myself.

I unpacked the books and worked out a subject scheme for the arrangement of them. In eleven days they were all arranged, but I had worked almost breathlessly. The work was hard, but I love books and I enjoyed it, especially as it netted me forty-five dollars, and best of all, meant more work. One thing led to another. The work varied greatly; sometimes it tested all my intellectual powers, sometimes it tested all my muscles.

For three months I earned one hundred and fifty dollars per month, but it meant work from early morning till late night.

I packed books, unpacked books, arranged and catalogued books, substituted in a library, and bought books for the owners of the libraries. The most interesting experience that I had was a search for a book. The owner of one of the private libraries which I arranged had read a book when he was a little boy. All he remembered about it was the names of two of its heroes. I found it for him, a second-hand copy; the book had been out of print for years!

The work opened up wonderfully. At college I had as a pastime looked into library methods and systems, or I could not so readily have done many things I was asked to do. I was, however, offered a position which I had long been desiring, and so left my book work and went again into a regular position. There must be many a piece of similar work waiting for some woman's hand.

## "BOOTS AND SHOES."

### A WESTERN WOMAN'S SUCCESS IN A WOMAN'S SHOE-BLACKING VENTURE.

BY KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL.

**I**T has always seemed strange to me that the woman who calls herself well dressed, or wishes to be so called, should pay so little attention to the most important of details—her feet," said the Young Married Woman, "and it was that thought which led to my embarking several years ago in a new and successful business venture."

"Tell us about it," suggested the Questioner.

"It was before I was married," continued the Young Married Woman, "when I lived at home in Chicago. I was prevented from continuing my musical education by lack of funds, and I decided that I must earn money in some way to go on with my studying. It occurred to me that, perhaps, the reason why women neglected the appearance of their feet, although they were neatly gowned, gloved, and bonneted, was because it was too much trouble to have their shoes polished at home, and there was no con-

venient and suitable place where they could procure a 'shine,' unless in some public corridor where privacy was not. So I decided to start an establishment for cleaning women's shoes."

"Had you any business experience?" asked the Questioner.

The Young Married Woman laughed softly. "I was just out of school," she replied. "I was impressed with the attention men have for years given to having their shoes cleaned and polished, and decided that women needed only a way open to follow example. Capital was the first thing to be considered, and I found no trouble in borrowing the funds needed to start. I borrowed three hundred dollars, which allowed plenty for emergencies.

"After capital was assured, I sought a good location in the heart of the shopping district, and had almost despaired of finding space on the ground floor, when I chanced to see a shoe-store devoted exclusively to women's shoes. The proprietor accepted my offer to rent space at the back of his store. The fixtures were purchased with the help of a man, who gave me much good advice, and consisted of a marble platform, four heavy oak chairs, brass foot-forms, a cashier's desk, and screens to separate my establishment from the shoe-store. An oak platform would have been just as effective, I found later, and much cheaper.

"Perhaps you will be interested in the expenses of my fixtures," added the Young Married Woman. "My first expense was about as follows. The figures represent the wholesale prices, which I was fortunate enough to get, and I was also allowed to pay half on delivery and the balance later :

|                      |         |
|----------------------|---------|
| Platform.....        | \$60.00 |
| Chairs.....          | 20.00   |
| Foot forms.....      | 10.00   |
| Desk.....            | 13.00   |
| High desk chair..... | 5.00    |
| Screen.....          | 5.00    |
| Table.....           | 6.00    |

"My blacking and polishing material cost me about eight dollars a month. It was supplied at six dollars a gross, all kinds of cleaning and polishing stuff assorted, and I bought it a gross at a time. In winter I paid about one dollar and a half for electric light, and in summer the same amount for electric fans. Of course I added to my fixtures as they were needed, and at the end valued them at two hundred and fifty dollars.

"At first I hired three boys, professional bootblacks, increased to five, and three extras, when the business grew and more chairs were needed. I found them a good class of boys, easily managed with fair treatment; contrary to my expectations, they were Irish—not Italians. I had one head boy, a man in age but not in size, whose pay was nine dollars a week. He had charge of the other boys, and hired and paid them. I found that cheap labor was poor economy, as investigation showed that shoe-cleaning is a science and must be done well to bring good returns. The regular boys received seven dollars a week.

"At first I stayed all day at my post, talking with patrons, and civilly answering the same questions hour after hour, but later hired a reliable girl to attend to their comfort and act as cashier. The polish was bought from a man who ran a successful establishment and made his own blacking.

"Ten-cent polishes were the cheapest, and the others depended upon the work—whether tan shoes were to be dyed black, etc.—sometimes going as high as

seventy-five cents. Whisks were always handy, of course, to brush the dust or mud from skirts, which was a worse task than the cleaning of the shoes. There was also considerable trade in calling for shoes and delivering them polished."

"Did you advertise?" queried the Questioner.

"Yes, and I was 'written up' by all the newspapers. The advertising proved quite an item of my expenses, as I used the theatre programmes and weekly society papers to quite an extent, keeping an attractive little 'card' in for some time. Of course a deal of trade came to me from the shoe-store. The benefit was mutual, however, as was evident when the proprietor voluntarily reduced my rent because I brought him so many customers.

"How was your venture received?" asked the Questioner.

"With enthusiasm," replied the Young Married Woman. "The Chicago women were delighted to find a quiet place from which men were barred, and were quick to appreciate its benefits. Women are always ready to applaud a sister in her struggles for success, and my business was well 'advertised by loving friends,' for each woman who came passed the word along to a number of others, customers soon multiplied, and dimes came pouring in.

"I sold the business at the end of the year for personal reasons, having supported and clothed myself during that period, paid my debts, and put five hundred dollars in the bank."

The Questioner looked surprised.

"The figures can be proved by my accounts, which I have preserved," laughed the Young Married Woman. Then soberly: "There is a crying need for a women's shoe-blackening establishment in every city and town of any size in this country. One woman in New York City has perceived the necessity of spotless shoes to complete an attire that is otherwise perfect, and has started a 'boot-blackening parlor' somewhere in the shopping district. I read about it in the paper a few days ago, and I am anxious to see how she has started out."

"I had not heard of her," said the Questioner. "I must look her up." And she did.

New York's pioneer proves to be a self-reliant woman who has apparently had considerable business experience. She started her venture last April, with six chairs, and Italian boys as bootblacks. Her quarters are in the shopping district, up a short flight of stairs. A large airy room, with a manicure at one end and the bright new blacking-chairs on the marble stand at the opposite end, half screened from view, give one a very pleasant impression. There is a large table near the centre of the room, with current magazines, and several rocking and arm chairs.

"Four weeks of steady rain greeted my enterprise," smiled the proprietor. "And in summer my business would naturally decline, as a great many New Yorkers go out of town. Nevertheless, I call it successful, and I look for a very large 'trade' in the fall. I think I shall put in hair-dressing, too, as I have plenty of space to spare, and the three things go well together. No; I never heard that Chicago ever had an establishment exclusively for women, although I went there especially to investigate several methods in use for men.

"Chicago women certainly have more pluck and enterprise than their Eastern sisters."

"Perhaps," assented the Questioner, "but I venture to say that the boot-blackening idea will appeal to every one East or West."



## WANTED—IDEAS.

**E**lsewhere in this issue will be found the first instalment of a plan which we feel ought to be of real interest to thousands of women of the country who are, or wish to be, self-supporting or partially self-supporting. It is the great army of untrained women, many of whom would be excellent workers if shown how, who are crying for help to enable them to help themselves—not pecuniary help, but practical ideas, and suggestions for carrying them to a successful issue. Many women have an aptitude for carrying out well-laid plans, but cannot devise plans for themselves; and many have brilliant ideas but not the facilities or the ability to make them successful.

In order to bring together the forces of the women of ideas and the women of practical ability, the following offer is made:

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE offers FIFTY DOLLARS to the woman who sends to this office BEFORE DECEMBER 1, 1901, the most practical, novel, and effective suggestion for immediate self-support for untrained women. The suggestions must be simple, yet detailed, and original with competitors to the extent of not being in any general use.

Those ideas which seem feasible to the Editors of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will be published and paid for at the rate of \$5.00 each, but the final decision as to which of the ideas suggested is the most practicable can be determined only by being actually put into practice. Therefore a second prize of fifty dollars is offered to the woman who has carried out most successfully one idea taken from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in six months from the date of its appearance in the magazine. The originator of the idea used by the winner of this second prize will then receive the first prize of fifty dollars.

Competitors must be subscribers to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility in these contests, further than to print the most available ideas, paying, as above stated, the sum of \$5.00 for each accepted scheme, and to award the two prizes. Every woman who enters the contest does so on her own responsibility.

It is hoped that this offer will meet with ready response, and that the plan will help the many who need only suggestions to help themselves.

## CONCERNING HUMOR.

The editors of this magazine have labored earnestly for some months to include in its monthly contents some real humor—realizing from the start that without this element it cannot be really “everybody’s.” Even with the record of failure to which they must so far confess, they are loath to believe that the idea of having in every number of EVERYBODY’S something funnier than appears in the newspaper “joke” columns, is an “iridescent dream.” We should like to extend to our readers, therefore, an invitation to be funny at our expense. We are willing to pay liberally for short stories (preferably less than 1,000 words), verses, jokes, anecdotes or any other form of literary endeavor which contains genuine humor not spread out so thin as to require a chemical analysis to detect its presence.

## DOES POETRY PAY?

As an evidence of the fact that the literary aspirant does not always have a primrose path, we print part of a letter recently received from a writer whose contributions have been continually “almost good enough”:

“I do not believe there is another young writer in this country bearing up under as bitter a struggle as is my part. I’m always ‘just on the edge.’ To-day I had such encouraging letters—one of four solid type-written pages—from the big editors;—but I was nevertheless arrested this afternoon for taxes. I wish heaven had given me some other gift—some other longing. I thank you sincerely.”

